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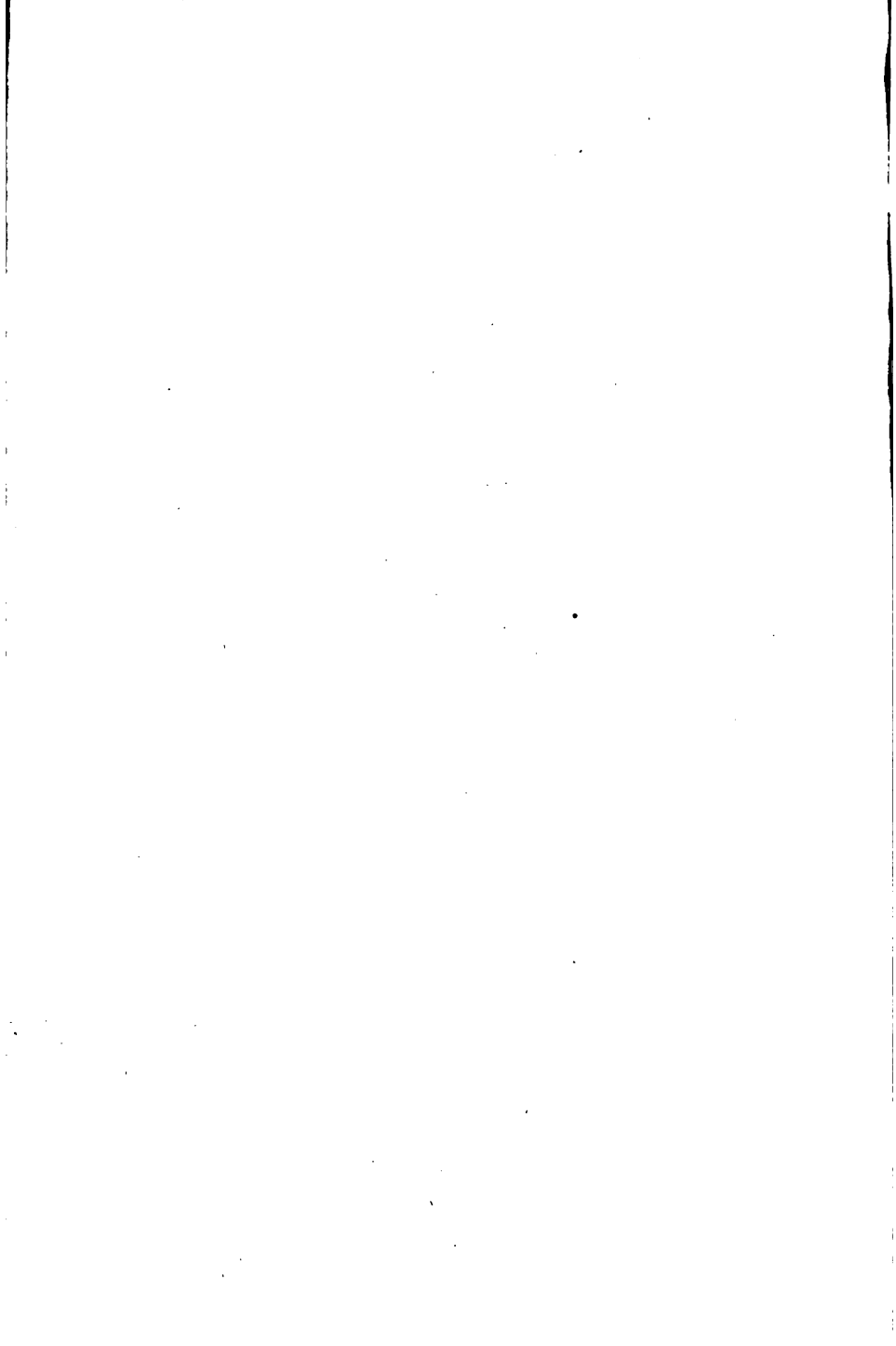
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GLIMPSES OF MAORI LAND



ANNIE R. BUTLER

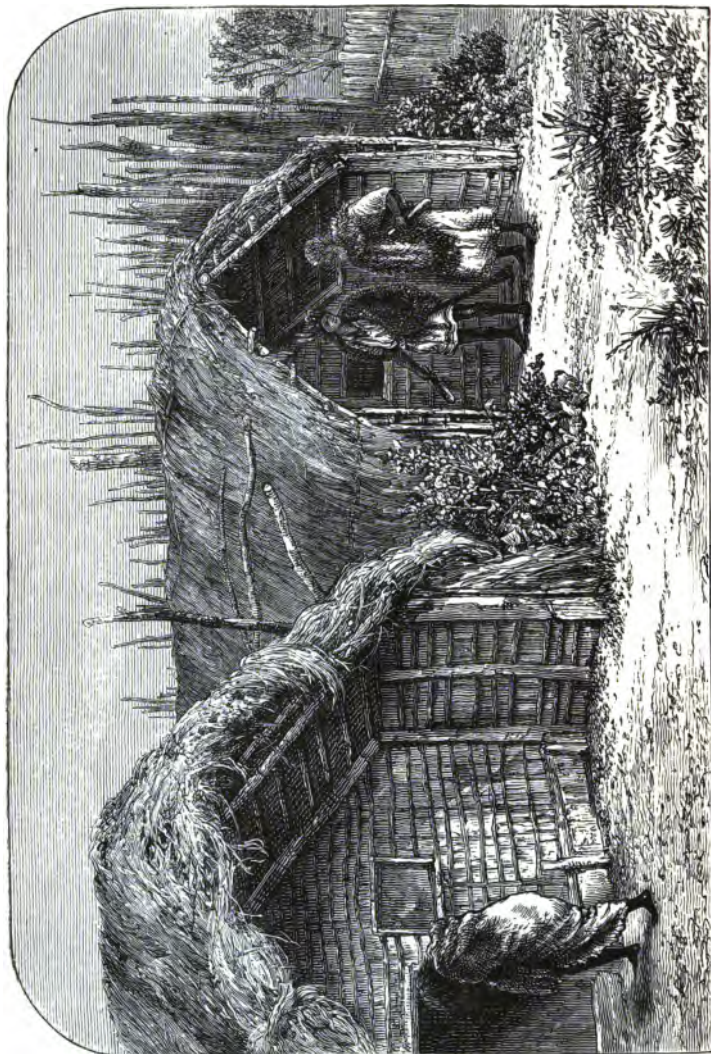




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MAORI WHARES, OR NATIVE HOUSES.

M. C. Teulon

GLIMPSSES OF MAORI LAND

BY

ANNIE R. BUTLER

AUTHOR OF 'LITTLE SUFFERERS AND LITTLE WORKERS,' 'CHILDREN'S MEDICAL MISSION STORIES,' ETC.

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'Que chacun dise ce qu'il a vu, et seulement ce qu'il a vu; les observations, pourvu qu'elles soient personnelles et faites de bonne foi, sont toujours utiles.'—TAINÉ, *Notes sur l'Angleterre*.

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PREFACE.

I CANNOT say, with a well-known author, who recently produced some clever papers on Italy, that my companions or I went abroad with the express design of printing an account of our foreign experiences; nor can I, like him, attribute the want of 'absolute opinion' and 'final wisdom on any point' in these pages to lassitude produced by the air of places visited.

With us it was exactly the reverse. Our pen-and-ink sketches were simply intended as a substitute for face-to-face talks with our dear ones at home. And the breezes of the four oceans with which we made acquaintance, and the revivifying air of New Zealand, would deserve rather apology than blame for any imperfections therein.

But, indeed, it stands to reason that the travelling experiences of a few weeks or months—gathered together though these may be under the most exhilarating and invigorating atmospheric conditions—must ever lack the stamp of absolute opinion and of final wisdom: they must of necessity be one-sided and incomplete. As a great

French thinker says, 'When one has lived four weeks in London, one feels one could write a thick volume about the English; when one has lived there a year, one begins to have doubts on the subject; and when one has lived there ten years, one gives up the projected volume in despair.'

There is, however, as a rule, a compensating freshness and vividness about first impressions which, with a riper knowledge, one may often vainly strive to recall; and for this reason, and also because our sea and land experiences were of a somewhat unique character, I have ventured to reproduce some part of our home budgets in more permanent form.

On one or two points it may be well to speak categorically at the outset, so that any chance of misapprehension on the important subject of mission work may be avoided.

And first, the health of one of our party being our main concern when in New Zealand—to which even the pursuit of the Maoris and their missionaries came second—there was much which we had to leave unseen and undone; and so it came to pass that some very interesting centres of mission work were omitted entirely from our programme. Our personal views of Maori life were confined to a few villages in the immediate neighbourhood of Wanganui and Napier, to a native settlement in the Wairoa, and to another on the lower Waikato. But we did not see the mission districts in the vicinity of the East Cape, near the Bay of Islands, and along the shore of the Bay of Plenty, where—removed from close contact with the questionable

civilisation of towns—large numbers of Maoris may be found living settled and peaceable lives, with their own ‘Church Boards,’ and their own pastors and teachers, etc. We did not, therefore, though we saw many missionaries, have the opportunity of observing for ourselves the main results of their work, unless the native boys’ and girls’ schools of Napier, Te Aute, and Auckland be excepted.

Nor did we, secondly, have the chance of noting the remarkable progress made of late by the temperance movement, which set in steadily soon after we left, and to the beneficial effects of which the missionaries in the western, southern, and Bay of Islands districts bear valuable testimony.

But what we did see or hear has been told faithfully, and may, I trust, lead to such study of missionary and other records as will throw further light on a too little known country. And may each one who follows us now along the tracks of the sea into Maori whares¹ and hospitable colonial homes, and who gazes with us on the luxuriant vegetation of New Zealand, and on the faces of those of the noble army of early missionaries whom we found yet lingering on this side of their heavenly home, catch some reflection of the interest and pleasure which such scenes afforded us, remembering that

All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

A. R. B.

¹ Pronounced ‘Mowrie wharries.’



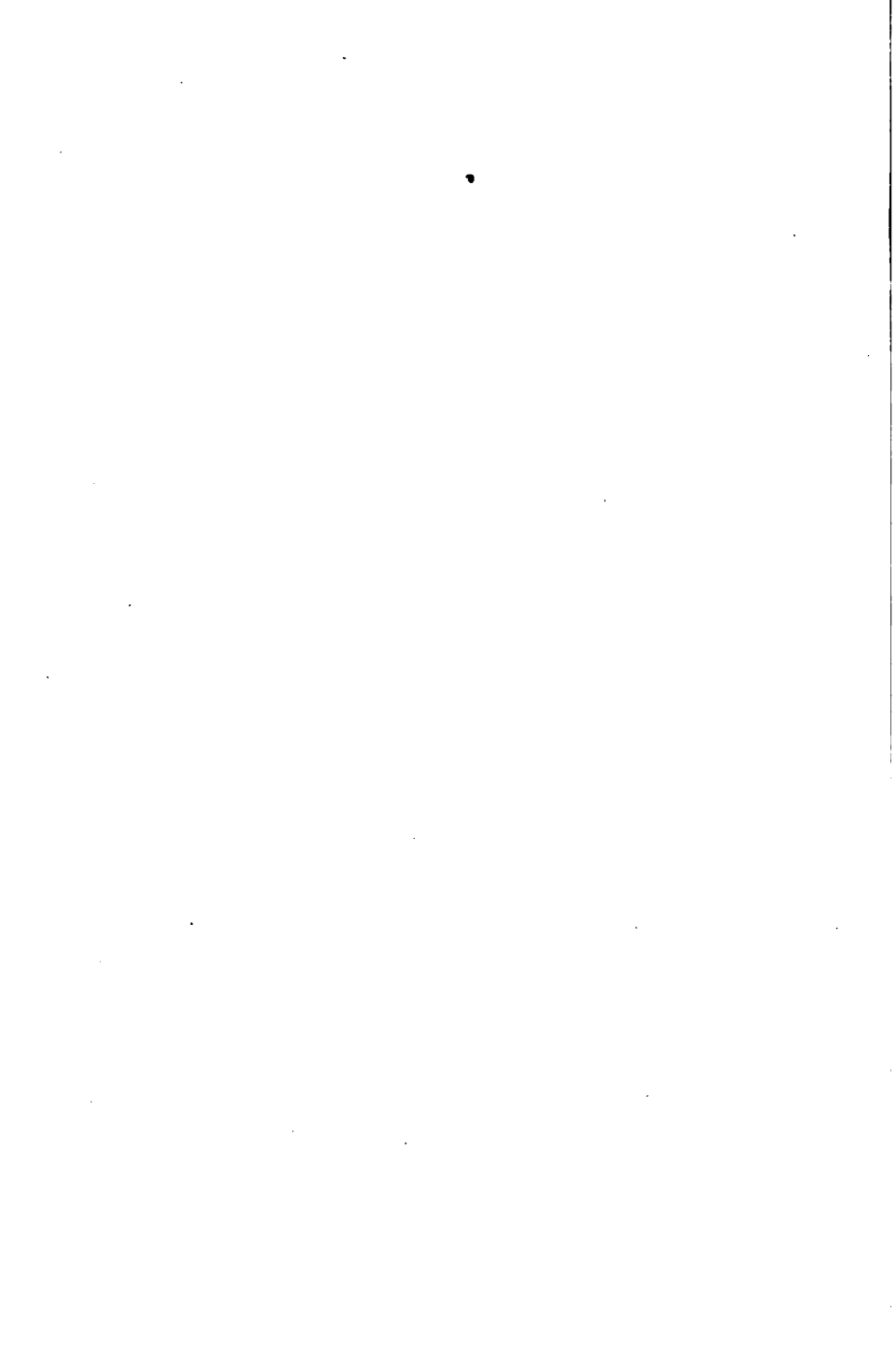
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GLIMPSES OF MAORI LAND.

CHAPTER I.

THREE MONTHS AT SEA.

Going out from the ones I love,
Far over land and sea ;
Going out into unknown ways,
Working, my Lord, for Thee ;—
Going out, but yet not alone ;
Lord ! Thou wilt go before.
Keep me, Lord, in my going out,
Now, and for evermore,

‘SHOULD you be able and willing to go to New Zealand in a few weeks if necessary ? The doctors seem likely to order G. there by sailing ship soon, for three months’ total rest from daily letters and telegrams ; but they say that he is not well enough to leave England without his wife, and that she is not strong enough just now to travel without a lady friend or a sister.’

Such was the substance of a letter which greeted me one morning at breakfast, early in the year 188—. Greeted me, did I say ? Fell, rather, like

a bombshell into the midst of one's London work, home interests, and very conventional stay-at-home ideas. Impossible! New Zealand of all places, in whose history, country, and missions I had never been able from childhood onwards to conjure up the faintest interest. And three months at sea, when neither I nor any of mine had hitherto been farther by water than to some one of the British islands, or to some tolerably near European port! Visions of storms, fires at sea, and shipwrecks flitted rapidly through my brain.

But, as I thought of these things, a voice made itself heard in my heart. Unbidden, but quietly and clearly, I seemed to hear the words :

If place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way .
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.¹

I did not remember whose the lines were, or whence they came, save that I recognised in them a message direct from God to me. And almost mechanically opening a Bible which lay by me on the table, my eyes fell on other lines fastened just within the cover :

Comings and goings
No turmoil need bring ;
His all thy future ;
'Do ye nexte thynges.'

So I did 'y^e nexte thynges.' I wrote and said that if I were wanted I would go.

¹ From Madame Guyon's lines beginning :
O thou by long experience tried.

And thus it came to pass that while the woods were yet carpeted with primroses, and sweet with the breath of late violets, we three—a tired clergyman from one of our great midland towns, my sister, and I—went on board a sailing ship at Gravesend, bound for New Zealand. How little I thought then that at the end of three months (for we were three months at sea to the day and almost to the hour) I should be leaving that ship with *bonâ-fide* tears of regret.

I know that sea voyages, nowadays, are considered, as a rule, very ordinary affairs, and worthy of but little note; but I think that those who know most about them will allow, if they peep into one of our ship journals, that ours was a somewhat remarkable one.

‘To-day completes six weeks on board, and at present one only seems to get a greater variety of interests every day.’ ‘Time flies as if he had two pairs of wings.’ ‘I wonder whether any ship full of passengers ever got on better than we all do with one another. It is more like a large family than anything else.’ ‘I am on the look-out for the squalls which one is told to expect in ship-life,’ says the doctor, ‘but somehow they don’t come. I wonder whether they will.’ And later, when we were nearing land:—‘The captain was in a most unusually communicative and conversational mood to-night. We had a long talk on the poop, quite undisturbed by driving showers which lasted about two minutes each. He said he had never had a voyage in which there had been so little quarrelling. There has not been

any in the saloon, and little enough anywhere else.'

Some account of three months at sea, in which there was so little either of monotony or disagreement, may perhaps prove interesting to others. As to ourselves, we were as proud and pleased with our captain's verdict as a schoolboy with his first good-conduct medal, and we saw in it cause for deep thankfulness too, for the matter was one which had cost us no little thought, anxiety, and prayer.

And here let me say that in leaving their parish for a time my sister and her husband had consoled their people by promising, as far as possible, to follow the track of mission work abroad, so as to infuse new life and spirit into missionary gatherings on their return. This promise, thenceforth, was the keynote on which all the various arrangements for our journeyings began and ended, the accompaniment to which all our other travelling interests were set; it made our tour not only a constitutional, but a mission one, and thereby increased its interest tenfold. And though we were not yet at the Antipodes, and could not yet *see* mission work, we hoped, as occasion offered, God helping us, to *do* it in the little floating island in which we were for a time to find a home. And by mission work on board ship, as will be seen, I do not mean that only which is commonly known by that name.

Before starting we had been warned by a friend, himself an old traveller—'Be pleasant to all, but be in no haste to be friendly with any;' and,

‘Speak against no one, for on shipboard words have wings and walls have ears.’ To these aphorisms, which proved to be invaluable, we had ourselves added another—‘Keep yourselves, and your neighbours too, if possible, employed, since

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands (and tongues) to do ;’

and we had accordingly provided ourselves with all kinds of ‘books and work and healthful play’ which would go into a small compass, and which might serve either for ourselves or for others who had failed to realise what three months at sea with nothing to do means. And I speak advisedly when I say that in ship-life we found *work*—God’s great Eden ordinance—to be one of the truest means of grace. ‘Abundance of idleness’ soon becomes a ‘root of all evil.’

The passengers quickly found out, and were greatly entertained by, the variety of things to be found in my sister’s cabin (which gained the name of ‘The Co-operative Store’); and amused but eager demands came in upon us from the gentleman part of the community. ‘*Have* you an elastic band you could give me?’ ‘I am sure you have a hammer in that wonderful store of yours.’ ‘I’ll trouble you for a brass fastener.’ ‘Could you oblige me with a little ink?’ ‘That red glazed calico of yours is first-rate for tempting the bonitas. You can give me some more? Oh, thank you! I’ll have another try at them to-morrow, if the weather’s dull enough.’

Any one who wishes to be beloved by all the

boy and man element in saloon and steerage will go to sea well supplied with twine of various thicknesses for fishing purposes, and will be generous with it. It is well worth while. We were touched when, later on in the voyage, a little third-class passenger of eleven offered one of our party a Cape pigeon which he had caught with infinite toil, 'because you have given me twine, and done little kind things for us.'

The feminine element on board meantime gratefully appreciated our creature comforts—such as preserved ginger, gingerbread, hot-water bottle, jam, biscuits, and zoedone; and this was especially the case in the steerage, which enjoyed fewer luxuries than the saloon.

And we for our part got nothing but kindness on all hands—pleasant words, and looks, and deeds. One and another would offer his comfortable chair, or his shaggy coat, the captain his opossum rug, or his wife dainties for the invalided of our party.

And so it came to pass that by the time we had tacked down the Channel, rolled through the Bay of Biscay, and passed the Azores and Canaries, mutually pleasant relations had been established between the saloon and steerage passengers generally, and between most of the members of our ship's company individually.

Those early days were full of novelty—a novelty which to me never wore off. For some days the pilots were on board, and letters had to be sent off by them; then came the last sight of land; the new sense of nearness to sea and sky, and understanding of Ps. civ. 1-6, and the new-found

attraction towards nautical matters, and towards 'every traveller along the tracks of the sea.'¹

First came an owl to speed us on our way, but a homeward-bound vessel passing us, she turned and followed it back towards England. Shoals of dolphins darted by, faster than our ship could follow them; emerging now and then for a flying leap and another dive, as if they thoroughly enjoyed the fun. And one Sunday a whale lumbered heavily past the vessel—wonderful, because the first we had seen. And later, low silvery clouds of flying-fish skimmed steadily over the surface of the water. On, on they went, pausing only ever and anon (ah! would that we could learn their lesson!) to wet their dried-up wings, and so gain power for their onward flight.

Meantime, in gathering crowds as we went farther on, the fowls of the air ceaselessly followed us. Without barn or storehouse, or apparent resting-place, their existence was to us a perpetual mystery, to be solved only as the Psalmist of Israel has solved it: 'These wait all upon Thee, that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That Thou givest them they gather: Thou openest Thine hand, they are filled with good.'

And thus the books of nature and of Divine revelation are ever interpreting each other at sea.

The sea itself by day and night was ever new and beautiful. The phosphorescence was a constant evening pleasure to us—the white smoky track in the wake of the vessel showing here and there bright transparent patches full of light, and

¹ See Kay on Ps. viii. 8.

the showers of sparkles in all directions like diamonds or reflected stars. And by day the deep blue colouring of the water was sometimes so wonderful that we admitted admiringly, 'It really looks as though it had been dyed!' 'It's so nat'ral, it looks quite artificial,' a poor London laundress exclaimed delightedly one evening when I gave her some lovely sprigs of newly-blown jessamine. 'So nat'ral, it looks quite artificial!' Highest praise often that we, conventional beings that we are, can find to bestow upon the works of our God!

But a fortnight had passed; we were at length beginning to believe that we were really on our way to New Zealand, and to cease expecting the postman; the first pleasures and the first discomforts of the journey were over; and now, at the right moment, came—A Committee of Entertainments.

How that committee worked! convened as it continually was, in season and out of season, by its genial, indefatigable leading spirit—one of the gentlemen passengers. It was truly 'Executive' (which cannot be said of every committee on land!). Fortnightly meetings grew out of it for music, singing, readings, and recitations; and these were enjoyed at the time, and gave plenty of work in between whiles in the way of preparation. Dancing was tried once; but the attempt fell flat, and was never made again.

In almost all we did, steerage and saloon worked together; and though there was but little genius on board, yet, as each person knew something the others did not, we were always able either to teach

or to learn from one another. We were so few—only about thirty in all—that we had, like a man with a small library, to make the most of our resources—to work them out thoroughly. This amalgamation of forces would not always be possible, but in our case the saloon passengers were amenable and the steerage respectable, while our good captain was willing to tolerate any arrangement agreeable to us, when not subversive of the order of the ship.

Meanwhile my sister had started afternoon readings on the deck for the younger steerage passengers, which were greatly appreciated. For these readings stories were chosen which could be finished in an hour—lively and entertaining, but with a religious and practical tone about them. Power's 'Oiled Feather' series, Jean Ingelow's 'Stories told to a Child,' and various mission tales, etc., were read and delighted in, and gave an opportunity for much pleasant and profitable conversation by the way. These readings were continued till towards the close of the voyage, when the stormy weather of an Indian Ocean winter made them at length quite impracticable.

Out of them grew other interests. One day the subject had been Medical Missions, and the girls begged for a regular Medical Mission talk. Their request was granted, and they fixed the hour themselves. 'Our brothers are coming,' we were told; 'and sure enough, there, at the appointed time, were the girls, their brothers, nearly all the other passengers, and some of the officers of the ship, sitting on the companion-ladders and the

after-hatch, and in a sort of verandah which runs along the front of the saloon, called "the break of the poop!" It was growing dusk; the weather was lovely; the ship was sailing on so smoothly that we could not feel the motion, and everything was still. Not even a sailor could be heard pulling a rope or shouting "Ahoy!" And so in the "blind man's holiday" of the South Atlantic Ocean we had a long, quiet "talk" about Medical Missions.¹

Work for a Medical Mission sale followed these afternoon readings; warm gloves were made for those on board who needed them, and working parties were talked about. The only one really held, however, was—to mend the ship's flags.

As time went on, a small coterie of saloon passengers gathered every afternoon on the poop while my brother-in-law read aloud, and a good deal of standard and instructive reading was got through by this little circle.

'I have a good mind to give some ambulance lectures as soon as the people are tired of doing nothing,' my next-door neighbour at table, the doctor, had confided to me one day soon after leaving England. I had heartily agreed with him that anything sensible of the kind he proposed was likely to have a particularly good moral effect on a sailing ship, where ideas are necessarily somewhat limited, and leisure hours abundant. And when we were nearing the line, he felt the right moment had come; and one night, between eight and nine, he gave the first of his series of lectures on the poop. There was a good attendance of all classes

¹ Children's Medical Mission Stories, No. vi.

—captain, cabin-boy, steerage, and saloon. It was perfectly dark, for the moon was new, but the doctor sat in the compass seat with a shaded lantern by which to read his notes ; and he had an attentive audience and plenty of questioning. The next lesson was a discouraging one, given under great difficulties. The ship was pitching so that the lecturer had to hold on to steady himself ; the wind blew about the diagrams which he had had prepared, and the rain gave an alarm. But Dr. P. was not one to abandon a thing which he had once undertaken. Ambulance lectures he had determined to give, and ambulance lectures he gave from that time forth till towards the close of our voyage, at the average rate of one in ten days. Circulation, respiration, digestion, the brain and the nervous system were first considered, and then came practical lessons in bandaging, and practical hints as to accidents. In these last the captain was deeply interested, being from necessity a bit of a surgeon himself. One day a capital demonstration was given. A pig had been killed, and before passing from the butcher's to the cook's hands it was pounced upon as ' a subject.'

Others soon followed the doctor's lead. My brother-in-law gave a lecture on Egypt which was greatly enjoyed ; and, later, one on Italy. Another night, one of the steerage passengers took us in imagination from London to Colombo, giving us much interesting and amusing information about the natives and the coffee industry of Ceylon. And two first-rate lectures were given on 'Recollections of Africa,' and on 'Ostrich Farming,' by a young

saloon passenger, whose popularity secured an attendance in spite of all difficulties. 'I got nearly thrown down by a rope in coming,' said one of the audience on the second occasion, 'and was nearly drowned on the way, and was nearly killed in half a dozen ways.' The weather certainly was bad that night!

It seemed strange sometimes to be so far from land, rarely even to see a sail, and yet not to feel alone. Working, eating, fun, and business went on day after day, and the forty to fifty souls on board had an independent self-contained world of their own. It would have cheered the hearts of people at home could they have peeped in upon us at times, on one of these lecture evenings, for instance. Could they have looked in when we were passing the Cape, they would have seen us arranged in a cosy and homelike fashion round the long saloon table, some winding wool or knitting while the lecturer proceeded, others sketching, and another making alphabet sets for spelling games out of cardboard procured at the 'store.'

'Spelling games;'—for the doctor, even when he had given his inaugural address and seen others follow suit, was by no means satisfied with what had already been done for the entertainment of the passengers. The steerage was still heavy on his mind. 'We ought to get up some round games for them, or something; or they will get into mischief.' In these views he was warmly seconded by our young African lecturer; and the idea was passed over to my sister to work out. Thenceforward, from six to nine in the evening was set apart for

games. We did not have them every night just at first, but very speedily they became a regular institution whenever no lecture or musical entertainment was going on. 'Proverbs' was the favourite from first to last, and a hundred and fifty proverbs were contributed from the various memories on board, and written out for use. But everything and anything that any one could think of was welcomed and tried, such as 'Animal, vegetable, and mineral,' 'I've thought of a word and it rhymes with ——,' 'I met an old woman with a basket, and it was filled with adders, asps, antelopes, Afghans,' etc., etc. Riddles made a variety, and running-about games, or swings, when the ship was steady enough. But this rarely happened. When we were driven by stress of weather from the after-hatch or poop into the saloon, various spelling or paper games were resorted to; and 'Nouns and questions,' as usual, discovered sundry embryo poets in our midst.

Going one day to one of the cabins to see a family of five brothers and sisters who were on their way out together to find work and home in New Zealand, I explained this game of 'Nouns and questions,' illustrating my explanations by specimens of poetical efforts by a six-year-old sister and a little niece of mine. One, I remember, ran somewhat as follows:—Question, 'Do you like sums?' Noun, 'Orange.' Answer,

'I don't like sums, don't think it strange,
I very much prefer o-range.'

The eldest brother was quite pleased and struck.

'If we began like that now, we might write something quite nice in time; there's a part of the brain which poetry belongs to, I think, which grows with exercise. Perhaps we'll try to-night, and if anything pretty comes out of it, we'll let you see it.' The results were shown me, and one attempt, by the youngest of the party, was very respectable. This boy was a sharp little fellow. Two of the gentlemen on board one day put him and his brother through an examination in geography, history, and useful knowledge. To a question in the latter branch, 'Could you make a plum-pudding?' 'No,' said he, 'but I could eat one.' The eldest brother was like a father to the others, anxious both for their improvement and for his own. He wished there were a school on board, got my brother-in-law to set them sums to work out, and listened with interest and intelligence to a little book on astronomy which the captain kindly hunted up. One wants a few lesson books with one when on a journey like this.

Visits to the steerage cabins were a great pleasure and resource. When thoughts of and longings for home and home friends came over one, as they occasionally would, an hour amongst one's friends there was sure to send one back refreshed. In one cabin was a seafaring man who was rarely seen on the deck except for a brief 'smoke' every day. He was engaged on a model of a ship which was to be called Jane after his wife, and it was a perfect thing of its kind. He was quiet and reserved, but had so much real and interesting information about navigation, the manners and customs of the Siamese,

and of his dumb favourites, etc. (if one could but draw it out), that I never left him without regret. My sister made me a very pretty little pair of shoes to give him for the little son of whose arrival he had heard just before leaving England ; and I used to think that those little shoes ' had walked into his heart,'¹ so kind was the welcome which he always gave me.

One day, quite early in the voyage, the doctor came up to me. ' I've got a capital subject for you to sketch—a woman washing ! ' I took up a post of observation immediately, but, like poor little ' Alice in Wonderland's ' croquet balls and hoops, my subject walked away before I could get my ' mallet ' properly adjusted. I walked after her, however, was invited into her cabin, and heard a little about herself and her companions. She, her husband, and her daughter of sixteen were from Yorkshire, and were going out to New Zealand on purpose to accompany a daughter-in-law, who was not strong, to her husband's home. ' We couldn't let Polly go alone.' ' Polly,' a bright-faced happy girl, whose scarlet shawl always seemed just to match her sunny face and temper, repaid the devotion heartily, and (though the cases were otherwise just reversed) clung to her mother-in-law as Ruth did to Naomi. But for Mrs. E. we might have forgotten entirely on board the art of shaking hands ; but she broke with the most naïve and refreshing unconsciousness through sea conventionalities and expressions, and ' stayed at home,' or ' went out for a walk,' or ' thought of calling upon

¹ *The Little Shoes.* A Ballad, by Mrs. Sewell.

friends in the neighbourhood,' just as much on board ship as she might have done in her own country village. We soon felt a warm respect for her and for her worthy husband who might, from appearance and manner, have been one of the early Puritans; and their cabin became one of our favourite resorts.

An old man who shared part of it with them was one of the characters of the ship. 'Daddy' was 'in the medical line,' having been porter once at a provincial infirmary; and he considered himself, therefore, entitled to contend professional points with the doctor, much to the latter's amusement. 'Daddy' never came to the Sunday service. A churchgoer had once injured his mother, so neither he nor she ever went to church again; and his formulated creed was a very short one: 'Fear God and relieve the poor.' But the influence that the old man exerted in his part of the vessel by his sobriety, contentment, and peacemaking spirit, and by his wise and witty words in season, might have been a lesson to many who reckon themselves far more enlightened. He met with an accident in a storm a few days before we landed, and our captain, kind man that he was, kept him with him for the weeks that the ship remained in harbour, and then took him on with him to Geelong.

And so our week days passed on—varied by the ordinary ship entertainments of bull and quoits, of fishing and 'shooting the pore birds' (as our Swedish sailmaker always described the gun practice on board), by the occasional excitement of speaking passing vessels, and by the rare treat of

a total eclipse of the moon. The gentlemen smoked; two of them were wise enough to net diligently; and two spent between ninety and a hundred hours over a pegged chess-board which we had happened to bring with us. Learning to walk and practising the accomplishment was a daily exercise of muscle and skill. Drawing was a great interest, a little of it going a long way on a voyage, we found; and track charts, daily notices of runs, etc., programmes and diaries, gave one plenty of handwork to do. Go-bang, draughts, and even noughts and crosses and French and English were resorted to at times; and at last, yes, *Cat's Cradle* was proposed! Talk of a sea voyage adding ten years to one's life! *Thirty*, we felt, would be nearer the mark. 'I never heard of so many things being done on a voyage before,' said one of the party; and I think we really did try nearly everything that could be done. We had, however, no magazine. Magazines are apt to become personal, and it seemed better in this one respect to leave well alone.

And to what purpose did all this tend? Is it not below one's dignity as a Christian to spend time in teaching and sharing in games? Are not such occupations waste of time and opportunity when souls, precious souls, are perishing?

This was once said to me; and I answered then, as I answer now, No. To a Christian no work should be secular. The professed desire and end of his life is the glorifying of God:

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth bless an own
Cannot for less be told;

and by it happiness may be turned into a handmaid to holiness—a handmaid whose services God may abundantly bless and own. Setting aside the moral effects of employments alluded to above, he who cares for the physical and temporal well-being of his fellow-creatures will find that he has a vantage-ground when he seeks to speak to them about their spiritual concerns.

But I am putting off too long an account of how we spent our Sundays on board.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAYS AND STORMS.

Oh, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

Come what come may,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day.

‘ALL our Sundays were fine,’ said the captain to a friend of his in Wellington harbour. ‘No matter what the rest of the week might have been, it was sure to clear up for Sunday.’ And so it was. There was only one exception, just to prove the rule, but even then we had glorious weather for part of the day.

And all our excitements seemed to fall on a Sunday. We began regularly to look out for them! It was on a Sunday evening that we put off our second English pilot, and so cut the last tangible link with England; on a following Sunday that wonderful first whale paid us a neighbourly visit; on the fourth we were greeted by the captain with,

‘If you want to see the line you must look two miles behind you. Yes; I thought I felt the ship give a jump.’

On the fifth we were summoned at six a.m. with the news, 'We are abreast of Trinidad' (a desert island, and the only land we saw on our way). The scene was very beautiful. On the one side lay the St. Martin Vas rocks, behind which the sun was rising in true 'bridegroom' robes; and on the other, Trinidad. Near as the island seemed—for we could see the verdure on its slopes, and the surf that beats into the cavern which perforates it to a depth of four hundred and twenty feet—we were really about twelve or fifteen miles away, and were steering midway between it and the rocks. The sixth Sunday, at ten p.m., when we were all but becalmed in the tropics, a ship came in sight, and in about three hours we were near enough to talk without the use of either black-board or signal flags. It was the first time we had exchanged a word with the outer world since leaving our pilot at Start Point. Presently the sailors of the other ship (there were no passengers on board) began to play a concertina. We took the hint, and about twenty of our party went, at the suggestion of the captain's wife, to the side of the ship, and started some hymns for their benefit: 'Hold the Fort!' 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,' and 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus.' We were uncertain how much they heard, as the vessels were now slowly drifting apart; but the captain, who was on the poop, heard them encore the second hymn. They seemed, poor fellows, well pleased with our salute, and waved bits of sail-cloth in return from both rigging and deck. The first albatross came in view the same day.

We did not, on week-days, have morning and evening services. These may be well where the majority of the passengers are earnest Christians. But it was not so with us, and caution was needed to avoid exciting enmity against the cause which we loved. As it was, there was scarcely a cabin in which conversation on religious subjects was unwelcome; and our Sundays at sea were full and happy seasons. No one was ever heard to say as the day came round, 'Behold! what a weariness it is.'

First of all, after a little final practising of the hymns which the choir had been preparing, tracts were carefully chosen out and circulated all over the ship. My sister had brought with her a very large assortment of the most attractive narrative booklets which the Religious Tract Society, Drummond, Caswell, and other publishing firms have been able to produce. Some of these were left on the saloon table; and others were given away to the sailors, and were greatly appreciated by them. I have seen our pretty little cabin-boy, Johnnie, peering eagerly about the saloon on Monday morning on the chance of a tract being left, just as the robins look for berries on a snowy winter's morning. It was difficult, for a variety of reasons, to do much amongst the sailors; but in this way we could reach them. The cook did not at all like it when, on one occasion, he was overlooked.

'I get no Sunday,' said he, 'with all the cooking.'

And once, later, when the seas over the decks made walking about very difficult, he offered to do

the work of tract distribution for us. One of the apprentices read the books aloud to the other men. These sailors were a motley crew, hailing, as they did, from Norway, Sweden, Germany, Scotland, and England.

In the steerage the books were exchanged weekly, and here, too, they got a welcome.

‘How delightful it seem,’ said Mrs. E., ‘to go with ladies who come round leaving tracts.’

One thing I learned now—not to mind giving away temperance literature. ‘What I like,’ a man remarked, turning over a handful of papers given him to choose from, ‘is stories about old drunkards. I’m not in that line myself, but I like to read about drunkards who have been very bad, and have got all right again. I like to see how it’s managed; it amuses me.’ Another day, in helping to take the little books round, I longed, but did not dare, to leave *One Glass More* in one of the cabins for a young man who interested me (a cabinet-maker, I think)—good-looking, affectionate, very artistic, and alas! very weak. But a friend of his at once chose it out of a packet for him.

‘I think it will suit him.’

Next day I was told, ‘I read *that* tract aloud, and we *were* amused.’ As I considered it would suit both the friends equally well, I was particularly glad.

Our round over, it was nearly time for service, which was held from a quarter to eleven to a quarter to twelve. This was not long enough to try my invalid brother-in-law, to weary his congregation, or to interfere with the captain’s ‘observations.’

I have rarely enjoyed any Sunday services as I enjoyed those little gatherings; and nearly all present seemed to feel the same. Only three or four of the passengers habitually absented themselves.

At 2.30 we met again for an informal Bible reading, which my sister started in the first instance for the young steerage passengers, but which, becoming popular, was eventually attended by half, or more than half, of our number. Meantime, texts had been looked out on some subject which had been given round with the tracts in the morning; and these were now read in turn, and briefly commented on. Our young artist friend, mentioned just above, told us one day,

‘I was quite vexed when I came last to know nothing about the Bible subject; I used to know the Bible, but now I do not know where to turn up anything. It is all according to the company one keeps. I must try to look up something for next time.’

The morning services were shortened Church of England form, but twice, in the evening, my brother-in-law had Presbyterian meetings for those more accustomed to this form of worship. But the singing of hymns was the regular Sunday evening occupation and treat. In the warm weather we stayed on the deck, and the officers joined in, and the sailors drew near to listen; in the Indian Ocean winter we gathered round the saloon table, each choosing in turn some special favourite to be sung.

What a debt of gratitude one owes to Mr. Sankey

and his confraternity, and to the makers of the dear old hymns of one's childhood ! When the sun set, drawing the curtains of night around him with a haste which he seems to show almost everywhere out of England, we would put our books aside, and fall back on the hymns which are written in every one's memory. The people never tired of singing. Well might Luther say :

The devil's work it doth impede,
And hinders many a deadly deed ;
The heart grows still when I am heard,
And hearkens to God's work and word.

We missed a favourite young voice one evening, and on inquiring next morning after its rosy, merry owner, were told,

‘Father and me kept her at home last night in punishment, because she was light at her sacred devotions [the Bible-reading] in the afternoon. She wanted to go very bad, and sat and cried because we could not allow it.’

Mrs. E. greatly enjoyed the singing :

‘It make one wish that Sunday could come every day ; don't it now ?’

So ended our Sundays—hours which were, in every sense, ‘most calm, most bright.’ To few Sundays have Herbert's words ever been more aptly applied ; but on other days we enjoyed by no means an immunity from bad weather :

Fiercer and rougher as our little bark
Neared evermore its haven.

Never shall I wonder again that travellers by sea record their night as well as their day experiences

for the dark hours seemed sometimes the worst part of the twenty-four. One night I specially remember. Lightning flashed till eight in the morning; seas thumped on the poop overhead; a heavy linen-box shot across the cabin (we wished we could command a wave to move it for us at will!); other things darted and tumbled about; a cupboard door opened, and out fell a number of medicine bottles; and my berth was so wet from the combined influences of sea-fog and water that I had to roll myself up like a mummy to avert evil consequences.

I suppose the rough weather was worse for some of the passengers than for myself, for I enjoyed the rocking, and was capable, on occasion, of sleeping, Jonah-like, through a squall, and never from first to last knew what it was to miss coming in to a meal at sea.

‘You are like a terrier dog,’ said the captain; ‘I don’t think that anything would hurt *you*.’

But to me, as to my companions, sea experiences were often a trial of faith and hope, and many an old lesson or favourite passage came to mind with fresh meaning and power, as one saw the submerging or breaking away of bulwarks, and the tearing away by the wind of the strongest sail-cloth; or felt the ship heel over from the blow of a tremendous wave, till it seemed as if she would never right herself again; or came, in mid-ocean, within half a ship’s length of a vessel over-anxious for our close companionship; or neared the edge of a cyclone, so that the wind, within four hours, was all round the compass; or heard the captain say

'I have never had such weather in this part, *nor anything like it.*'

'The sea is His, and He made it;' 'There shall no evil happen to the just;' 'I will trust and not be afraid;' seemed new verses to us then.

There were times when, nearing dangerous localities, it was impossible to get good observations, because we rarely, for days, saw a ray of sunlight, and one felt intensely that 'Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun,' and understood the full force of Mr. Standfast's words, 'Whose countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun.' And there were times when, chilblained and muffled up, oppressed by the heavy damp air which soaked the contents of one's very pocket, and longing, above all things, for a blazing kitchen fire to warm one's feet and thaw one's energies, paralysed by an exposure to a temperature of 50° or so, one was heartened up by Christiana's brave words, 'I shall have time enough when I get there to sit down and rest me and dry me.'

But sea troubles are soon forgotten and forgiven; and

After the storm comes sweeter calm.

And when He who

. . . knows, if need be, how to measure
Our hours of sunshine as of shade,

gave us brightness and warmth again; and when the winds and waves quieted down (not all at once, but like a child who sobs involuntarily for a while

when his passion is over), we remembered with a full heart those lines, so grand in their simplicity:

The storm is changed into a calm at His command and will,
So that the waves, which raged before, now quiet are and still.
Then are they glad because at rest, and quiet now they be,
So to the haven He them brings which they desired to see.

Things seem, as a rule, worse in imagination and on paper than they do in reality, and very soon after setting off on our voyage I wrote in that great ship institution, 'My Diary,'

'We conclude that throwing out a teaspoon and an inkbottle into the Atlantic; holding kettles steady all the time they boil, and then being rewarded for our patience by a partial upset and general mess; and finding doors bang obstinately when we thought they were securely fastened up, must be some of the category of sea-trials of which we have so long heard; and as we find them very bearable, we are greatly fortified to meet a few more such.'

There are two handles to every vexation, and at sea one generally gets hold of the right one; and so we laughed instead of crying over our spilt (condensed) milk, when our own especial cabin-boy, Henry, said with a beaming face,

'Oh, well! that's better than water, it's a change.'

Another day, a cabin door burst open, and out came our 'African' friend, Mr. S., laughing heartily, and with eyes dancing and sparkling with merriment.

'Oh, it really was fun! The doctor and I were both of us sitting in his bunk, playing chess and

smoking. We had opened the port to let out the smoke, that the smell of it might not come into the saloon, and were in the middle of a very fine game—about the finest game of chess we have had since we came on board—when, suddenly, I saw something green. It put my cigar out; and then in a moment we were both drenched!

But it is not every one who can take the roughness of sea-life with equanimity and cheerfulness, the exceptions being the drinkers. These will retreat to their cabins at the approach of bad weather, and drink themselves into a state of stupidity or unconsciousness. 'Beer is our only comfort now,' said one of these miserable cowards in the midst of a storm which even our captain called 'verra serious.' Truly, 'their god is not as our God.' At the reappearance of sunshine they emerge from their seclusion, either ashamed and ready to behave better again—till next time—or bold as the ostrich, which hides its head and fancies it has not been seen. One of these troglodytes gave out that he had been suffering from 'an attack something like rheumatic fever' during his interval of retirement from society.

Drink is a regular curse at sea. The captain, anxious to preserve the good order of his ship, may forbid the steward to supply it in cases where he sees it to be dangerous; but drunkards are wily as lunatics. They will get their poison at any sacrifice of money or honour. One gentleman on our ship—one of the finest fellows, naturally, who was ever 'made after the image of God'—used to

employ a sailor to buy it, and would get it from him privately. They will drink if drink is to be got. They have been sent away from home, may be, on account of this very tendency, in the hope that they may leave it behind with old associations and companions. And their resolutions are good. For a short time, whilst the novelty of the sea-life and the fine weather last, they abide by them. But 'these have no root in themselves, and so endure but for a time.' Three weeks they may stand; but six weeks or more, no.

The only remedy for such cases lies in the hands of our shipowners; for nothing is likely effectually to affect the evil, save the entire removal of the temptation which causes the weak to fall. Three months of enforced starving-out of the taste for strong drink would be the saving of many a drunkard. Mind, body, and soul have been enervated, and the man has no longer the will-power to aid his own cure, though in a sort of way he still wishes to be whole.

I am not undervaluing the grace of God when I speak in this way, but God works by means in this dispensation. It is presumptuous to hope for His grace whilst overlooking the use of any means which He may have placed within our reach; and those who do so, whether shipowners or others, incur a terrible responsibility.

Our doctor was a teetotaler throughout the journey; as a matter of expediency at first, and not of conviction. But as time went on, he told us,

'All my work lies amongst the drinkers; but for them I might have had nothing at all to do.

I have seen enough of the evil effects of drink to last me a lifetime ; and directly I am on shore and get a chance, I shall go and sign the pledge.'

He was very thankful that others at the table bore him out in not touching alcohol. Companionship is as great a strength to the teetotaler as it is to the drunkard.

But now we are south of Australia, and get out the 'Pacific' chart (never did ocean less deserve its name as far as our experiences go !); and in a few days, if all goes well, we shall be in Wellington harbour. The Eporeme has not been there before, and 'She'll not pass Canterbury unless she knows the reason why,' says the first mate. Lectures and games are almost given up, for the weather has made it difficult to get from one part of the ship to the other ; but we are sorting out things, and finishing up this and that on our own account, all ready for land.

Sunday has come — our eleventh on board. 'Sails,' the lanky Swedish sailmaker, is looking quite the grand man of the ship, and is promenading in full view of the saloon with intent to display his cloth suit.

'You'll be glad to be on land ?' he asks me, as I go forward with the books.

'Well, I have been very happy here. You see I have no hard work like you, but can walk about, and try to take likenesses.'

'And convert people,' he adds.

Poor Sails ! I see what has been expected of me, and wish I had come up more to his standard.

And now the cook claims my attention, and shows me his batch of new bread with evident pride.

‘Is it not light and sweet? We do manage, I think, pretty well. We come in here sometimes soon after four in the morning to find *everything* topsy-turvy, and the water over all. Sometimes we have the saucepans turning head over heels, and emptying one thing into another, and then we have to begin again. Well, we just do the best that we can.’

Jemmy Ducks grins assent. ‘Jemmy Ducks’ is the characteristic sea sobriquet of a cook’s mate, whilst the names ‘Chips’ and ‘Sails’ indicate the professions of their several owners. Our especial Jemmy Ducks has a perpetual smile on his face, and must be as good as a volume of *Punch* at his end of the ship with his keen sense of humour; but he looks withal such a scarecrow that the saloon passengers have dubbed him ‘The hardened ruffian.’ He ‘used to go about Whitechapel with a moke’ (donkey), but seems to take kindly to his present life, running up the rigging faster than the sailors, though ‘I don’t suppose he knows what to do when he’s up,’ says the captain. ‘I’m *safe*!’ he will exclaim in a tone of relief after letting himself down from some small elevation; or, ‘Now’s your time!’ and you see him scuttling off in mock haste to avoid the next wave. As if he cared for water or danger!

And now here comes Henry, our cabin-boy. What can he have to say? He wants ‘to ask a very great favour.’

'I know you keep an account of what is done every day, and I wanted to ask you the favour of letting me have it to copy. My people asked me to write a diary for them, and I have had so many things to do. I have very little time, but I thought I could sit up at night and copy it if you would be so good.'

So I promise, poor boy, that I will write him a diary.

Monday is here; things are being cleaned up for land, and even the poultry coops look nice. The log is heaved, and the lead is got out for soundings. The last ambulance lecture has been given; and Henry's face beams with delight as I give him his diary, adorned with eight illustrations—flying-fish, mutton bird, Cape pigeon, eclipse, flags, St. Martin Vas rocks, Southern Cross, and ship.

New Zealand charts are out now. We are tearing along. Before and behind us majestic waves are rolling. In every direction their heights and depths are to be seen, their crested heads, the light-green patches of translucent water in their hollows; while the flying balls of foam and the showers and sheets of spray might lead one to suppose that Neptune was having a grand washing day. I have ruled out what is, we hope, our last paper for the notice board.

Gale after gale; in the midst of which all the work of cleaning up for harbour is undone, and in the worst of which I print out the passengers' memorial for our good captain. Casualties multiply. Johnnie has been caught by a sea in coming from the galley. The steward, seeing what must happen, sprang

forward with the agility of a cat, and seized his dishes from him ; a moment more and the little fellow was swept to the other side of the deck ; and but for the fact of his being small enough to get wedged beneath a spar, we should most likely have lost our curly-headed cabin-boy, for the bulwarks were right under water. Others have been roughly treated by the waves ; and five steerage passengers who share the same cabin have had as many as fifty buckets of water to bale out in one night. But they are brave enough, these girls ! Heartily sick as they are of the present state of things, one may hear peals of laughter from their quarters. The only serious disaster is the one which ‘Daddy’ has met with. He was helping the engineer to do something (for he is ever ready to lend a hand if needed), when a lurch sent him out of the cabin with a box after him which jammed him against the bulwarks, whence he was pulled out with a sprained ankle. He was covered with water moreover, so that it is a good thing that the poor old man was not drowned on the deck. Well may one thank God for ‘preservation’ from evil. Earlier in the voyage one of the apprentices fell from a mast and was caught on the yardarm ; another was over the side of the ship, but was pulled back in time ; and I fell down a hold, but escaped with a bruise and a headache. ‘All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto Thee ?’

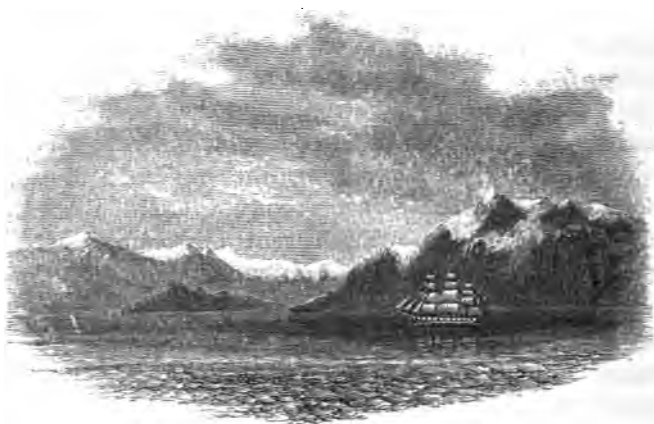
A perfect Sunday has come and gone, and the next morning I wake early. ‘Shall I get up ? There are so many things I want to do before I get to land.’ ‘No, my head is tired ; I will try to sleep

again.' About seven, G.'s (my brother-in-law's) voice is heard.

'Look out of your port, and you will see something worth looking at.'

'Not land?'

But it is land. Banks Peninsula is well and clearly defined; the sea is calm and the day lovely. Presently we see and admire some pretty pink and



THE SOUTHERN ALPS.

white clouds just above the horizon, which clouds speedily develop into a long range of snow mountains quite worthy of Switzerland. It is July now, and the depth of the New Zealand winter. The clearness of the atmosphere may be imagined, for we hear that the nearest of these mountains is thirty miles inland, whilst we are about twenty miles from shore. A grassy stretch reaches from the sea to the Southern Alps.

A splendid run up the coast. Our ship seems like a horse making straight for the stable. But now we are nearing Lyttelton, and she goes slower and slower, as if expecting, as usual here, to be run into shore. Finally, she almost stops, and then for many hours just dawdles along, like a sulky child who is compelled to go on against his will. So the chief mate's words have come pretty true,

‘We shan’t be able to get her past Canterbury.’

Meanwhile we pass Akaroa, where the French, in 1840, intended to set up their flag. The rapid action of England defeated their purpose. A fast-sailing frigate was sent out, which beat their man-of-war by four or five days; and ere the French could land their convoy of emigrants on Banks Peninsula we had taken formal possession of the island. The scenery along the coast is very pretty, reminding us of Scotland. We pass Pompey’s Pillar, and the Sails Rocks, which look so exactly like ships that we are completely taken in.

Every one is extremely happy to-day. ‘I would ask for a head if there happened to be one loose,’ says the doctor. Even Mrs. E. has left ‘home’ to take care of itself, and is having a walk on the poop. Our lovable young steerage artist is there too. ‘I have Christian friends,’ he tells me, ‘but no one has seemed to take the interest in my soul that has been shown on board this ship. . . . You have no idea of the temptations one has in my position, or how difficult it is to be a real Christian.’ And now he runs off to fetch a carefully kept letter

which some Christian friend wrote to him on leaving. This he calls 'a very jolly letter,' and he evidently values it much. This is an hour for confidences, and another of our steerage friends—a young girl this time—walks up and down the poop with me, and tells me the whole story of her life, both temporal and spiritual.

A lovely sunrise; more hills (the Seaward Kikouras); a contrary wind, which takes us out in the direction of America; albatrosses and Cape pigeons still following us, but flapping their wings now in the fashion of their brethren of the land. And now we are standing in direct towards shore, where the snow mountains are ranged against a blood-red sky; the sun has set, and another of our few remaining days on board is over. Our ship keeps up her sulky fit, and once or twice we have been actually becalmed. We are now between Capes Campbell and Palliser, at the entrance of Cook's Straits.

There have been more confidences to-day; this time from one who has interested me specially for more than three weeks.

'I have determined to trust all with Jesus, and I am full of peace. It was what you said one evening about pride: "Well, don't be proud any more with Christ, at all events." I see it was my pride which was keeping me back. I wanted to do something for the gift of eternal life, but now I see I have only to rest simply upon Jesus for salvation, and that there is nothing else that I can do.'

'Another of our few remaining days is over,' did I say? Never was there a greater mistake.

A steamer has come to tug us into harbour. A long, amusing, but unsatisfactory discussion as to amount of payment for said service follows between the owners of the two vessels, the end of which is that the tug steams away, taking with her our precious home letters.

‘She’ll come back again,’ says G., consolingly, in answer to our groans. ‘If you have made a man laugh you are sure to get your way with him.’

‘I believe she’s coming now,’ says the captain. And so sure enough she was.

‘How much did you say you would give?’

‘You know very well. Come, you may as well take us along, you’ll have to go back any way.’

‘Well! you’d better throw us your line.’

So the tow-line is thrown out, about a hundred fathoms of rope such as I have never seen before, its massy coils looking like those of some fabled sea-snake. And presently our letters come on board, and are thrown by the captain to L. (my sister) to sort out. I go round the ship as postman, and then come back to my own budget, opening first the latest from home. ‘We have a new carpet in the dining-room,’ I see inside the envelope, and so I conclude that all must be well, and read the rest of my news with a quiet mind.

For two hours we read on—firing scraps of news at one another, and comments thereon, which are scarcely listened to—and we have not yet finished when we find that the tug has come to a standstill. She is not strong enough to take us in, and after wandering round and round us for a while, and

getting our tow-line entangled with her steering gear, she has to call to us to haul it in. So fearfully heavy is it that this is the work of hours for our poor sailors, and we too stay on deck till between twelve and one a.m. The tug has left us. A strong head wind is blowing, and we are now just at the mouth of the harbour. I know that we have more than one captain on board, and sleep well and dreamlessly, but am on deck again before seven, most curious to know where we are.

We have been standing out to sea again, and land seems a long way off. But we are now once more turned in the harbour direction, and by dint of tacking all the morning make our way up to the first lighthouse. Here G.'s eyes, sharp as those of an Indian hunter, descry the pilot's boat at a distance. It comes nearer. It stops. The pilot comes on board, and in the same moment salutes the captain and shouts to the sailors,

‘Haul down your foresail.’

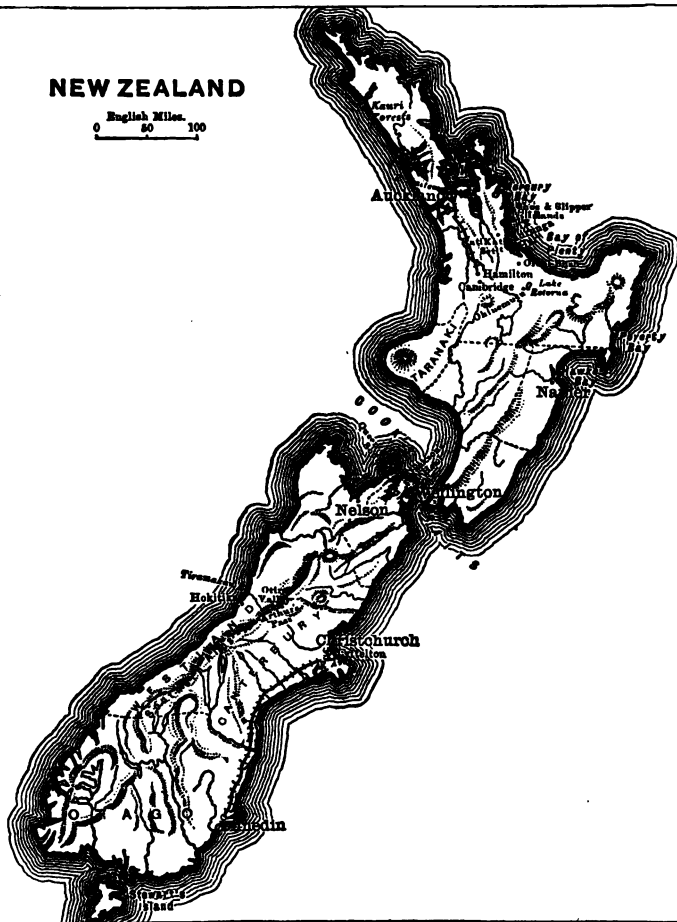
The captain retires to his cabin and seeks long-neglected repose. The pilot takes up his position on the poop and reigns with undisputed sway.

‘The king is dead: Long live the king!’



NEW ZEALAND

English Miles.
0 50 100



CHAPTER III.

WELLINGTON HARBOUR.

The morning shone all clear and gay,
On a ship at anchor in the bay,
And on a little child at play,—

Gloria tibi Domine!

A. A. PROCTER.

THAT pilot was a perfect type of a handsome, manly, genial seaman, and he seemed to know his own charms.

‘Never can keep a photograph. I come down to the town and get three dozen done at once, and in three months, bless you, they’re all gone, not one left! Every one wants them.’ He was quite a character, and we enjoyed his short rule. That first day, as the ship lay-to, we amused ourselves by listening to his traveller’s talk about the Maoris, under which lay a hearty appreciation of the native character; but the next morning this *dolce far niente* state of things took a turn with the wind.

At half-past three the steerage passengers were roused up to come and help in weighing anchor, and the voices of pilot and saloon passengers, who

would not be behind if anything was going on, woke us up. By seven I too was on deck, and found we were now fairly off. The pilot was on the poop with a lump of sugar in his hand.

‘See here, I’ve never smoked a pipe of tobacco in my life, but when I’m angry, or when I’m anxious, I must chew something, or I must grind my teeth. So I always have some lumps of sugar or some sweeties at hand, and when I’m anxious at all I chew away at them. My people at home, they always stuff my pockets full, because they know, you see, it’s a necessity to me, and in goes my hand at once when there’s anything to excite me. Couldn’t do without chewing. A friend of mine goes to the stores who knows my ways, and he says, “I want some lollies, but I see the pilot’s been here before me, and I know it’s no use.”’

Then, continuing his favourite subject, ‘Let the Maoris only feel that you’re their friend, and they’ll do anything for you, anything. They know I’m their friend, and I may go away and leave my house and things open, and they’ll touch nothing. And if they are lucky with their fishing they’ll bring some of the fish and hang them on my door as a present to me. They come to me sometimes and say, “Pilot, will you lend me a shilling or half-a-crown?” and I always lend it to them, always; and I’m not a bit afraid of their forgetting it, not a bit. Bless you! if they didn’t see me for six months, and met me in the street, they’d come straight up to me and give me that money. They would. That’s more than you could say for some Englishmen, mind you. Let a man do them a kindness or an

injury, and at the end of a hundred years they'll know that man.'

There was not much time for talking, however, for tacking was an engrossing occupation, and the tacks came nearer and nearer together, until at last the sailors and the passengers, who did nearly all the forecastle work good part of the time, got hardly any rest. It was a most interesting and exciting scene. Every one worked with a will, and must have enjoyed acting under the pilot, with his cheery manner, decided orders, and appreciation of good work.

'Now then, my lads, walk that rope along; all ready? Every one keep in his position. Swing her round. Quick! Quick!! Keep your eye on her. Don't admire the scenery. Well done, my lads!'

But his orders came one after the other so rapidly that how the men found it possible to carry them out I cannot say. The ship was turned sheer round again and again, but it was hard work for the man at the wheel. 'Quicker! Quicker!!' shouted the pilot (for once we were almost on land), and two other men rushed forward to help. Finally Mr. S. took up his position at the wheel.

The scenery was well worth 'admiring,' and our beating up the channel enabled us to see it from every point of view. First we passed an inlet up which Cook is said to have made his way to Wellington. Then we sailed by the lighthouse. Then, looking back, we saw, in a pink glow of morning light, the snowy hills we were leaving. Then we got to the flagstaff station and the group of little white houses where the pilot and his crew live.

‘Look here,’ exclaimed our new friend, ‘I’m the premier at that place.’

And now the reef of black rocks which makes a natural barrier to the harbour was all behind us, and we could think of it, thankfully, as a danger past. And then a sudden turn brought us in full view of Wellington; and at about eleven a.m. we dropped anchor in the powder ground, and ran up a flag to say that we wanted the health officer. We could not have had a prettier coming into port. The day was perfectly lovely, there was plenty of breeze; and all was beauty around and life on board.

Being unable to go up to the wharf on account of our four hundred barrels of gunpowder, we contented ourselves with preparing for the mail, which was to leave two days later for England. The captain, however, went off to shore in an amusing little cockle-shell of a boat, with a rough pliable branch of a tree fastened to the mast as yardarm.

What a different day the next was! A hard gale was blowing from land, and one vessel near us had dragged her moorings and was now lying on her side close to shore. Our anchors had held; but our letters for home? How were they to be got off? for these gales sometimes last for three days, during the worst of which time no boat can be used. Should we, after our many prayers that we might catch the home mail, miss it at last? We thought not; we felt that

He would not have brought us to trust in His name,
And so far have led us to put us to shame.

And, sure enough, at about four the wind began to moderate, and by seven a provision boat which had been given up came to the ship's side, and G. went off, jubilant, with the ship's letters, to stay till Monday.

The next day was a very unsettled Sunday ; most of the saloon passengers went on shore, and many visitors from land came to and from the Eporeem for the pleasure of the row, and the young steerage girls wanted to see everything. However, we managed to get our little Bible reading in the afternoon, when each chose and marked in his Bible some text about God's guidance ; and in the evening we had the usual hymn-singing in the saloon, and chose our favourite hymns, to be sung for the last time together.

And now the time for breaking up our circle had come. Its units would never all meet again in this world. The Jane had been brought to the saloon for inspection and admiration, and had been packed up and carried off by her builder to the little home where the young wife was waiting to introduce her firstborn to its father. Those who drank in England and at sea were already, some of them, wallowing in miry places in Wellington ; a happy voice and a beaming face had repeated the assurance, ' I am so happy ; the whole way is so simple—just to believe and live. The only thing now is, what can I do in return for so much love ? ' and many another farewell word had been spoken, and promises had been given by us to come often to see the captain and his wife while the ship remained in harbour ; to visit their nice niece—a general

favourite with us all—in the Sydney home where her betrothed was awaiting her, should it be at all possible for us to manage it; and to try to see the E.'s in Wanganui.

‘And you’ll tell your ma, won’t you, when you write,’ said Mrs. E., ‘if you have time, and will kindly do so, that I wish to be very kindly remembered to her; and you’ll tell her what a comfort it has been to have Mrs. T. coming in, and you, too, of course; but I think most of Mrs. T., poor thing, because she has come on account of Mr. T.’s health, and because she has left all them four dear pretty children. Oh, I do hope to be able to get into the town time enough to buy them something before we go away to Wanganui. I’m so ‘feared lest I shouldn’t be able.’

A queer little steam launch, which jogged along like a rough little water omnibus, carried us off from the ship at midday on Monday; and a baby, the sight of a real live baby on the wharf, was our first excitement in Wellington.

CHAPTER IV.

WELLINGTON.

The foolish hie them through the land,
See customs odd and fashions rare,
Learn of the language 'How d'ye do?'
And go and boast that they've been there.

July 19th—August 6th.

THESE lines haunt me as I think of recording the passing travelling impressions of strangers in new lands. And yet, a long search made lately through the best European circulating library out of England revealed so little in the way of facts, in English, French, or Italian, about the first land we visited, that I am encouraged to hope that even impressions concerning New Zealand may be of some interest and value.

Our desire to see something of Mission work had in great measure directed our choice of Wellington as a starting-point for our wanderings, for we had heard that most of the natives (of whom there were now 45,000 against the 40,000 of a previous census) were to be found in the North Island.

New Zealand consists of several islands, the largest two of which divide the country into north

and south. Wellington, the seat of Government, lies in Cook's Straits, the narrow channel which divides these northern and southern portions. It is a good-sized place with a background of hills, at the foot of which half the town rests contentedly, while the other half clammers over their sides. Half-way up these hills, after a somewhat tiresome search, we found a temporary resting-place, a rough but pleasant boarding-house.

At first nothing seemed pleasant. Though even now we scarcely realised that we were at the Antipodes, and repeatedly asked, 'Is the world really no larger than this? Can we have come to the end of it already?' yet we were undoubtedly strangers in a strange land, and we felt like it too.

The house was made of wooden planks placed horizontally; as indeed all the houses and public edifices here are built, in order to withstand earthquakes. Shaw and Savill's great range of shipping offices is the exception to prove the rule, and stands out red and conspicuous. Fire insurance, as may be imagined, is made a great point of, and great labels, 'New Zealand,' 'Colonial,' meet one's eye at every turn, indicating the names of offices in which policies have been effected.

My room that night was certainly very un-homelike! It was one of several under a great skylight which covered the whole of my wing of the house. I had no other window; and as the lath partition walls were run up only part of the way, everything said in one of the compartments could be distinctly heard in the next. I had a hay bed, a washhand-stand and little table—both

without a drawer,—a chair, and a tiny bit of carpet. (My brother-in-law had found much the same accommodation at a first-class hotel where he had spent the previous day.) Nothing was unpacked ; and indeed there was no place to put anything in if I did unpack. Altogether the place looked rather a desolation to English eyes. One ray of light, however, had shone on the dreariness of that first day on land. For a whole hour, after our three months' fast from such luxuries, we had been able to sit and warm ourselves through at a blazing fire !

Things did not, as is usually the case, look better in the morning. My sister and her husband were feeling the reaction from the fatigues and excitements of the last few days, and I went down alone to the great breakfast-room, off which a kitchen opened. It was, I should think, about forty feet long ; a plain table ran down its centre, and round the walls were ranged tables, presses and hooks, on or under which books, boxes, and coats appeared in a somewhat promiscuous fashion. The table looked bare. Breakfast was brought in only as the boarders required it, and very few of them were as yet down ; and, with the exception of one or two, I did not care for the look of those whom I did see. In a word—truth must out—my heart was on board our beloved Eporeme. I was what our captain's wife would have called 'fairly ship-sick.'

It would, however, have been most ungrateful had we failed to appreciate the kindnesses which were soon showered upon us on all hands. Many remembered the time when they too had arrived,

feeling lonely as we were now ; and this 'touch of nature' drew them to us. And all 'enjoyed seeing a face fresh from home.' To the born colonial, as to his fathers, England is 'home ;' and the love of it, and the longing and hope to visit it some day, are always strong upon him. Again and again one is reminded here of the words,

They that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.

One young man, son of a Wellington gentleman of limited means, fired with the usual ambition 'to go home,' hired himself as third steward on board a sailing vessel, and, without a particle of boyish romance for sea-life as such, contentedly cleaned brasses, washed cups and saucers, waited at table, and made himself generally useful until his arrival in England. There relatives received him as a guest, and showed him the sights of London ; and in course of time he worked his way back as a common sailor, happy in having carried his darling project through.

Well, so it came to pass that we soon became, as it were, the spoiled children of the house. One would bring treasures of shells, another of seaweeds, another of mosses and lichens for my sister to rifle, saying,

'We are always here, and can get them any time.'

The kindness became sometimes a little overpowering ; as when, for instance, with the benevolent intention, no doubt, of making us feel part of their circle, the frequenters of the ladies' sitting-room would appeal to us on every imaginable

point. We must hear this letter from 'my dear, precious, darling husband;' we must examine every bit of that unpicked dress; we must see these albums, newspapers and cuttings, and odds and ends of every kind. And L. was not well enough to talk much, nor ill enough to stay in her comfortless room, nor strong enough to go out at any time, as I could, and escape our well-meaning tormentors. So for a time she just folded her hands and gave herself up with inimitable grace to look and to listen. But in the meanwhile, as may be imagined, we got little enough of our own special work done.

But a way of escape was at hand. One day we descried and joyfully took possession of an out-of-the-way lumber-room with a table; and there, thenceforth, we read, or wrote, or gazed over the beautiful harbour undisturbed.

Hills with their placid loveliness seemed to close us in, giving the waters below a lake-like appearance, whilst shipping dotted here and there gave life to the scene. There lay the Tairoa, the Manawatu, the Wakatip, the Howea, the Benvenue, which had just arrived from England, but had had 'no luck,' and the Raleigh, a 5000-ton man-of-war, carrying 30 guns—the ship which convoyed the Prince of Wales to India, and brought his menagerie back.

We went one day over the Raleigh, and found it was well worth a visit. There were 600 men on board, including 52 officers, and everything was perfectly arranged and appointed. The hospital, which holds 26 cots, and the dispensary are served

by two (sometimes three) doctors and three assistants. The ship pets amused us—cockatoos, parrots, and parrakeets from Sydney; one or two Australian dogs, fine, strong, fox-like, and noble creatures; a young kangaroo, which gave unexpected flying leaps about the deck, and then came up close to us to be petted; and a tame boar which the sailors had brought up. To us this last seemed but a rough, ugly, black brute, still its foster-parents looked on it with far other eyes.

Miss Weston's 'bluebacks' are much prized on board the Raleigh. There are 45 messes, and 16 to 20 men in a mess, and each mess has monthly four or six of the 'bluebacks.'

Best of all, just below our lumber-room window lay the Eporem. So near, that few days passed without one, two, or even three visits to our floating home. 'Daddy' was one of our objects of attraction. He suffered long from his foot, but was promoted after a time to the dignity of a crutch made of a broomstick turned upside down. Invariably quaint, cheerful, and self-forgotten, his society was quite an acquisition to the kind, simple-hearted sailors, who would cluster round him when their work was done to hear Hervey's *Meditations amongst the Tombs*, which he would read aloud to them. Finally, as I have said, our good-natured captain took him on with him to Geelong, where, a few months later, we saw him again.

One day soon after our arrival, when we were haunting the wharves, as we then so constantly did, we saw a funny sight. A hundred and fifty sheep were being landed from a steamer. The poor

creatures, weary of their close confinement, were almost wild with joy, leaping and skipping in a most eccentric and laughable manner. One great sheep gave no less than four ungainly bounds through the air to express her delight!

But the strangeness of land was fast wearing off. Our landlady had heard our name in her home in Suffolk; and with no less than six or seven of the thirty boarders, or so, in the house we found we had friends and associations in common. 'The world is very small!' we exclaimed again and again. From one of these new acquaintances we received from the first to the last day of our stay in Wellington an uninterrupted flow of Christian and brotherly kindnesses which went far to make us feel at home there, and which one can never recall without gratitude.

Out-of-door friends, too, we soon made, whose frank welcome and genial warmth went straight to one's heart. The conditions of life are simple and unconventional in New Zealand. An archdeacon will open the street door to you with the matter-of-course air of one who has done it hundreds of times before; his daughter (or the bishop's, for the matter of that) will wait upon you at dinner; a lady, refined and intelligent, will tell you calmly not to come at such or such a time, as

'It is washing-day, and my daughter will be busy.'

Those to whom state and fashion are necessities should stay away from here; but those who value truth, transparent simplicity, and refreshing open-hearted kindness and hospitality could not do

better than come; if only (and it is an important 'if') they have any definite employment in view. Trade was in so depressed a condition during our visit that there must have been hundreds in the island who, with hands to work and will to work, were in the condition that our sturdy vagabonds sing in frost-bound weather:

We've got no work to do-oo-oo,
We've got no work to do-oo-oo.

An unpoetic statement, and unpoetically expressed, but pathetically true that winter with regard to many a would-be settler in Wellington and other towns of our New Zealand colonies.

Any number of hard-working servants who would be contented with reasonable wages might find happy homes here; though, indeed, their present and past exorbitant demands are rapidly destroying the necessity for their existence as a class. The merest drab of a girl refuses to come for less than twelve shillings a week, and the consequence is that families which in England would have four or five servants have here only one, while many become independent of them altogether.

For the New Zealand householder has many other heavy expenses to bear. As the rent of quite a tiny house, his landlord asks him from £70 to £100 a year!

The shops are for the most part about the size of those in an unpretending provincial town, and are much like them in character. Here, for instance, as with us, tobacconists abound, and publicans swarm! But, hanging up outside the poulterer's,

one may see birds of which one does not even know the names; whilst the furrier's window is full of muffs, ridiculously cheap from an English point of view, made from the feathers of the albatross and of many another beautiful sea-bird; and the butchers' shops are on an extensive scale, with a dozen sheep where we should have one or two. For mutton is only twopence-halfpenny a pound, and a great amount of meat is consumed.

Markets do not seem to answer here, but auctions are popular, and at auctions are sold horses, furniture, and food. The food is fairly English, though pumpkin served up as a vegetable, or butter-fish, or cray-fish, or some other such delicacy, reminds one occasionally at table that one is in a land of new experiences.

But mutton and feather muffs are amongst the only articles which can be bought cheap—in the shops, at all events. Apples are sold at sixpence a pound, and fourpence-a-pound lunch biscuits at a shilling; a small-sized bottle of pyretic saline cost us two shillings and threepence more than in England, a sixpenny note-book two shillings, and steel nibs a halfpenny each. Children's toys are three times as dear as with us, and the commonest Christmas card is sixpence or a shilling.

Furniture is very scarce, and it is amusing and suggestive in going over a house to note the clever contrivances which necessity has brought into being. How I longed for some of the cheap fancy-repository goods which are almost given away in London, to help the young girl-housekeepers to beautify their homes! Nature comes in where art

ails, and flowers can do much to save a room from looking bare; but the nameless nothings which break up straight lines and fill up odd corners—those gimcracks which the masters of a house despise, but in which their young wives and daughters delight—are hard to get here. They have a passion for crewel work, these girls; but oatmeal cloth is eight shillings a yard, while wool is threepence a skein; and an antimacassar, stamped out, fifteen shillings. At least these were the prices at the time of our visit.

And they like to look nice. Now, I must say that their idea of looking nice is not always ours. Good taste in dress is not a prevailing characteristic of the colonies either in men or in women, though the sexes go to opposite extremes. While the gentlemen are rough-looking, and are dressed scarcely so well as our working men on a Sunday, their wives and children may be seen in bright blues and reds, or dragging over a heavy muddy country road in velveteens and furs. But it does seem hard that their efforts to look fashionable, or even quietly ladylike and neat, should be so costly as they are. The making of a simple summer dress is twenty-five shillings; while a plain merino, including making and trimmings, cannot be had for less than five pounds. And washing is charged for at the same rate, half-a-crown being asked for a dozen pieces, and an extra price for the larger articles; and badly enough it is done too! What wonder that the colonial girls learn to cook, get up washes, make dresses, and do every sort of woman's work themselves!

Not that such employments are the only kind of woman's work they engage in. Their lives are full of many and varied interests. They read, practise music, and collect natural curiosities, and have in some cases part of their time to spare for energetic mission work as well.

One servantless home comes specially before my mind as I write. The family is a very large one, and all its members but the youngest child are engaged in active service for Christ. They visit the hospital and the lunatic asylum, hold classes for the larrikins, or city arabs, teach in the Sunday-school, and take part in other such work. An evening spent at this home was one of our very happiest in New Zealand. Everything in the large cheerful rooms spoke of care and comfort. We had the nicest tea possible, and the brightest of grates and lamps. Everything looked as if love had been thrown into the cleaning of it. And after tea there was singing, and a perfect museum of treasures for us to look at in the way of shells, seaweeds, ferns, mosses, geological specimens, and bones.

Travelling, like most other things, is dear; but the colonials would not agree with me about this, for everything, of course, goes by comparison. My sister was amused one day to hear a gentleman speak of 'the *great* facilities for intercommunication' in the island.

'All you have to do is to get into a steamer, and for £6 or £7 you can be taken from Wellington to Auckland!'

She said smilingly, 'But that seems to us a

tremendous sum of money for a short distance of only 560 miles.'

'When I came to New Zealand,' said he, 'in 1852, almost the only chance of getting from Wellington to Auckland, or *vice versa*, was to take a ship from there to Sydney, and to tranship thence to one's destination. I arrived in Auckland early in December, went to an agent, told him I wished to go to Wellington, and asked what means I must take for getting there. He shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "Really I can't say; this parcel has been waiting in my office six months to be sent on by the first opportunity, and that opportunity has not yet come." So I had to settle down quietly where I was, and I waited three months before a chance vessel took me on.'

In those days, and later still, shoes were very hard to get in the island; and a mother told us how she would send for them to England, ordering sizes which she thought would be right, and how by the time they arrived her children had probably quite grown beyond them. They were as pleased as possible to dispense with the incumbrances, as their delight was to run barefoot over the country, their soles growing so hard that they could rush over even cut gorse without being hurt.

The great advance that civilisation has already made in New Zealand was brought home to us one day at a panorama, where Dunedin, as it was and as it is, was exhibited. First we saw a pretty evening view of Dunedin, the village of 1841, with moon and lamps, and lights in the windows of its 240 inhabitants; and then Dunedin, the town, 'the

Chicago of Australasia,' with its enormous places of business. One may take courage. Maybe another forty years may give 'facilities of inter-communication' which the mind and the pocket of the 20th century stranger may appreciate. Meantime horses are much used in travelling. These cost very little. I have been told that a really good horse may be bought for £10.

For schooling one pays absolutely nothing. Government prohibits the receiving of fees; and as all classes avail themselves of the Government education, which is excellent, private schools and governesses go to the wall.

There is a school on Mount Cook, conducted on the Kindergarten and Home and Colonial system, where we one day spent two hours. It had four nice schoolrooms, one very large, eleven teachers, and 550 children between three and seven years of age, with an average attendance of 486.

'It is a General Store,' said the mistress; 'members of Parliament, lawyers, doctors, workmen, and sweeps, all send their children here.'

There they were, little ones whose refined get-up betokened good social standing marching hand in hand and arm in arm round and round the school-room with little peasant boys and girls, 'and not a whit better behaved or brighter than they.'

The children knew eighty songs, several of them character ones; and they sang some to us, feigning sleep, making bread, and describing the merits of

The great round clock
With its two little hands

with all the enjoyment of our own infant-school

children, following meantime the tonic sol-fa notation, in which they had been well grounded. One plan here is that the most attentive child in a class is called out to teach the others, and it was pretty and amusing to see these miniature schoolmasters and mistresses—a little tot of three acting as conductor to a singing class of seventy infants, and a splendid curly-headed fellow of four leading a number of boys.

No Bible teaching is permitted in this school. The mistress does her best with the two 'moral lessons' a week which she is allowed to give. But what is morality without the Bible? After all, but an enlightened heathenism.

There is an interesting museum in Wellington, where one may study the zoology of Australian and other lands, New Zealand and Fijian natural curiosities, specimens from all the gold diggings in the colonies, geological specimens (notably from Nelson), and I know not what besides. We were specially attracted by a Fijian double canoe, made on the same principle as the well-known Calais-Douvres, and by a handsome Maori house consisting of one large room. It is made of dark wood beautifully carved with figures of idols, which glare at one from either side with their round mutton-shell eyes. No furniture is needed in a Maori hut, nothing but mats, though if any European article of furniture, such as a table or a chair, is presented to the owner, it is sure to be highly valued.

Treasures of another kind are stored away behind the scenes in the Upper House, or Legis-

lative Council, which answers somewhat to our House of Lords. We went there one day, and passing through the lobby and the library 'for members only,' came to a room, which is in reality an immense iron safe, where very important documents, or books of great value and interest, are kept. Facing us as we entered were twelve large well-bound volumes labelled 'British Museum,' containing beautiful photographs of objects familiar to me from the long-ago childish days when I used to wander through the public halls and private collections of the great national museum with some good-natured attendant till he or I grew tired, and then return to a modest corner in one of the official departments to write my very unofficial letters or otherwise amuse myself till four o'clock should set my indulgent father free. These books looked natural, and, like the colonials, I was drawn to that which made me think of 'home.' But there was more than enough for us to see in the five splendid volumes of photographs of New Zealand which are kept here, so we gave up our time to them.

One night, through the introduction of a member, we were present at a sitting of the House of Representatives, or Lower House of Parliament.

The place in which we found ourselves was a large square room, fluted with green material, through which here and there the polished woodwork of the building is allowed to appear. Round it runs a gallery for the use of reporters and spectators. The reporters sit behind the Speaker; the right-hand gallery seems to be 'reserved ;'

gentlemen sit on the right hand, and ladies face the chair. One lady is rarely absent, and she watches the deliberations into the small hours of the morning.

‘We are proud of our speaker of the ladies’ gallery,’ said our member-friend; ‘we think of moving her election to a seat in the Upper House. She has earned by her diligence a prescriptive right to the central reserved seat in the Lower.’

Below us, at a central table, sat the Speaker, the Minister of Education (who was strikingly like Buonaparte in figure, but an improvement upon him), and one or two other notables. All around were tables and sofas on which honourable gentlemen sat or—rolled and lolled about; and just under our gallery sat the four Maori members and their interpreter, Mr. Hadfield, the bishop’s son. I could not help thinking that the native element of the island might have been somewhat more adequately represented. These last took no part in the evening’s discussion, but talked together a good deal, and gesticulated in a very lively manner.

The failure of the G—— Bank had created a great scarcity of money in New Zealand. Salaries had been cut down, and every possible economy practised. That evening the House was, presumably, in committee on the question of the reduction of educational grants; but it seemed rather to have resolved itself into a committee on the subject of education in general. Fees, Bible-teaching, Roman Catholic difficulties, and the importance of high standards were amongst the points touched on.

One topic of discussion was the English 'Royal Readers'—whether the schools should be allowed to use them or no. 'It is a mistake,' argued one, 'to teach children to look, when they are lost, for Charles's Wain, when they should look for the Southern Cross; to tell them that in the middle of the day they will see the sun in the south, when they see it in the north; to say they will find spring flowers in April and May, when, really, they will find them in October and November!'

Others, again, thought the use of the book desirable, as likely to excite curiosity, and keep up an interest in the old country. The honourable members contradicted one another, and used language which was not strictly parliamentary, nor, in all cases, strictly grammatical. Two or three notables spoke,—amongst them Sir George Grey, late Governor of the island.

Finance is kept entirely in the hands of the Lower House; but as a rule bills are originated and passed indifferently by either the Legislative Council or the House of Representatives.

'They have, however,' said our friend, 'to be endorsed by the other half of the governing body before they become law, and are sometimes, I am thankful to say, thrown out. The credit of our House has been more than once saved by the rejection in the Council of some foolish bill which we had had to pass, but of which we were ashamed.'

As in England, it is on the Lower House that the heavy end of the work falls. The members of the Upper are chosen as being men of some wealth, experience, or standing.

The building we were in was lighted from above, and, the gas-lamps being outside its ceiling of ground glass, heated, vitiated air and glaring light were both avoided. But there seemed scarcely enough ventilation—a common enough fault here! A Wellingtonian gets too much wind out of doors, and this, perhaps, is the reason why every breath of outer air is so jealously excluded from houses and public buildings.

‘One may tell a Wellington man anywhere,’ say the other colonists, ‘by the way he puts up his hand to his hat at the corner of the street.’

The day after our visit to the House of Representatives there was a great commotion there; not a political, however, but a physical convulsion—an earthquake. The roof swayed first in one, then in the other direction. Members started up in alarm, prepared for a speedy retreat. A few seconds’ pause, during which eyes were turned in questioning terror first at the roof, then at the frightened faces around; and then Major Te Wheoro, who had been addressing the House, and now stood quietly waiting, remarked, with imperturbable calmness, that when the honourable gentlemen present had recovered their equanimity he would proceed with his observations.

I did not feel this earthquake, for my brother-in-law and I were going at the time on foot to the bright pretty home of my Eporemi friend, the builder of the Jane, and volcanic agitations are more likely to pass unnoticed when one is walking. This one, however, was, according to the daily papers, ‘the sharpest shock of earthquake felt in Wellington

for some years,' and 'the heaviest felt for many years in Wanganui.'

Nor was I conscious of other slighter earthquakes which took place during our stay. Through one, which woke up many other persons in the house, we slept, all three of us, with a Jonah-like serenity acquired, probably, on ship-board. It was, I felt, tantalising. One has so seldom, in this conventional life of ours, the chance of experiencing a new sensation. Probably, however, from all accounts, the sensation would have been anything but agreeable. Earthquakes in a volcanic country seem to affect people much as thunderstorms do elsewhere.

Two or three times we went to the Supreme Court of Justice to hear an important Maori will case that was going on. It was a chance of seeing something of the natives, who, during the trial, were always hanging about the Court in considerable numbers. The Maori men are burly, good-natured, and greasy; their faces tattooed all over in the most intricate patterns. The women are tattooed about the mouth and chin only. The ladies whom we saw were in English (?) costume; in a thick winter material, perhaps, with muslin frilling at the edge of the skirt, or may be with a very long jacket trimmed with fur, or an extremely gaudy necktie. One had a hat with a large cluster of green curling feathers in the middle, and with two flat feathers stuck out straight on either side. Some had good kid gloves and good boots, others no gloves at all; some had trains, others dresses considerably above their ankles. They seemed

quite satisfied, and squatted on the steps of the Hall of Justice, or stood with their arms akimbo, chatting with one another, and diligently smoking their pipes.

The Maoris are a good-looking people, though at first one can see only the tattoo. The women have beautiful eyes, and a perfect wealth of uncombed hair. They are an extremely intelligent race, though wanting in perseverance; and they can, like children, be easily led by affection and reason. Like children also, they readily follow bad examples. Alas for the examples, and for the prejudice and wrongs they have met with in their intercourse with Europeans!

The natives come but little into the towns, so this trial was memorable to us as a sort of first introduction to the original masters of the soil, with whom we hoped as time went on to make a closer acquaintance.

CHAPTER V.

WELLINGTON (*continued*).

One is the haven, let there be
In us who seek it, unity ;
One is the ocean, surely there
Is room for all men, and to spare.

THERE are many sects and denominations in Wellington, all of whom seem to live together in the most perfect harmony. With one exception, which only served to prove the rule, I do not remember a single unsympathetic—far less unkind—word said by Christians of any one body here about the tenets or work of another.

The English Church is represented by cathedral and bishop, church and clergy. At St. Peter's the choir does a little too much of the service ; but at the cathedral the proceedings are simple enough. So is the building itself. It is much like a comfortable, new, and not over-large parish church ; its walls are of stained wood, and it looks very clean and fresh.

The bishop is a very superior man. When he came to New Zealand, in the year 1838, he did not excite very sanguine expectations in the minds

of the C.M.S. committee which sent him out. He was thought 'too desponding.' The fact was that he left England with no overstrained romantic notions of the missionary life. He came out as a duty, to fulfil what he believed to be the will of his God. And once in New Zealand, he loved it, like Cordelia,

According to his bond ; nor more, nor less.

'Had I met with no success at all,' he told me one evening, 'it would have made not the slightest difference to me. All one has to consider is what duty lies nearest to one's hand, and to do that. One must leave results.'

But he has met with that which he did not seek ; and both the English and the native community trust and appreciate the good missionary bishop. And his devotion to and intimate knowledge of the country and its people make his opinion well worth having in any question touching the interests of either.

At the time of our visit, Maori chiefs were sending messages from a distance to beg the bishop to come and help to settle their differences with the Government.

It seems that after a war with the Maoris, a certain native territory was confiscated by the English. They did not, however, immediately enter on possession, and little by little the Maoris crept back, and reassumed the occupation of the land. At last we put in our long-neglected claim, and now the Maoris protested. Hence the present disturbances in the Taranaki district, and the cry to the bishop for aid.

The land question has been in New Zealand, as it has been, and threatens yet to be, in Great Britain, a fruitful source of righteous indignation, of oppression, commotion, and evil of many kinds. We have failed in our engagements with conquered nations. When we took the South Island, for instance, and marked it out in sections, we promised the Maoris that every tenth section should be reserved for them, and we have not kept our word. *Now* the natives are thoroughly alive to our want of faith, and are demanding their rights. But what is to be done? To eject the white settlers from the land would be an injustice now to them, and to give its just equivalent in money would be an injury to the Maoris, to whom it would but represent so much drink. Alcohol introduced by the foreigner is their curse.

Those who have committed, or who enjoy the fruits of, an injustice, generally hate its victims like poison. This, perhaps, is the reason that the colonials have rarely a good word to say for the Maoris.

‘What I should like,’ said one (so-called) civilised gentleman to us, ‘would be to give out rum sufficient to exterminate the race. They would be certain to drink it.’

But to return to the bishop. Kind and courteous in his manner, he is a thoroughly large-hearted, liberal-minded man. He is disgusted when a man thinks himself too good for this place or that, and imagines that his talents will be thrown away there.

‘No man is too good for any post to which he

may in the course of circumstances be appointed. It is a wrong step to send out inferior men as missionaries. It does not do. Here it is found to be a great mistake, *and in India it is a fatal error.*'

The Bishops court household is altogether a very delightful and happy one, from the bishop himself, and his thoroughly simple and natural, but clever wife, who is one of the best Maori scholars living, to the little one described by his father as 'half a man and half a baby.'

In every town or country one visits there seems to be some one genealogical tree which one needs to work up in order to get rightly into the life of the place. In New Zealand it is the genealogy of the Williams family. In 1823 a Mr. Henry Williams (subsequently Archdeacon Williams) came out from England to enter upon Mission work here; and in 1825 he was followed by his brother, Mr. William Williams (subsequently Bishop of Waiapu). They have now over a hundred descendants; and Mrs. Hadfield, the bishop's wife, is the youngest daughter of the elder of the brothers.

Mrs. Hadfield told us how, when they were working at Otaki, she and the bishop used to live in a Maori hut—a little rush house, which they had put up for them, with three rooms.

'But we had very grand visitors there! We had the Marquis of Salisbury staying with us for some time.'

In 1855 they were away from home for a season. Meanwhile there was an unusually bad earthquake,

and they came back to their hut to find crockery and jam in a heap on the floor in one room, and all the books upset out of the bookcase in another.

In those days the bishop often had to turn cook. He tells his children that he has made many a loaf of bread, and will make them some dough-nuts yet. But, somehow, the affairs of his diocese interfere with the keeping of his promise !

‘What do the Maoris believe in their heathen state?’ is a question often asked, and seldom or never satisfactorily answered.¹ And this for two or three reasons.

The ancient traditions are fast dying out with the older Maoris, in whose bosom the knowledge of them was locked up ; for the modern Maori cares little for these things ; he is far more interested in the possible advantages or disadvantages which may accrue to him from intercourse with the European. European missionaries too have done much towards spreading the knowledge of the true God in the land, and the Christian Maori is shy of dwelling on the old heathen rites, even if he remembers them.

Another reason is, that their religion seems, as a system, to have been almost *nil* ; with no idols, forms of worship, or stated sacrifices common to the whole of the island. Each tribe has had its own superstitions. Very few have had idols at all ; and these have declared that they worship not the idols, but the spirits of the *atuas* (gods), which have passed into them.

¹ The best answer to the question ever given probably is to be found in Rev. R. Taylor’s *New Zealand and its Inhabitants*.

The heathen Maoris have elaborate mythological histories of gods—children of Rangi and Papa (Heaven and Earth), who created all things. They believe, too, that the spirits of brave chiefs become gods after parting from the body. But these and many other gods created by their imaginations are not regarded as friends. No, they are powerful enemies, whose malignity must be appeased. They believe too in witchcraft, sorcery, the evil eye, and above all, in *tapu*. *Ta* means touch, *pu*, real, and *tapu*, to set apart, to make sacred. This power is vested in the chief, at whose will any object—house, river, land, vessels—becomes so sacred, that whosoever violates the *tapu*, and uses these objects for any common purpose, is considered certain to die. Anything belonging to a chief is *tapu*, and three persons actually did die of fright once because they had been unfortunate enough to find and use a tinder-box, which they subsequently discovered belonged to a chief. The *tapu* may, however, be destroyed by the uttering of a charm (*karakia*).

Charms and spells are used, and omens and auguries sought on all occasions—before eating, hunting, fishing, planting, or fighting. But the heathen Maori has no idea at all of prayer in our sense of the word.

One may imagine a little the difficulties of the early New Zealand missionaries.

‘Where,’ the natives would ask Mr. Hadfield, ‘is your God Almighty? is He hidden up your sleeve? where have you put Him?’

When, by degrees, they did begin to understand, they did not always learn their lessons very per-

fectly. Mr. Hadfield spoke to a Maori once about observing Sunday, and not fishing on God's day. Meeting him some time afterwards, he asked him whether he remembered what had been said.

'Oh yes, I never fish now; I keep Sunday all right, English way. I sleep now, I don't fish.'

But one man cheered his teacher greatly. Hearing the gospel at fifty-five years of age, he said, 'I must inquire into these things;' and in order to do so he set himself to learn to read. In four weeks from that time he could read the Bible. He became a Christian, and was for thirty years a leading spirit in the Church, even as aforetime he had been a leader in his tribe. The ferocious savage became also, as it were, the servant of all. He would ring the bell, sweep the church out, or do anything in his power to help on the Mission work. Nothing could be too mean.

The Maoris are a strictly honest race, excepting where perverted by European influence. Neither the bishop and his wife, nor her father and mother (Archdeacon and Mrs. Williams) ever lost anything, save on one occasion. Mrs. Williams was sitting quietly in her house one day, when she saw a blanket as quietly departing from off her bed, and vanishing through the window. Looking a little more closely for the cause of this mysterious disappearance, she saw a piece of string attached to the end of the bed-covering. She did not at the moment let the thief know he was discovered; but Archdeacon Williams had no difficulty, the day after, in securing the return of his property. Ground-floor windows may be left open with per-

fect safety, as a rule, so far as the natives are concerned.

Mrs. Hadfield warmly recommended us to go to see Mrs. Richard Taylor in Wanganui¹—widow of one of the little army of missionaries who came out to the island in the early part of the century, and who have nobly fulfilled the will of God in their generation. Strength for active labour has now failed most or all of them. Some 'have fallen on sleep,' and others are still quietly waiting their call Home. Few have ever retraced their steps, or seen again their native country.

The Scotch Church is well represented in Wellington, as indeed it almost invariably is abroad. From its minister, a namesake and class-mate of our London friend, Dr. H. S. Paterson, we heard excellently well-worked-out sermons; and from him and his wife we received much personal kindness. From Mr. Paterson too, as from the Hadfields, we heard a good deal about the spiritual condition of the Maoris, a subject which interests him deeply, though he is not himself personally engaged in so-called missionary work.

Baptists, Congregationalists, and Plymouth Brethren have all their circle in Wellington. And throughout the North Island Wesleyanism seems to be both alive and in good repute. Often, through past years, when other spiritual channels have run low or have well-nigh dried up in a district, have the followers of Wesley been as the healing waters of the place, preserving and communicating a holy life and doctrine.

¹ Died in 1884.

We found traces of Dr. Alexander N. Somerville's visit to the colonies all along our route, in the shape of Young Men's and Ladies' Christian Associations, which are doing much good. We were present at two or three of the Sunday evening meetings in Wellington which are worked by the Young Men's Christian Association. They are well attended, from about four to five hundred being present; the addresses are telling, and the whole of the little service, which is interspersed with several prayers and many hymns, is thoroughly hearty. But oh! the heat. Unacclimatised Wellingtonians as we were, that interfered in some measure with our enjoyment.

I was very sorry not to be able to go to the monthly meeting of the Ladies' Association, at which I should have heard much about various practical Christian works which are carried on in the town, but one could not do everything.

The temperance movement has taken some wise steps here. The day we landed, we dined and had tea at a temperance hotel. The place was full, and well it might be. One gets there a capital dinner of soup, meat, vegetables and sweets for a shilling. There is a large choice, and all is beautifully cooked and served up.

The child is the father of the man. Snatch a dangerous toy from an infant, and he shrieks passionately, and refuses to be pacified. But substitute gently for it another attraction, and he is readily diverted and soothed. And even so with a man who holds fast to the suicidal habit of drinking. Seek to force him suddenly from it, and

his whole nature rebels. But give him something to fill up the void, to satisfy the morbid craving which the drink has created, and his way and your own have been smoothed. All abstract temperance work should go with the establishment of temperance hotels, coffee-houses, or other such practical movements; for more good may be done by the aid of one such institution as that described above than by any amount of theory alone. Wellington has its well-supported theory as well as its practice. My brother-in-law went one night to a temperance meeting at which Sir William Fox, the late Premier of New Zealand, spoke in favour of the cause.

‘Where there is union amongst the brethren, I expect success,’ says Mr. Moody; and certainly he might expect it in Wellington. Yet one cannot help feeling that the spirit of tolerance is somewhat carried to excess when one finds Protestants patronising the Roman Catholic bazaar. One admires their love more than their wisdom, their heart more than their head.

The Roman Catholics have a very firm foothold here. One of their number, a good old priest, beloved by all parties, died about the time of our arrival, and after lying in state for a time he was carried to the little Catholic cemetery. The whole town turned out to see the procession which followed. It was worthy of France or Italy! Preceding or following the coffin came little boys with cross and candles, choristers, priests (one or two with very fine faces), nuns with black dresses, very bright long blue cloaks, white veils and marriage

wreaths, schools of boys and girls—some of the children in costumes of blue, black and white—three brass bands, bodies of men with green scarves, and voluntary mourners. Near the Roman Catholic cemetery is a cemetery for yet another body of believers—the Jews.

CHAPTER VI.

WELLINGTON (*continued*).

Mi vennero sulle labbra le parole . . . ' *Adios, Barcelona, archivo de la cortesía, albergue de los extrangeros . . . adios.*' E soggiunsi mestamente : Ecco lacerata la prima pagina dal roseo libro del viaggio ! Così tutto passa. Ancora un' altra città, poi un' altra, poi un' altra—e poi—tornerò, e il viaggio sarà stato come un sogno, e mi parrà di non essermi neanco mosso da casa.—*Edmondo De Amicis.*

The words came to my lips . . . ' *Adieu, Barcelona, treasure-house of courtesy, refuge of the stranger . . . adieu.*' And I continued sadly : The first page has been torn from the pleasant book of travelling experiences. So all will pass away. Now another town, then another, then another—and then—I shall go back, and the journey will become as a dream, and I shall feel as though I had never moved away at all from my home.—*Edmund De Amicis.*

July 19th—August 6th.

THAT prevention is better than cure is a point on which our rulers and political economists have much to learn. They do now show signs of awakening to its importance as a general principle, but till quite lately the prevention of crime has in great measure been left to the philanthropist, the Government reserving for itself the paternal task of dealing with the criminal. With this division of labour it has come to pass that thousands have been laid out in curative, remedial,

or reformatory measures against tens and hundreds spent on preventing social evils. Who can compute the moral results had this balance of expenditure been reversed?

Yet, while this state of things exists, both forms of work claim one's interest, even though that of the mission or individual may most engage one's sympathy.

Now, drink—that fatal source of public revenue—is the chief source also of lunacy in the colonies; and if the saying about shutting the stable door after the steed has gone applies in any case, we may hold that it does so regarding the anxious care of the lunatic after his reasonable soul has flown owing to the carelessness of those who should have been their brother's keeper. Nothing can, in any case, excuse neglect of the poor shell of humanity which is left behind; while who knows but that the wandering spirit may yet be won back to sit, clothed and in its right mind, at the feet of Christ? And so, even as we had watched with interest the personal efforts made to control the drinking tendency of the place, we accepted gladly an invitation from one of our new friends, a Mr. Baker, to accompany him on a visit to the Wellington Lunatic Asylum which contains so many of drink's victims.

Next day, accordingly, we went there by tram. The asylum is large, and one reaches it by a winding upward path. It stands in seventy or eighty acres of ground, and had at that time about a hundred and thirty-five patients, chiefly of the non-paying class. Of these sixty were men; and a large number had been sent from Wanganui.

One lady at once recognised our friend, though I believe she had not seen him for years; and she wandered on in aimless talk, telling us how she was Queen Victoria's daughter, and heiress to the throne of Great Britain. She smiled sweetly and graciously meanwhile, and seemed wonderfully resigned to the political (?) chances which had kept her out of her rights. Hers is a sad, sad story, yet the less so because untouched by any stain of wrong-doing in herself or others.

It is good to see how much is done to make these poor creatures happy—to brighten their lives as far as it is possible. Every Tuesday is a 'recreation evening,' and kind friends sing and play for them. There is a great deal of dancing, too, after a peculiar fashion, it is true, but the dancers enjoy it, and that is the main point. Now and then they have some other special entertainment—such as theatricals. In two large rooms we saw bagatelle boards, and round all the walls were pictures.

When the patients found that we had come from England, some of them came and begged us to look out for their interests, get them into the London Hospital, see that they were reinstated in their homes, etc. A good many were pleased to be shaken hands with and talked to, and one came running up to us laughing,

'I am *so* happy. Oh, I am so very happy, I don't know what to do! It's a bright day; sunshine makes me happy.'

A padded room is sometimes used, and occasionally also the strait waistcoat, and doors are kept

locked in every direction; but there is as little physical restraint as possible used. The patients go for exercise into a square court called the airing-ground; and are encouraged, when they are at all fit for it, to wander over the extensive grounds of the institution.

The dormitories are arranged to hold ten beds each, and there are also many single rooms. Not one of the patients was to be found in the bedrooms at the time of our visit. The whole of the work of the house is done by them. The industry of the women was wonderful to see, as they stitched away at dressmaking or otherwise employed themselves. One man was making a mat, another mending matting. This last sews a patch on his trowsers every morning, that he may have something to kneel on during the day, and takes it off duly every night. Other men were busy out of doors, one declaiming meanwhile about drink and a sweet-heart.

A few bad cases were in a room apart, doing nothing, amongst them a Maori woman. Mr. Baker and she had much talk, and she clung to his hand and would not let him go, crossing the courtyard back with us.

‘I think she wanted to kiss you,’ said L.

‘And I should not have minded if she had, poor thing; it might have pleased her, and would have done me no harm.’

‘What does “*hoke*” mean?’ I asked; ‘you and she were saying “*hoke*” all the time.’

‘It means “return;” she wants to return home, poor creature.’

We spent that and another happy evening at Mr. Baker's house. He is the son of one of the earliest missionaries to New Zealand. He was born in the Bay of Islands, Auckland, in the year 1830, and has filled about twenty-one offices, religious and secular, in Wellington alone. His half-century's knowledge of New Zealand made him the right man for us to get hold of. At every turn he had a Maori incident or custom to tell us. The practices he has noticed amongst some of the natives remind one of Bible lands. The eldest son is thought much of and called 'My lord.' First-fruits are given away, not eaten. 'And I have got into the same way from living amongst them,' said our friend.

The Maoris sing as they come along in the dusk.

'What is that for?'

'To drive away *Pīpo*' (spirits like our fairies).

'*Pakeha*' is their name for 'white man,' *Pakeha* being, I believe, from a word signifying 'ghost.' They have an inordinate reverence for the bones of their dead. To disturb these is as gross an offence as to cause the Mahomedan to drink wine, or the Hindoo to eat cow's flesh. Little real *religion* as they have, one might say to them of their ideas and customs as St. Paul to the Athenians of old—

'I perceive that in all these things ye are too superstitious.'

The tribes, Mr. B. told us, have heirlooms handed down from one chief to another, in the form of greenstone clubs, and we afterwards saw some of these. Greenstone is semi-transparent; it is a

New Zealand speciality, and very costly. I wanted a little piece of it as a specimen to take home, and was asked fifteen shillings for it at a jeweller's; and the clubs are worth from £50 to £100 each, and have now, indeed, become so rare that they can scarcely be purchased at all.



A CHIEF WITH GREENSTONE CLUB.

‘Perils among the heathen’ were many when Mr. Baker’s father came first as missionary to the Bay of Islands.

‘I have come to kill you,’ said a native one day.

‘Very well; just wait till I have finished my dinner.’

And then, baring his chest, he went to the man, saying, ‘I’m ready now; shoot!’ This fearlessness daunted the Maori, who slunk away without attempting the deed. Another time, the announcement was made,

‘We have come by the order of the tribe to shoot you.’

‘All right; but don’t think that I am going to let you murder me *here*! Give me your back over this river, and carry me to your tribe. Let them tell me what I have done, and they shall hear my answer. And then, if they wish it, you may kill me in sight of them all.’

The man obeyed, and carried the missionary into the midst of the tribe. Then all sat down and talked the subject over, and Mr. Baker was able to convince the gathering that he had abundantly proved himself a friend, and not an enemy, of the Maori race. Maoris are reasonable and ingenuous, and, once convinced, they had no difficulty in acquitting their prisoner.

Our friend, the son of this good old man, has on one or two occasions acted for a time as magistrate in the Wairoa district, on the east coast. The natives there called him *Tu para* (double-barrelled gun). ‘What do you mean?’ asked he, ‘by calling me that?’ ‘Why,’ said they, ‘you preach on Sunday, and administer the law on Monday.’

One day there was a wedding amongst the natives, and he and his children were taken down

the river in canoes to the marriage feast. The bride wore an old washed-out European ball-dress and extremely tight boots. Each tribe present dined apart—on onions, eels, and hundreds of melons. This part of the feast over, the Maoris turned to the care of their visitors, for whom a grand repast was provided—of turkeys, with stuffing and gravy, all complete, geese, fowls, and cakes, and salt in twists of paper. The guests were hungry, and, not needing knives and forks as sauce to tempt appetite, did ample justice to the provisions their host's hospitality had provided.

Coming home they sang hymns to those who were paddling the canoes, and delighted them, for the Maoris love music. When they met Miss Baker they would often play with their fingers on the ground, to show what they wanted her to do ; and almost invariably, when practising, she could count twenty black heads pressed close against the window listening.

A few days after the visit to the Lunatic Asylum Mr. and Mrs. Baker planned another expedition for us of a very different character—a winter picnic in Lyell's Bay. It was an eight hours' expedition. We started at ten in the steam-tram ; for the Wellingtonians are far enough advanced in civilisation for steam-trams, which pull up when hailed, and take one a long distance for threepence. We took with us kits—New Zealand bags made of flax (which we saw to-day growing for the first time), to hold sea-treasures which we expected to find—and a large 'billy' or iron pot for our tea. We

were stocked, too, by our kind friends' thoughtfulness, with sandwiches, biscuits, bread-and-butter, jam, fruit, sweeties, and—as this was not a native feast—with knives and forks and other such accompaniments. Colonials do understand to perfection the art of picnicing.

There is a considerable Chinese colony in and about Wellington; and it was interesting, as we went along in the tram, to see its vegetable gardeners at work. They live about six together in a small wooden shed; work industriously; cultivate peas and all kinds of vegetables; carry these round the town in two square deep baskets slung on a yoke; earn a large sum of money; and often return to China rich, taking with them quantities of 'mutton-shells' for the pretty green enamel so often seen on writing-cases or work-boxes.

The first business was to collect cotton, wood, and old roots, which had drifted in to shore; and a splendid fire we made to boil our tea. As to water, this land is one of hills and vales and running brooks; so that there was no difficulty about that part of the business. Then, after our tea-dinner, came a hunt for shells, though 'a hunt' I can scarcely call it, as one found them in abundance and with ease. The *pawa*, or mutton-shell (*Haliotis iris*), spoken of above, was specially beautiful—its concave surface shining brightly with every colour of the rainbow. And now came a scramble round the rocks; a lovely view of Lyell's Bay and Evans' Bay, divided by a strip of sand only; and then what seemed an interminable pass through the hills. We lighted, schoolboy

fashion, little bush fires on the way to amuse ourselves; and finally, after a walk of about eight or ten miles in all, arrived at Newtown, whence we took the tram back to Wellington.

Is there any place in the northern latitude of 42° in which such a picnic would be feasible in January? It may be that my experiences in Rome were exceptional, but I well remember the bitter cold there in that month. I think that there must be something peculiar about the atmosphere of New Zealand. The skies as we came up the coast at once attracted one's attention; they could be compared to nothing that I have ever seen but the old-fashioned graduated cardboard. Their varieties of brilliant hues seemed to have been first exquisitely blended together, then washed light, and finally rubbed quite smooth with sand-paper.

Other expeditions we had besides this one to Lyell's Bay. Once we went to Kaiwarra, one station out of the town by train, where, climbing a hill, we got a beautiful view of a deep winding valley. And one afternoon was devoted to an excursion in search of ferns.

New Zealand is wanting in one respect—in indigenous wild flowers; but it makes up for this in its wealth of ferns, of which we were told that three hundred and seventy-five kinds had been discovered,¹ and in the welcome which it gives to

¹ The number of species of plants already known in New Zealand [this in 1855] is six hundred and thirty-two, of which three hundred and fourteen are dicotyledonous or endogenous plants, and the rest, or three hundred and eighteen, are monocotyledonous and cellular plants. To what can this remarkable disproportion be due—so different from what is the case in other countries? We can only regard it as a proof,

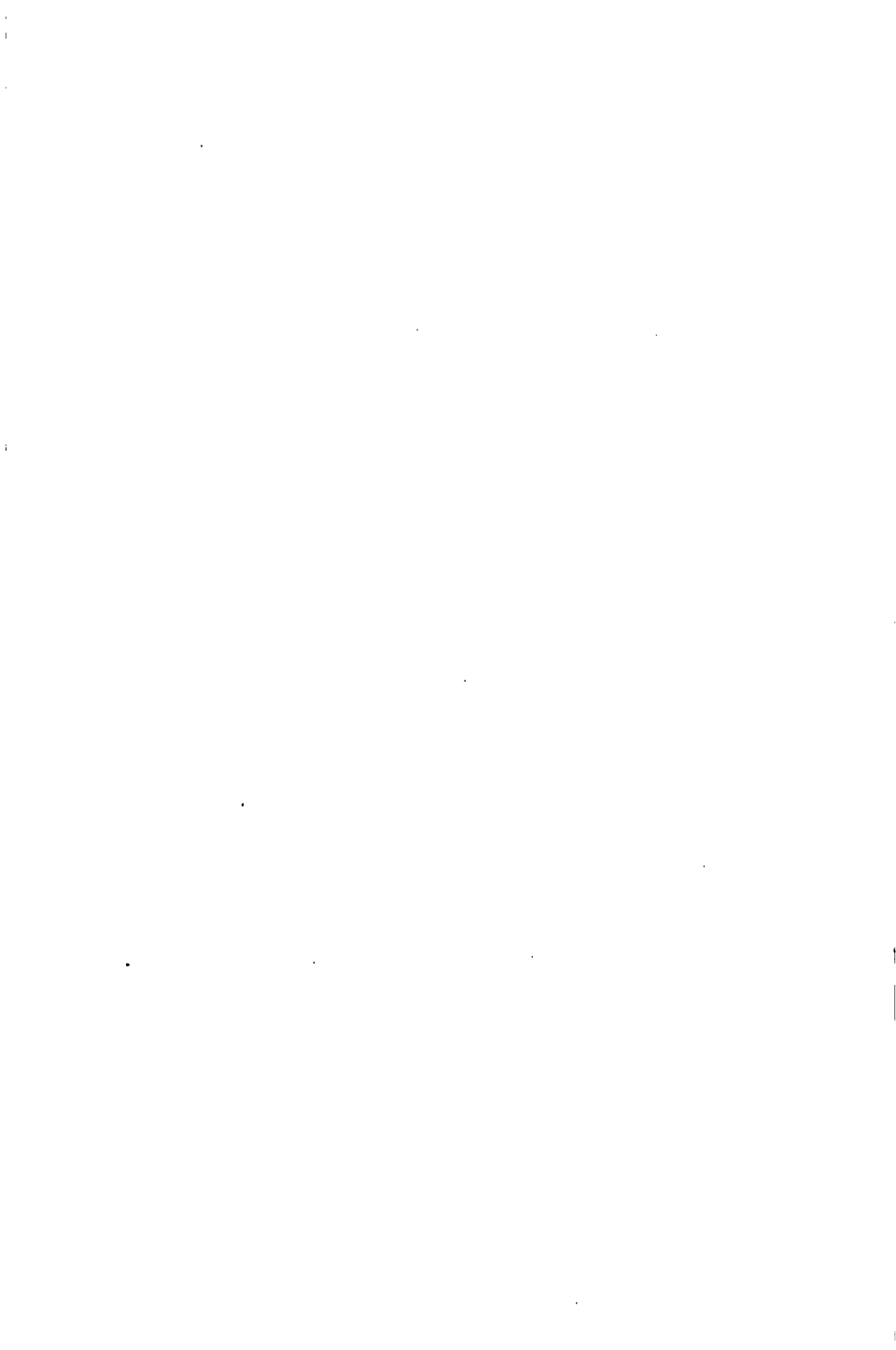
imported floral treasures. Gorse, with its luscious scent and golden blossom, was flourishing in and about Wellington when we were there as on the Tunbridge Wells commons in April; a pleasure to us, but an annoyance in its profusion to the cultivators of the soil. Roses were in bloom, and camellias were given to me one day by one of our new friends, a cousin of Tristram, the eastern traveller. This lady's garden had winter stores of mignonette, geraniums, marigolds, and laurustinus; and in her drawing-room were about a dozen vases full of what we call spring, summer, and autumn flowers, including primroses and forget-me-nots. She lays her garden under weekly contribution for the mission work in which she delights, and her Friday bouquets find a ready sale in her circle of friends.

It was with the daughter of this lady that I one day went ferning. We walked through the bush towards a place called Wade's Town; 'bush' being the uncleared ground which in India would be called 'jungle,' and in England 'forest' or 'wood.' Our road lay through a gorge, from which we had at first exceedingly pretty views of the harbour lying blue below us. The hills around were bold and angular, their peaky tops denoting a volcanic origin; and their sides, like Devonshire banks on a large scale, covered with trees and undergrowth. The foliage was varied in character, luxuriant, and

coupled with the total absence of animals, and the former existence of a large number of wingless birds, that it has from most ancient times been cut off from other parts, and thus retained its primeval flora: it is still in its fern age.—Taylor's *New Zealand and Its Inhabitants.*



NEW ZEALAND FERNS.



thoroughly tangled up together ; but, as a whole, sombre in hue. Only two of the New Zealand trees are deciduous, but their diversity may be judged from the fact that a few days before this we saw a table made of forty different kinds of native wood. It was a mosaic of no less than twenty thousand pieces !

The gorge was similarly clothed : it was swampy, and the earth, formed of decaying vegetation, was yielding, loamy, and rich. Fern-trees which I saw here reminded me of the palm. Presently we came to the regular ferning ground ; and when, at the end of five hours, I returned late home to dinner, I was rich both in the gleanings and the memories of our Saturday afternoon holiday.

It was a little tantalising to us to hear from a lady in our boarding-house descriptions of the fruit season in New Zealand, which we were never likely to see ourselves—to hear how she had one day a ride of seventy-five miles near the Waikato river, passing through groves of almond, cherry, and peach trees ! No need to dismount ; she gathered as she went, ate, and filled the kit which was hanging to her horse's crupper. Peaches are given sometimes to the pigs, so plentiful are they ! Horses enjoy them, and when they are passing through a grove of peach-trees will select the finest specimens of the fruit, and put out the stones quite cleverly.

Seven o'clock often found me on the ridge of the hill behind the house with another friend who delighted, as I did, in these before-breakfast walks ; and a quiet half-hour with the Bible in the

Botanical Gardens which nestled there made us feel strong for the day which was lying before us.

One must dismiss conventional ideas when one tries to picture these Botanical grounds. They are in rough and irregular terraces, intermingled with patches of bush, tracts of gorse, and gullies full of foliage of the bluish-green tint peculiar to New Zealand; so that really one hardly knows when one is in the gardens and when out of them. Every now and again one comes upon some fresh view of the Pacific, of the harbour, or of the hills which stretch away, range behind range, in every direction; or finds some bench conveniently placed by the kindly hands of Art for the due admiration of Nature. Yes, these Botanical Gardens, as such, do not look much to English eyes; but I had few happier moments in New Zealand than the sunrise hours spent there.

But, in travelling, one no sooner begins to feel settled in a place than the cry is heard, 'Move on, move on, ladies and gentlemen.' And so it came to pass that sunsets and sunrises followed each other until the last morning in Wellington came and found me at half-past six at the ship inquiring its harbour breakfast hour, then, climbing the hill for the last time to the Botanic Gardens, and finally once more on the Eporeme, breakfasting with our good captain and his wife. He kindly said one day that he would take 'fifty tons' of luggage on to Geelong for us if we liked. 'It would only be a pleasure.' We did not so far impose on his kindness, but we did get rid, through his means, of a good number of travelling encumbrances; others

we sent forward to Auckland ; and we kept as small a modicum as possible for use on our journey northwards.

We had wished, if possible, to see in passing the natural beauties of Nelson, and the native church of Otaki ; and to hear at Foxton the stories of the venerable missionary, Mr. Duncan ; and we had been recommended also to turn our faces southwards and visit Dunedin. 'It is so English!' we were told. The last plan we put on one side without a struggle. We had not come fifteen thousand miles away from home just to see a reproduction of England. 'It is so un-English' would have been a much better recommendation. And one by one the other places too were given up. Nelson, we heard, was 'a dull stupid place, a perfect Sleepy Hollow. Mrs. Selwyn, the bishop's wife, used to say that "even the dogs there were too lazy to bark, and only winked at one."' And of the coach road to Otaki we heard alarming accounts, considering that two of our party were not strong.

'It is fearfully rough. Every second minute you are thrown off the seat ; and you are so bumped about that you do not know as you flounder over the boulders whether it is your head or the side of the coach which is getting broken' (! ?).

Even taking these statements with a substantial grain of salt, we thought we should do well, after all, to go straight on to Wanganui.

How little we guessed when we began our life in Wellington in such dreary, lonely fashion, only eighteen days before, of the number we should have

to bid us adieu, and how sorry we should be to go. Our late captain's farewell touched us very much, for our leaving was a trial to him as well as to us; and it was hard too to say 'good-bye' at the ship's side to many other kind friends, and to see their gradually lessening forms as the vessel left the harbour. But thoughts of them and of the one Friend who never stays behind, and the material consolations of a thick plaid which was given to me at the last moment sufficed to keep me warm through within and without, though a south wind was blowing and it was bitterly cold.

Our friends are fading fast before our gaze,
And other shores will soon our vision fill;
Strangers,¹ dear Lord, once more we are, but Thou
Remainest still.²

Sweet is to us Thy children's fellowship
As onward thus we move from place to place;
Yet Thine but dimly show Thee forth, and we
May see *Thy* face.³

Why should I lonely be when Thou art near?
And here, close by, I know that Thou dost stand.
Be Thou more real to me! I long to *feel*
Thy strong right hand,⁴

To hear each whispered word, to draw so near
That virtue forth may flow from Thee to me⁵
To calm my fevered will,⁶ to make me grow
More like to Thee;⁷

¹ Heb. xi. 13.² Heb. i. 11.³ Rev. xxii. 4.⁴ Ps. lxiii. 8.⁵ Mark v. 30.⁶ Matt. viii. 15.⁷ 1 John iii. 2.

That pleasant fruits of holiness and peace
May, at my wistful heart's once close-barred gate,
Be found in rich profusion, and for Thee
Fast rip'ning wait.¹

So others shall be won to follow Thee,
And sooner shall the welcome moment come
When all Thy parted ones shall meet again
With Thee, Home.²

Wellington Harbour.

¹ Cant. vii. 13.

² Titus ii. 13.

CHAPTER VII.

A MAORI VILLAGE.

Unto the . . . church of Ephesus write ; . . . I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.—Rev. ii. 1, 4.

August 6th—August 18th.

THE stewardess had made up her mind that we should go to bed at once, but we behaved like very obstinate nursery children : we let our nurse go to rest, and sat up ourselves, talking for long with the sailors. One of them interested my sister greatly. He began with the usual questions,

‘Where do you come from?’ ‘Where are you going?’ ‘Who is that lady with you?’ ‘Is she married?’ ‘Are you from the old home?’ (England.)

This gave L. an opening to speak of the better Home—the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness—when her questioner told her that he neither believed in heaven nor hell, that he acknowledged the existence of one Supreme Being, and nothing else, and that he was miserable.

‘You do believe in heaven and hell, but you know that you are sinning against God, and

therefore you like to say that there is no hell. But God is true, and when you say this you are untrue.'

He did not contradict her further, but listened earnestly, begging, when it grew late, to be allowed to bring up blankets, that so she might be enabled to stay on deck longer and talk with him. 'That old lady,' he told me (a hood and the darkness had obscured her face), 'has just struck me down. For fifteen years no one has said a word to me about my soul; no one since my old mother's time.' 'Drink and bad company,' he said, repeatedly, 'have completely humbugged me, but, with God's help, from to-night I will be different.'

After an exceptionally rough passage, our little cockle-shell of a steamer reached the entrance of the Wanganui river; and, after beating about for awhile, waiting for the rising of the tide, it crossed the bar, dragged over the shallow bed of the river, and dropped anchor at the wharf. Here old Mr. E., the Yorkshireman, of Eporem renown, was looking out on the bare chance of our coming (for we had not told him our plans), and at once hospitably invited us to breakfast at his new home. Friends were expecting me at the Endowed School, but my brother-in-law and sister gladly accepted his invitation, and met with the heartiest of welcomes from Mrs. E. and Maggie and Polly.

Wanganui is a pretty place. It is flat, but a low range of hills lies near to the town, which is intersected at right angles by the river of the same

name, and by the principal street, in which I now found myself. This street, Victoria Avenue, is broad and straight, but was, in my English eyes, a most unconventional-looking road—houses, trees, fences, stretches of grass and wild flowers occurring there promiscuously. Two natural characteristics of Wanganui are its black, or iron, sand, and the quantities of pumice-stone strewn along the shore of the river. So abundant is this pumice-stone that it is used for scrubbing floors and cleaning kitchen vessels, whilst children amuse themselves by carving it into pretty, though brittle, ornaments.

There seems no greater appearance of drinking here than at Wellington. It is a case of 'give a dog an ill name and hang him.' Wanganui has a name for drinking, and it cannot lose it. As to our own personal experiences, we saw tea used at every meal, and often between meals as well. Labourers have buckets of tea sent out to them four or five times in a day.

Here, as in Wellington, camellias and roses were in bloom in the gardens, and one might see too geranium hedges, thick and high, and palms, and cacti, and trees and flowering shrubs which made one feel one's ignorance at every turn.

But whilst I am comfortably housed at the Endowed School (the master and his wife having turned out of their own room for my benefit), and am leisurely making reflections and observations, G. and L. are wandering over the place in vain search for a boarding-house. Meantime, a missionary's widow hears of their arrival, sends over the town in pursuit of them, and offers them a

corner in her already well-filled home. She is indignant they should even have thought of a boarding-house. Mrs. Basil Taylor is the daughter-in-law of the Mrs. Richard Taylor whom the Bishop of Wellington's wife was anxious we should meet. And so it comes to pass that in the course of the evening I receive a note to say that the wanderers are now 'in the heart of the Maoris.'

It is impossible adequately to describe how we were welcomed by the three generations of the Taylors. 'We;' for though I was living at another house, I was not at all left out, but was soon made to feel that a niche had always been waiting for me in their large kind hearts. Old Mrs. Taylor was about the most delightful unbound story-book we ever came across, and was so cheerful that she seemed a living embodiment of David's words, 'Thy praise shall continually be in my mouth.' The store of missionary curiosities in her home too, and above all the hundreds of sketches with which Mr. Richard Taylor illustrated his letters and journals, were a never-ending source of interest to us. To write and to sketch were with Mr. Taylor as one; a leaf, a toy, a weapon, a group of natives, a native church—anything, in fact, that attracted him—and he had eyes to see and a mind to appreciate everything—was at once transferred to paper.

Mr. Taylor, C. M. S. missionary, came out to New South Wales in 1836, reached Auckland in 1839, and Wanganui in 1843. A Mr. Mason had been here for two years before, but had died, and Mr. Taylor may be regarded as the real father of

the mission. At his death, after about thirty years' labour at Putiki, the native village close by, his son Basil continued his work. But he too, after he had wrought faithfully for 'one hour,' the only hour given him for missionary toil, was called away, not to another sphere of earthly work, but to share the joy and reward of the beloved father who had borne the burden and heat of his long 'day' of service.

During the four years which had since elapsed the Maoris of Wanganui had been in a most unsettled and unsatisfactory state. They were now awaiting the arrival of a Mr. Grace, who was to take up missionary work amongst them as soon as he could get free from engagements in Nelson; and meantime Mrs. Basil Taylor was quietly doing what she could to keep up the memory of her husband's and father-in-law's teachings. But it was a good walk from where she lived to the village, and the mother of a large family of children finds a fair amount of home work on her hands even in England. How much more so in the colonies!

There was also, at the time of our visit, a native deacon stationed at Putiki, who held a service there once a fortnight; going on the alternate Sundays to some place up the river. But in New Zealand, as elsewhere, a prophet has small honour in his own country and amongst his own kindred. The Maori needs a missionary whom he can look up to, some one whom he can feel to be decidedly superior to himself.

So we did not see missionary work here at its best. Still we saw and heard enough to interest us

greatly, in spite of the pervading coldness and deadness and forsaking of first love.

The first Sunday we were in Wanganui, my sister went to Putiki. Only eleven, alas! were at the church, out of the former congregation of two hundred. The native deacon used the shortened form of Evening Prayer and preached, and the free-and-easy behaviour meantime of those present amused L. not a little. The Maoris do not consider seats a comfortable institution; so, after sitting still for a while, they would slip off to some cosy corner and squat on the ground; or they would walk across the church and get Mrs. Basil Taylor to find out their places for them; making themselves altogether very much at home.

One dear old tattooed Maori was here who can truly say :

I love the place, O God,
In which Thine honour dwells.
The place of Thine abode
All other joys excels.

Mrs. Basil Taylor said he had never allowed a single serviceless Sunday to pass without coming down to her house, getting her to play the harmonium, and reading aloud himself. Much of his time is spent in going about with his Bible tucked under his arm, visiting the sick, and reading to and praying with them. This good old man appeared at church in cloth clothing and boots; whilst the other natives, having slipped out of the habit of adopting European costumes on Sundays, attended lazily in their wrappers of blanket. Austrian blankets are extremely popular amongst

the Maoris; but some substitute a covering of flax mats, many of which are worked in very ingenious patterns.

The next Sunday I went to the *pa* or village to visit the Sunday school which Mrs. Basil Taylor holds in the little church for the benefit of the children of Europeans who are settled near Putiki.

Going down Victoria Avenue and crossing the bridge which runs straight on with it, we turned to the left, and soon found ourselves amongst *whares* (or native huts and tents). These latter, for the use of strangers who were just then visiting the *pa*, had one pole at each end and a cross-bar; but they were very low, and reminded me of the tents we used as children to make for ourselves out of our sheets before we got out of bed in the morning. Opening the covering of one of them we found it contained a group of at least eight natives, whose heads sustained the roof, and whose backs supported the walls of their abode; while they helped themselves with their hands from a dish of potatoes which stood in their midst. As they finished their meal, and one by one crawled out, the tent resumed its normal very insignificant dimensions.

But we did not stay to see much of the natives that day. We made for the native church, which looks very pretty in its small churchyard; and a body-guard of little ones accompanied us thither. There were twenty-five children in all. And there, with the Maori ascription over our heads, *Kororia ki te, Atua*, 'Glory be to Thee, O God,' we pulled the forms round, made a cosy circle, and talked

over some of the medical mission stories which have often delighted the ears of children in England, and sang 'The Great Physician now is near,' and 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus.'

There has never been any regular Medical Missionary in New Zealand; but all missionaries are expected by the natives to understand something about medicine, and are thought most unkind if they really can do nothing at all for them when they are ill. So almost every missionary seems to keep a supply of drugs by him with which to treat the simpler cases of sickness he meets with; and the nastier his physic is, the more it is approved. Mr. R. Taylor studied as a medical student before he became a minister, and his services were in great request and gave him a great deal of influence amongst the Maoris.

While I was in Wanganui, an old chief came to Mrs. R. Taylor's house. He wanted to see 'mother.'

'You can't see mother; she is not well.'

'Then you give her that letter. Quick!'

The Maoris are most leisurely themselves. They take their own time about everything; but they are very fond of telling others to 'be quick.' One always has to hurry for *them*! And they are very fond, too, of getting letters written for them when they might just as well speak for themselves. This letter was from a gentleman friend, to ask for medicine for the chief's sister.

'It must be the same kind your husband gave his wife when she was ill fifteen years ago, before you went to England. It was "something white, like sugar;" and no other kind would do at all.'

What was to be done? It would probably puzzle most London physicians to remember what medicine they gave to any patient fifteen years ago, and it would certainly puzzle their wives! 'Mother' thought and thought, and meantime the chief went to try to find a daughter of hers who was out of doors, and came back with her in triumph.

'All right! Now you give me the medicine.'

Easier said than done; but by means of thinking and searching, mother and daughter remembered what it possibly *might* be, and the dose was prepared, the man meantime walking up and down stairs, in and out of rooms, and watching every movement, to ensure its being made up rightly. 'Stay here,' he was told once or twice. But it was no use. 'I come for medicine; I go with you,' he persisted. What the Maoris really enjoy is to take down all the bottles one after the other, smell them, and choose for themselves what they think suitable.

At last the physic was ready, and he tasted it.

'*Kapai*' (good). All right! Now I see mother.'

'You can't see mother, she is in bed.'

'What that matter? She my mother. Mother see *me* in bed often.'

However, this time he had to take 'No' for an answer, and go away without seeing his dear old friend, though with the satisfaction that he had got *the* right medicine for his patient.

'Why do you not go to the doctors? They know a great deal more than we,' these natives are sometimes told.

'Doctors! Oh, they no good! You know. I come to you.'

I was told that a real medical missionary would be likely to do an immense deal of good in New Zealand, on account of the great fancy the Maoris have for being doctored. They do not mind pain. If you give them one mustard plaster they are not contented; they must have one on every part that feels uncomfortable, and have been seen with as many as five or six on at once. They are particularly fond of having their teeth drawn; that is their delight; and when a tooth is out, they take it outside the house, and get a stone, and hammer away till it is reduced to powder. They quite enjoy this revenge upon their old enemy.

‘I want you to pull out this tooth,’ a Maori said one day to Mr. Taylor.

‘There is nothing the matter with it.’

‘Yes, there is; it gives me great pain.’

‘It is not your tooth gives you pain, it is something else.’

‘But it *is* my tooth, and you *must* take it out. I suppose you tell me you won’t because you can’t.’

And he roared so loud to show how bad the pain was, and got altogether so excited, that at last the missionary agreed to take the tooth out on the full understanding that it was done simply to please his patient.

‘There,’ he said afterwards, ‘you see it is as I said; there is nothing at all the matter with it.’

‘Then why did you touch it?’ asked the tiresome invalid. ‘You say it is quite good, and yet you took it out. *Put it in again!*’

What was the good of reasoning with the man? ‘Open your mouth,’ said the missionary, ‘and I’ll

see what I can do.' And, strange to say, the tooth went back into its place, and does not seem to have given its owner any further trouble, while the missionary gained great credit with the natives for being able, not only to take teeth out, but to put them back again! But it is little wonder that when the man turned round, and said, 'Now then, take out this other one, it must be this one hurts me,' the request was steadily refused.

The Maoris are not very satisfactory patients. You go to see some one who is ill of fever. You cover him up, give him fever medicines and cooling drinks, and call again in the evening to see how he is going on; and probably you find him lying outside his *whare*, in the dew. He felt hot and uncomfortable, and thought that this would be the quickest and best way of getting cool again.

The day following the visit to the Sunday school we went again to Putiki, accompanied by Mrs. Basil Taylor and one of her little daughters, and had a most interesting visit to the *pa*.

The *whares* are not by any means all like the grand Maori house, elaborately carved in dark wood, which we saw at the Wellington Museum. The larger number are small hovel-like places made of the cane of the graceful *toi* grass, bound together with flax or an extremely strong creeper called supple-jack; or they may be made of rushes or some other vegetable equivalent. A large proportion of these huts have a verandah in front, formed by a deep piece of projecting

roof, and they have a low door, through which one may descry a fire in the middle of the floor, a man or two sleeping, a woman or two cooking, and an infant or two playing, or expressing dissatisfaction with the state of things in general in a language wondrously akin to that used by our English babies. The one long room of the more important *whares* is divided up exactly like the saloon table at sea in rough weather, when the 'fiddles' are put on to keep cups and plates in order. In the divisions are placed a quantity of mats, and the inhabitants, without separation of age or sex, throw themselves down, cover themselves up with blankets, and go to sleep at any and every time, through the day as well as at night. Like many a gentleman passenger on board a ship, they go to bed whenever they have nothing else particular to do. These better dwellings have a cooking *whare* at a little distance, where the meals are prepared.

One would think that houses such as these would be easily kept in order. But no; the Maoris are too lazy. A woman gets a broom to sweep her *whare* out, feels a little tired, and, squatting down by the side of the fire, falls asleep. Waking up, she finishes her sweeping, may be, and begins to get dinner; but meantime, broom, stewpan, cooking-pot, and oven are left just where the little ones are likely to tumble into or over them.

No Maori mother expects obedience from her children or exercises any sort of control over them. The little ones do just as they like, go to

school (if there be a school to go to) when they are in the mood; and when they are not, sleep or race about instead. The women have sometimes said to Mrs. Richard Taylor with surprise,

‘When you tell your child to go away, she goes; why does she do it?’



MAORI WOMAN AND CHILD.

‘Because I said she must.’

‘But why? Ours do not obey us.’

The women look very lively and happy, however, and some of them have pretty and very intelligent faces. The children are dear little things, fat and comfortable, with large, merry-looking eyes, and a great bush of tangled hair. Nothing could be

blacker or rougher than a Maori's hair! The babies are carried, not in the arms, but on the backs of their mothers. The dear little brown creatures look very snug and comfortable with their heads just peeping out over the shawl which securely fastens them on. Often the mothers have nothing to dress their new babies in, and many a time our missionary friends have been asked for a large coloured cotton pocket-handkerchief to use for the purpose, this being arranged over the baby's shoulders in exactly the same way as the grown-up people wear their blankets.

Well, on this visit we first of all came to a *whare* where a woman was washing herself at the open door. It certainly looked a little strange to English eyes; but she looked quite pleased to see us all, and held out her wet hand to be shaken as we passed. Then we went inside a small encampment, where visitors to the village were living, and my sister got out her musical-box. It was a funny group of bare-legged, blanketed, and ragged children that gathered round, taking it in turns to play the tune. One little girl of about eight had a short clay pipe in her mouth, and a shark's tooth—a very favourite ornament—in her ear. The children were delighted with the box, exclaiming, '*Kapai, kapai!*' (Good, good!) and then one looked up and said, 'How muts?' (How much?) wanting to buy it. Two of the girls ran off for their Jew's-harps (Maori children are very fond of Jew's-harps), and laughed merrily when told that their music was *kapai* too. Amongst the group was a splendid

little fellow of four, whom our missionary friend had looked after and doctored through a very delicate infancy. And certainly he did credit to her skill! No sooner was the box put away than off he ran, and when we got half through the village, we found him waiting for us with a group of friends he had collected to hear the music. He was standing shivering in his one little loose cotton garment which fluttered about in the wind, but he was all excitement and expectation. So again the box was got out, and the unselfishness of the children was very nice to see, each wishing the others to have the treat of turning it.

Two heavy showers came on, but these did not matter to us. We got under the verandahs of large *whares*, and ate sandwiches and biscuits, and went on with little sketches of the natives. Some of the drawings in my book amused and interested the people, especially one of Epuni, an old chief who was a great friend to the English, and is said to have saved them on one occasion from being massacred. This was handed from one to another and well chattered over. One old Maori woman whom I sketched was highly flattered.

‘*Kapai*, the *wahine* from Ingarangi land she make me.’ (Good! the woman from England made a picture of me.)

We went into the *whare* where the sick woman lived whose brother had fetched physic from our friends a few days before. My sister looked at her tongue and felt her pulse, and promised to tell ‘mother’ that she was better, and that the medicine was good. Nothing pleases a Maori

more than to think you take an interest in his health. One old chief we saw began to cough directly he saw our friend.

‘The sight of me always brings on an illness,’ she said, ‘he is so fond of my physic.’

We were amused by many other funny scenes in this day’s visiting. In one particularly smoky, untidy *whare*, we found a dirty old couple preparing dinner. The woman wore a grimy grey blanket, and a short cotton skirt—nothing else. The man had a nice sensible face, and looked very cheerful—indeed, so did they both. We made them understand we had come from ‘Ingarangi,’ and this was quite an interest. ‘How muts ‘teamer?’ asked the man; and we held up our hands several times to show how many tens the fare came to.

The dinner consisted of potatoes enough for two large families, and a quantity of boiled thistles and pork, and yet only one other person—an old woman—seemed about to share the meal. ‘Oh, they will eat it all!’ said our friend. We were at once invited to taste the potatoes, the wife taking up one in her very dirty fingers, and giving it to my sister. The only thing was to try to eat it without thinking; but we got a quiet hint from our friend to come away before we had to partake of the thistles and pork as well.

Outside one *whare* a good quantity of flax was drying, and my sister made the lady of the house understand that she wanted a little bit to take to England. Out came one strip, then another. Then a whole hank was pushed into our bag. But even

now the owner seemed to think she had not done enough, and a second great bunch was forced on us to take to Ingarangi. This lady was a chief's wife. She had a yellow print petticoat, a blanket which kept falling off her shoulders, a greenstone ornament,¹ worth a good deal of money, round her neck, and bunches of black feathers behind her ears, under her rough black shock of hair. What would an English countess think of such attire?

One scene cheered us very much. We came suddenly upon a large *whare*, in the verandah of which sat a dear old man, with spectacles and white hair, reading a Maori Bible, on which he was intent. His wife was leaning up against him listening. As we came near he looked up, his face beaming with intelligence and peace. 'Pehira² taught me to read the Bible,' said he quietly; and then, as we moved away, we heard his voice going on again with the story of Joseph in Genesis xlvii.

When we were nearly out of the village, we had a house pointed out to us which was built more in English style than the others. It belonged to, and was partly paid for by, a crippled boy of fifteen, who was very dear to the mission family, but who has now, they hope and believe, joined the family of heaven. He used to read his Bible, was very patient, and never missed a service or meeting of any kind if he could help it.

¹ Tiki, one of the earliest of the Maori gods, is said to have created man, giving him not only his form, but his name, *Tikā ahua*, *Tiki's likeness*. The Heitiki, or *remembrance of Tiki*, is a grotesque image of a man formed in greenstone. It is worn round the neck, and is greatly prized.

² This was the name given by the Maoris to Mr. Richard Taylor.

His house was built close to the mission garden gate, that he might get the quiet he needed, and be near his much-loved missionary friends. Often he spent the whole day with them. He used to like to share everything he had with their eldest little boy, of whom he was particularly fond—sending him as his last gift, the very day that he died, a parcel of sweeties. The missionary's wife was like a mother to the poor crippled lad, caring for him day by day in his weakness and sufferings as she might have done for one of her own children. Just before his death she went in, and found him laid out for his funeral by the Maoris. They always make a point of dressing up in new clothes persons who are about to die; and here, on a very hot day, lay the poor child, weak and panting, in starched shirt, new boots, socks, trowsers, waistcoat, etc. She will never forget his look of gratitude as, one by one, she removed his fine clothes, and put on instead a new comfortable flannel shirt, which she had bought for him in the town.

On our way home from Putiki, the little girl who had come with us ran up a hill to show me a small cave which one of the missionaries got the natives to cut out of the rock. They wanted Bibles and Testaments, and he thought they would value them more if they had earned them in some way, so he invented this piece of work for them; and the cave has served as a playroom for two generations of missionary children.

Yet one other day my sister went to Putiki and had a peep at two or three characteristic native scenes. An old woman, grandmother of the

crippled boy above alluded to, began at sight of Mrs. Basil Taylor to wail for the dead. Tears poured in streams down her face, while she made the peculiar howling noise proper on such occasions. This is called doing *tangi*; and, for a year after the death of a relative, this performance must be gone through for the benefit of every fresh friend one may meet. It was most trying to Mrs. Basil Taylor to go out of doors after her husband's death. Groups of natives would lay hold of her, and *tangi* for half an hour. Even at home she was not safe. Every morning one or two of the natives would come to the house to *tangi* over her; and however busy she might be, she was obliged to go down to them, and submit to this most annoying and painful infliction and hindrance.

At one house L. saw the process of flax-weaving—a marvellous test of patience and skill. 'When will that mat be done?' the weaver was asked. 'I cannot say whether it will be in one moon or two,' she said. This is the Maori way of reckoning time.

At another house, which was an attempt at an English home, L. and her friend paid a somewhat comical visit to the wife of the native deacon, who was seized with a fit of shyness on opening the door, twisted her dress about, and then put it up to her mouth¹ like a shy baby of three, and waved her visitors off with one hand whilst she beckoned them in with the other. The cause of her discomfiture was this: her floors were not, to her mind, clean enough for English eyes to see.

'It look like Maori *whare*.'

¹ The common Maori method of showing that one feels shy.

She was so much afraid that her work, a little frock which she was making for an adopted child, should be examined that she stowed it away behind a sack of Indian meal; and then, as she cleared the room, she stuffed all untidy-looking articles into the same hiding-place. She also took a turn at cleaning her cooking utensils, and then she washed her hands. This was accomplished after a somewhat original fashion. First she drew a small mug of water; then, going to the back door, she rubbed her hands all over with soap, and finally she called to her adopted child to come and empty the mug over them. To the last she deplored the state of her floors, nor did the assurances of her visitors that they came to look upon her face and eat her good bread avail to comfort her.

But I must tear myself from Wanganui and its associations. It was hard to leave all our dear missionary friends there; but when should we ever have gone had we waited till their hospitality was exhausted? As it was, we were assured that the pleasure of the visit was theirs, not ours, and one little fellow of six, the youngest of the large Taylor family, stamped and screamed on finding we were really going away. Another, double his age, a fine specimen of the true colonial boy, whose head, heart, and hands are all in the right place, accompanied us for part of our train journey onwards; and then, with a loving farewell, of which he was not a bit ashamed—not he!—turned reluctantly from us, and walked away back to his home with one of his sisters.

CHAPTER VIII.

BULL'S TOWN.

I was a stranger, and ye took Me in.

August 18th—August 30th.

WE were now bound for Bull's Town, about forty miles away from Wanganui. Our train consisted of a waggon at the back for luggage, two omnibus-like little carriages, and an engine to pull them along. The thirty-seven miles to Greatford was accomplished at the rate of fifteen miles an hour—*nearly*. Not express speed! One is reminded during such journeys of the old woman who, on being offered a lift by her friend, the guard of a passing train, replied,

'Na, na; I'm in a horry the day.'

We passed through unremarkable, save that it was un-English, scenery—a stretch of gorse, with hills in the distance, another stretch of bush, a clearing where trees had been cut down or burned away, levels where the eye rested on nothing but flax or *toi*-grass, and green slopes dotted with the palm-like *ti*, or cabbage-tree, where sheep were peacefully feeding, with their new-born lambs by their side. And so, through valleys and hills, and

over plains, we came to Greatford, where a rough and wretched-looking little omnibus was awaiting us, driven by an equally rough and wretched-looking man, the manner of whose speech, however, betrayed his social origin to have been something far above his present position. The matter of the speech was as low as need be. To send an idle, dissipated young man to the colonies is the quickest way to ruin him completely. So says every one who has had experience in the matter. And, with this wreck before our eyes—this man who might have been an ornament to our universities, but whose sole talk was of drink and horses—we could not doubt the truth of the conclusion.

At Bull's, as at Wanganui, our trio parted company, I going through uncleared bush and by the meandering Rangatikei to spend a night with a lady whom I met in Wanganui, whose beautiful home stands in the midst of 5,000 acres of land. The five or six miles' drive back next day was accomplished in torrents of rain, which soaked quite through my ulster and through all my warm winter clothing. It was well that I was myself weatherproof!

We passed through Bull's Town, which I should be disposed to call Bull's Village, but in which the settlers of the neighbourhood see the future rather than the present; and drove on for a mile and a half further through outlying straggling houses, at the very last of which—Highland Home—I was set down. Here my brother-in-law and sister had already taken up their temporary abode

with Mr. Gordon Forlong and his family; and the outstretched hands and hearty words of greeting of these new friends were now ready to welcome me also.

Mr. Gordon Forlong, so well known in Scotland and England for his evangelistic labours, came out to New Zealand four years before our visit; and each member of his large family was by this time thoroughly initiated into the life of the settler, the girls taking their share of its labours in, and the boys out of doors. Not only so, but they were doing their best, so far as in them lay, to second the efforts of their father for the spiritual good of those by whom they were surrounded.

On Mr. Forlong's arrival the town seemed in a very dead state as regarded spiritual things; and, as there was no Sunday service in the place, he soon began one at the Town Hall. We went to this meeting once or twice, and found it bright and attractive, the addresses being practical and full of illustration. There was a fair attendance, about seventy being present. Mrs. Forlong, we learnt, held a mothers' meeting every Monday; and one of the daughters introduced us to a little Sunday-school, which meets in the cottage which was occupied by the family on its first coming to Bull's, before Highland Home was built.

The neglect of Sunday is a weak point in the colonies—outside the large towns, at all events. It is only a very strong love for the Gospel and for the society of God's people that will tempt tired stockmen and shepherds out of their beds on that day to a distant place of worship. When they do

get up, it is generally to do some little odd jobs for which they have not had time in the week, and especially—here at least—to burn gorse till the surrounding country is lighted up by the conflagrations. Since, then, the mountain will not come to Mahomet, it would be well, it seemed to us, if some Mahomet could be found to go to the mountain—some one who would ride round to all the sheep-runs of a district in turn, and hold services on the spot for the men engaged upon them.

It is not only distance and indifference that keep bushmen away from church, but shyness. Like sailors, they live apart from their kind till they are often too shy to mix with them when they have the chance, except in the way of business. But, also like sailors, they are sure to be fond of reading; and Mr. Forlong does what he can in the way of sending interesting and profitable literature into the bush for such as fail to appear at Bull's, Marton, or Tauranga at the regular Sunday worship at these places. Bunyan's works, biography—anything that may touch their spiritual or moral life—he circulates; and he has been cheered by hearing of the great blessing his books have proved amongst the far-off settlers. But books are, alas! as hard for him to get here as they are easy to get rid of. The Religious Tract Society sent him once, he told us, a grant of £5 worth—a welcome supply; but his stock, whatever it be, comes all too soon to an end. He himself might with truth be called 'The Man with the Book,' since for twenty years he studied nothing but the Bible and its Greek and Hebrew concordances.

In this house, rich in the two possessions of Bibles and children, we passed several days; and while there we met a Mr. Honoré, a missionary from the adjacent village of Marton, who gave a cheering account of the Maoris in this direction.

‘They are abandoning drinking habits, taking up farming industries, and cultivating land.’

Mr. Gittos, a Wesleyan missionary from the north, whom we met at Wanganui, gave us equally encouraging testimony about those with whom he has to do. Mr. Honoré told us much also of Te Whiti, the false prophet, who was just then ‘giving himself out to be some great one, and deceiving many.’ Amongst other things, he was teaching that he was Christ, that the Maoris were descendants of the twelve tribes, and that they would eventually drive the English from their country.

While with Mr. Forlong we had our first colonial experiences of riding. While here, too, we visited the beautiful grounds of Sir William Fox, former governor of New Zealand. The residence of Sir William and Lady Fox in this neighbourhood seems a blessing to all with whom they have to do. Sir William has a chapel on his estate, where, every Sunday that he is at home, he holds a service, using the shortened Church of England form of worship; and, as there is no school at hand, Lady Fox, though quite an elderly lady, superintends the education of all the children on the place. Unfortunately for us, they were both at this time away from Westhoe.¹

¹ Since the above was written, Westhoe has been sold.

One day the master of the Government School at Bull's brought us some examination papers to look over. Few English adults would undertake to answer the questions set for New Zealand children 'under the age of thirteen,' in the time allowed to them of 'one hour.' It is well that children in the colonies have plenty of fresh air and abundance of good food, or there would very soon be an 'over-pressure' grievance there, as in England! But one can forgive the extravagances of a virtue, and rejoice to see that in spite of its cattle-driving, money-making, practical interests, mind is valued in Maori land at a worthy rate. 'Money and vulgarity take a better position here,' I was told one day, 'than a good social position and no means; but education and refinement are accepted even without money.'

CHAPTER IX.

A SHEEP-RUN.

Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number..
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards, and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old. LONGFELLOW.

ONE of our special desires in coming to New Zealand was to see a sheep-run, and that wish was now to be gratified. A most delightful part of our time in the neighbourhood of Bull's was spent with the agent of a very large run a few miles out of the town. With him we could see and hear all that we desired of station work; and when, weary of our wanderings over the grounds, we came indoors, it was to find refreshment for mind, body, and soul in the shape of a large library, a number of dear little children, and in conversation of which every word was worth remembering, to say nothing of such material consolations as unlimited supplies of cream and tea. Mrs. W. would take no credit for her refined, well-ordered, 'English' home.

'I have nothing at all to do with it,' said she; 'my husband, governess, children, and servants are

all so good that things cannot well go wrong. I myself am very idle. I only (!) make all the children's clothes, and amuse myself by looking after my babies.'

To whomsoever the praise might belong, the result was the same ; and every minute of the time spent with the W.s was a real gain and rest to each one of our trio.

How shall I tell of all the varied interests of those days ? First came the drive of eight or nine miles to the station, during which, passing through verdant stretches grown over with *toi*, flax, rushes, the *ti*-tree, and blue gum, we met only one person with a child, and another with a cart. And then, turning in at the gates of the plantation, we saw the beautiful approach to the house lighted up with the golden glories of acacias in full bloom.

The station is very extensive. It has several miles of sea frontage, and runs sixteen or seventeen miles inland, covering forty or forty-two thousand acres of area. Of these nearly two-thirds are available as pasture land, the rest consisting of clay and of the peculiar black sand, which we saw at Wanganui, containing about fifteen per cent. of iron, which has never yet been satisfactorily smelted.

Just then there were thirteen thousand sheep on the run, but it generally has fifteen, or in the lambing season as many as nineteen thousand. There were also two thousand head of cattle. When Mr. W. first came to Rangatiki all the cattle on the station were wild, and he never went out without his rifle ; but by dint of working hard two months a year for three years, he managed to reclaim seven

hundred ; and as, meantime, thirteen hundred were shot as 'irreclaimable' there is no danger now from their attacks. The work of reclaiming was as arduous as works of reformation invariably are. Mr. W. and a few stockmen would start off in the morning on horseback ; and, having found a herd of wild cattle, would drive it into the midst of the tame beasts which they had brought with them as decoys. But now arose endless perplexities. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' and there was always the fear of the civilised bullocks being tempted back by their companions to taste once more the sweets of bush liberty ; or, of the wild beasts goring the horses, dogs, cattle, or men that they found leagued against them. So difficult is it to persuade them to come quietly in the desired direction that sometimes, out of a herd of fifty, only two or three head have been added to the stockyard. We heard various exciting incidents of perils and escapes in hunting these creatures down, and Mr. W. says he could fill a volume with such stories. On one occasion he was not a little amused. He had been stunned by a blow from a wild bullock, and on recovering consciousness found two of his men standing by him.

'What did the herd do after I fell down ?'

'Every single beast came and jumped over you.'

It was just as if to show their contempt for their fallen foe.

Swing fences are used on the estate to resist any mad onrush of horses or cattle. They are made of wire, and are therefore invisible at a distance. The wire is attached to wooden uprights, and only

about one in six of these posts is fastened into the ground, the others being left free. A fence so constructed throws unsuspecting assailants back with a force proportioned to the fury of their attack, instead of being itself destroyed by their violence.

One exciting, and often dangerous, part of New Zealand station life is the hunting down of wild pigs. Cook introduced pigs on the island, and they took kindly to bush life and multiplied greatly. They are the greatest possible nuisance to the settler, each pig eating or destroying as much as would support at least two or three sheep; and Government has offered twopence for every pair of tusks taken. But their extermination still seems a thing impossible. On this run alone eight hundred pigs had been killed in the two months, or less, preceding our visit. Nearly all of these creatures were unfit for eating; but just before we arrived, a shepherd in riding about the station saw three little pigs which were really too good to lose; so, dismounting, he seized upon them. A fine business he had to get them home, for all three scrambled and worried and tried to get down, and he had to manage his horse as well. But in due time the fat little foundlings were triumphantly deposited in a piggery (pigsties are always piggeries in New Zealand), and there we might behold them.

A large number of thorough-bred horses are kept on the estate for the use of the stockmen and shepherds. In this neighbourhood a good working horse may be bought for £3 10s., and one for

riding purposes for £7. There are many fine colliers too for use amongst the sheep; and innumerable cats—for ornament I suppose. Cats, even though they may have no *raison d'être* but Topsy's 'Spects I growed,' have a wonderful courtier-like facility for being never in the way, but never far out of the way, and for making themselves as comfortable meantime as circumstances permit.

'I have seen ten sitting together on a shawl in a perambulator,' said Mr. W.

'And I,' said Mrs. W., 'have seen sixteen sitting together in a row on a board.'

Alpacas we saw here too, kept for the sake of their silky wool. They somewhat resemble llamas, and have camel-like humps. When angry, they keep quite still, stamp, and then spit; and the horses stand in fear of them. They need much care, and eat a great deal; and though their wool sells for three times as much as that of the sheep, their coats yield but half as much, and can be shorn only every second year, so that altogether it is not a very remunerative business to keep them.

A good sheep farm, however, is a very profitable concern. Each ewe has one or two lambs a year; and so, even though five per cent. of the little creatures die, chiefly when they are a year old and cut their permanent teeth, there is annually a very large addition to the flock. The death of the lambs is a great distress to the mothers; and the shepherds to comfort them take the skin off the deceased darling, and put it on some other mother's twin. This ruse, so transparent one would think, answers

perfectly. Under the impression that she has found her own again, the mother-sheep licks, warms, and suckles the changeling, and her grief is all at an end.

All my English ideas of folds in which the flocks are nightly shut up were put to flight here. There is what is called 'a main muster of the sheep' only about twice in the year. Any stragglers from other runs are then discovered and sent back whence they came.

We were taken to the stock-yard and the washing and dipping place; and were shown all the contrivances for counting and branding cows and heifers, and for washing and dipping the sheep. It looked as though a hair-cutting of giants had been going on in the stock-yard, for long hair of various shades and colours lay thick on the ground. It seems that as the cattle pass out of the door of the branding enclosure they are counted, and that the tuft is cut from the tail of each as it goes by to prevent any possibility of its being counted over again.

The washing and shearing of the sheep begin early in November, for later in the summer there is a burr which would get into the wool and tangle and spoil it. When the washing time comes, the sheep are placed in a pen, off which a bridge runs. At the end of this bridge is a tiny pen with decoy sheep. The unsuspecting flock run from the large pen to join them, about fifteen being allowed to get out at a time, and when the bridge is full it is tilted up so as to meet a slanting board, down which the sheep run straight into a vat, which is

five feet deep and full of water. Here they are left to swim about for five minutes; and then, a door being opened on one side, they make for it, and are soon standing on a second bridge. This in its turn being tilted up, they find themselves in a narrow passage, with streams of water coming from the top—a regular shower-bath. As there is barely room in this passage for them to swim up and down, they ‘dolly’ one another, and rub all the dirt out of their fleeces. When they have been here five minutes they are allowed to run out into a draining-pen, and then into ‘choice paddocks.’ In about a week they are dry, and have some of the oiliness of the wool back again, and are, we were told, ‘whiter than you could believe.’

The shearing must be an amusing sight; sixteen men at work at a time, each shearing his fastest in the hope of gaining the seventeen and sixpence which is given for a hundred fleeces. Some will shear 128 sheep in a day. The Maoris shear well, but ask too much for their work.

After the shearing, sheep may be bought for a shilling apiece and upwards. The one-and-sixpenny sheep can be eaten, and the three-shilling ones are very good. Friends of ours in the neighbourhood of Bull’s get mutton retail, a whole sheep at a time, at twopence a pound, on the condition that they will deal with the same butcher for several months at a time; otherwise it would be sold at the rate of twopence-halfpenny a pound. Not a very ruinous price that, some of our English housekeepers would think. It is illegal to sell half a sheep so bought to a friend, and a man has

been heavily fined for so doing. Much animal food is consumed here, and yet the meat-bill for the family of fourteen or fifteen to which I refer, which includes several hearty men, does not exceed the sum of seven and sixpence a week.

For a run such as that of which Mr. W. has charge many men are needed. Of these the larger number live together in a central station house, but the shepherds, some of whom are the sons of English, Scotch, or colonial gentlemen, live here and there over the place in shanties, and come in once a week for provisions. It is a lonely life for these shepherds; but the want of companionship, the soaking rains of wet seasons, the brackish, fever-producing water of the summer-time—these are all forgotten and forgiven in the clear, elastic, bracing air through which they ride day after day from eight until five o'clock. And as to their housekeeping, it is at first an awkward business indeed to arrange for their own daily necessities, and their experiences are funny enough; but

Man wants but little here below,

and even a young man straight from London will soon manage to secure that little, and to enjoy his new life thoroughly.

Wandering over the grounds we came to a piece of typical bush—trees growing in a tangle together (even gardens here often have a wild, uncultivated look); and here we had a valuable lesson in what one may call practical botany, Mr. W. telling us the names and properties of many of the New Zealand woods, of which he has himself

made a special study. He pointed out the *karaka*, which grows to seventy feet in height, the nut and leaf of which afford food for man and cattle; the *kawa-kawa*, the pungent leaf of which is used for flavouring native beer; the *ranjiora*, or *puka-puka*,¹ a terrible poison for horses, which are so fond of it that careful riders through the bush envelop their heads in a net to keep them from gratifying their tastes; the *karewa*, or tough and pliable supple-jack, the plague of the New Zealand traveller, which ties up everything together so that it is sometimes impossible for a horse to make its way unassisted. A riderless horse gets tied up sometimes by this *karewa*, and unless succour arrives in time, he dies, since he cannot get out of it alone. These and about fifty other species Mr. W. introduced us to—dwellers in the primeval forests of the country. If ancient descent is a title to respect, surely this vegetation is worthy of note. The very ground one treads on is formed of the dust of its past generations.

The trees, when cut down, are cut into planks of three, eight, nine, or twelve inches in width, and these are sold by the hundred feet of length. A hundred feet, 12-inch width, of *totara*, the most durable New Zealand pine, which will last for fifty years, sells for nine shillings wholesale; and so on down to seven and sixpence, according to the kind of wood. The *kaikatea*, a very pretty white pine, which grows from a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height, lasts only about ten years.

¹ Native name for 'book.' It is called so on account of its large white leaves, on which one may write.

Dry rot so soon gets into this wood that to build with it is well-nigh labour lost.

If this country presents as much as it does for admiration in its winter dress, what must it be like in summer? Few as the indigenous wild flower-plants may be, or *nil*, the trees at least are wreathed with blossoms and berries. The *kohai*, or laburnum, with its yellow streamers; the *kotukatuku*, or fuchsia, which raises its head to a height of forty feet; the *rewa-rewa*, or honeysuckle, which attains more than double that stature; the parasitical *rata* with its handsome red flowers, which are used for Christmas decorations; the *hohai*, or thousand-jacket, with its beautiful white bloom; and many another garlanded rival in majesty and loveliness must make the place a very 'garden of the Lord.'

But now once more it was time to move onwards, and early one Monday, August 30th, we started towards Napier on the east coast of the island, by way of the rising township of Palmerston and the Manakau gorge, with the special view of going on thence to see the mission work in the Wairoa district.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE BUSH.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

August 30th—September 2nd.

THE distance of twenty-five miles, from Greatford to Palmerston, took us nearly two hours and a half to accomplish, so we had plenty of time to take in any characteristics of the journey. These were not varied, for we were plunging deeper into bush, the sombre though grand monotony of which was scarcely broken save by funny little townships which peeped out here and there. These townships seemed to consist of twenty or thirty one-storied wooden shanties, each standing alone in a bit of fenced-off land, with a post-office, a Wesleyan chapel, a shop or two, and a tiny station. The settler's plan is to take a piece of ground, enclose it, put up a lean-to or *whare*, and cut down the surrounding trees. In course of time he builds a frontage to his lean-to, and a verandah, and the

house is now converted into a very pretty detached wooden villa.

We saw many Maoris along the line, and were amused to witness for the first time the process of rubbing, or more properly speaking pressing, noses, and to hear the complaints of a poor woman who came into the train carrying a huge leg of beef. She had paid two shillings for it, and remarked sadly that 'Meat was dear now; not as it was in olden days.'

We had had experiences of a Colonial Government city, of a Maori village, and of a sheep-run, and now we were to understand by experience what a 'clearing' means.

Palmerston is built on a great square of land which is bounded on all four sides by bush, and on two sides of which may be seen the Ruahene and other mountain heights. In its centre is what we should call a village green, and right through this runs the train. All round this common-like enclosure stand houses arranged in symmetrical order, and from this centre very broad straight roads lead out in every direction to the outlying forest. The town is more imposing than those we passed on our train journey. We found that it owned two banks, three or four tiny churches, a school, and two or three hotels. In one of the latter, a temperance hotel, we took refuge, and greatly enjoyed its primitive quiet, comfort, and simplicity. The bright wood fires in open grates which one gets in New Zealand are very cheery and pleasant to English eyes. Meals seem much the same everywhere here—breakfast at eight, dinner

at one, and a substantial tea at six. Peach-pies and an abundance of peach-jam with quince and Cape-gooseberry preserves are a common part of the colonial bill of fare.

Ladies travel very little in this country; there were rarely ever any besides ourselves in the conveyances, or at the boarding-houses which we chanced to stop at or inquire about. At this hotel there were none; but the rough-looking gentlemen boarders were, as usual, full of information, and most willing to impart it. From our host also we heard much, especially of the early days of the colony. Many who came out then bought land from the natives at half-a-crown an acre, put up a tent till they could get it cleared, then sowed grass, got cattle, sold the timber they had cut down, purchased more land, and so on till they had made fabulous fortunes. He himself has bought ground at £1 an acre, on one acre of which would be fifty *totara*-trees, and every one of these, when cut down, would sell for £1. One would think such investments would be a royal road to fortune; but speculations and drink too often ruin all. It was our landlord who first rode a horse up this district, and the natives did not know what to make of the creature. They asked Mr. W. whether it would have a bed and blankets with him in the *whare* where he rested at night, and brought it mats to lie upon, and asked whether it would eat potatoes.

Near Palmerston is the broad and beautiful stream, the Manawatu river, which gives its name to the district. Would that one had the gift of word-painting, to show it as we saw it with its rich

fringe of forest and the red clouds of sunset reflected in its waters. The March before we came here there were heavy floods, which tore up great trees, carried them down with the current, and flung them against the piers of the Manawatu bridge. These stood the assault boldly, but still show signs of the desperate encounter.

Good part of our time at Palmerston was spent in the bush, either alone or with members of the Temperance Hotel family. The two little daughters of our landlord were, to their intense delight, kept from school one day to guide us, and to help us in searching for the kidney fern; we fairly loaded ourselves with that and other fern varieties which grew on every side of us. The trunks of trees are very often completely clothed with them; indeed, after noticing the height of the trees, and their sombre colouring, one is struck chiefly by the way in which they are overgrown—sometimes with this lovely drapery of fern—sometimes by parasitical plants like gigantic nests—sometimes with vegetation which so completely muffles them up that it is difficult to tell their original name and nature. Of all parasites the *rata* is the most cruel; it clings to some other tree, folding it in a close and ever closer embrace, until it has killed it by its traitorous show of affection; and, being now strong enough to do without support, it takes its benefactor's place, attaining a height of 150 or 200 feet, and displaying its glorious red blossoms like a flag of victory.

Everything is lovely in the bush. Not a moment but some new beauty attracts and charms the eye—

brilliant blood-coloured duck-weed perhaps, or the exquisite mouse-like, velvety, mossy covering of some old trunk. Then one hears a sound, a stir amongst the trees, and then a slow and heavy crash. A tree has fallen never to rise again. Perhaps New Zealand is scarcely the place in which to indulge sentiment on such a subject. The entreaty, 'Woodman, spare that tree' would certainly be laughed at, and, maybe, deservedly; and yet I do grudge all the beautiful bush disappearing. In forty years' time the Palmerstonians, I suppose, will be making up picnics and day's excursions to the nearest remnant of their wooded country, and the place will be full of refreshment booths, broken bottles, and bits of orange peel (or whatever the colonial equivalents may be on occasion of such outings). Again and again, as I noted the apparent carelessness about timber, and determination to get it all out of the way, I was reminded of the lines learned in nursery days:

Wilful waste makes woeful want,
And I may live to say,
Oh, how I wish I had the (wood)
Which once I threw away.

When colonials clear off all their bush with a view to the cultivation of the land, do they look sufficiently ahead and consider how this cultivation will progress without the rainfall which the presence of timber induces? Perhaps they may, and I hope they do.

Watercress grows in abundance by the side of New Zealand streams—to such an excess by the River Avon in the south, that the Government has

to pay £40 annually for getting it cleared away. No frogs are to be heard croaking forth their hoarse songs in the ditches, however ; and, partly in consequence of this, mosquitoes abound, and are in summer the greatest possible plague to dwellers near the bush. One great advantage of this country over Australia is the entire absence of snakes. It is strange that two lands, so near, should be so utterly different in this important respect. Who was the New Zealand St. Patrick ? Woodcutters and others whose work leads them through the thickly growing, closely interlaced verdure of the forests have reason to thank him.

We came upon a woodman's hut in the bush, which was enough to inspire one with a romantic desire for his sylvan life. It was an Arcadian home. It was built of tree-fern stems piled one above another, and was roofed with bulrush. An opening represented the door, and through this one could see a delightful bed—a great heap of dry ferns covered with a coloured blanket—more elastic and restful, one would imagine, than any spring mattress could be.

One or two other signs of life I remember in or near the wood. A father came riding along on horseback with a pretty, short-coated baby before him, and a little girl of about three behind. A mother, who seemed quite at ease about the safety of her infants, was walking after the mounted trio, and a little boy, who completed the family party, was running by her side. We twice met a very much tattooed Maori, too, who seemed overjoyed to see us, seizing our hands

enthusiastically, and saying in his own language, 'Good day to you, good day to every one of you.'

A pleasant-looking Maori woman who was behind him also shook hands, and treated us to a little English (?).

'Goo' mornin'. Where go?'

'To the bush.'

'Ah, you go push. A' right.'

'All right' is the favourite expression of such of the natives as attempt our language.

CHAPTER XI.

ACROSS THE ISLAND.

A FEW cheering words often go a long way, in the colonies especially. At Greatford, where we took the train for Palmerston, a railway official, the son of a clergyman, gave my brother-in-law a paper for the journey, packed up our rugs for us, and stood, hat in hand, to watch us away, because G. had said a few kind, encouraging words to him whilst we were waiting. At Palmerston it was the same. L. had won the hearts of the children, and they had confided to her the dreariness of Sunday with its one indistinct, unintelligible service, its lack of Bible classes, and want of suitable literature, save such as they knew by heart, and had obtained in return a promise of Bible subjects to find out week by week. And an uncle and an aunt who were living temporarily in the house were touched by our sympathy for the recent loss of their only little child and other trials which they were passing through. And so it came to pass that when we got up at 4.30 a.m. to start for Napier, a place as far distant as Birmingham is from London, we

found the whole Temperance Hotel family astir to say a final 'Good-bye' to us.

The coach had cried 'Wolf' to ensure punctuality, but for long there were no signs of it. At six, however, we were off, our new friends watching and waving till we were out of sight. The coach, a loosely-strung-together vehicle with iron framework and American leather hangings, which could be put up or down at will, was drawn first by three, and later by five horses, and even these were scarcely sufficient, so difficult was the road we had to get over, during part of the way at least. Bump, bump, bump went the coach, forwards and backwards, up and down, like a boat at sea on a rough day.

Early spring September mornings in New Zealand feel somewhat like early autumn September mornings in England. The ground was quite white with frost when we started, and we were, for the first few hours, quite glad of all our wraps. Gradually the moon and stars faded away, and the tops of the hills were tinged with rosy light, and by 6.30 the sun had risen altogether, and there were lovely pink, violet, and golden hills to be seen; and the forest lost its gloomy and stately air for once, as gay, irrepressible little sunbeams danced on every fern-leaf, sparkled in a thousand frosted spiders' webs, nestled in every branch of the lofty trees, and kissed away all the chilly influences of night, exactly like so many good fairies.

On arriving at the Manawatu river, the horses trotted on to what looked like a bit of a bridge,

which rested on the water, and then they stood perfectly still. This wooden bridge was then set free, and we were punted across just as we were, coach, horses, and passengers. It felt perfectly safe.

We had heard of the dangers of the Manawatu gorge, and when, after seven or eight miles' drive, we reached it, we found that the accounts had not been overdrawn. The precipitous walls of this pass are clothed with bush, and at their foot flows the river. In one side of the rock is cut a carriage road, which has not even the protection of a hand-rail, and which gives sometimes only a foot, sometimes only an inch, between oneself and death. The gorge is grand, but the mists of the morning had not sufficiently lifted to allow us to see it in its full glory; and I must acknowledge that the perils of the situation occupied my mind as much as its sublimities. A walk here would be delightful, but I hope never to have to take the drive again. Here and there along the road were gangs of men repairing the edges of the path, and one thinks, 'Supposing an edge should give way where there is not an inch to spare!' The horses are steady and the driver experienced, and well they may be, for

'My first accident will be my last,' says the coachman; 'there would be no possibility of escape.'

Watch is kept at the entrance of the gorge, and nothing is allowed to pass by when the coach is expected. As we emerged, we saw two little girls waiting to go schoolwards. Every

second day the coach runs, and the other day they walk the seven miles to the other side of the pass and back. They congratulated themselves that this was not their day for walking, as it seemed probable that a large herd of bullocks would have been their companions. (The week before a cow fell over the precipice, but gallantly swam a mile for her life and was saved.)

At Woodville, a few miles farther on, we were thankful, as those who have been half starved with cold and hunger will understand, for a halt which meant a good fire, beefsteak, eggs, tea, coffee, toast, and bread-and-butter. How different we felt when, at nine o'clock, the cry, 'All aboard' ('Take your seats') was heard again. And then came more bush. The road was just a highway through dense forests. Presently these got thinner, and then they suddenly broke away and we came out into open country. Here the coach again halted and we walked on. In the distance we could see the outlines of bluish hills, but otherwise, far and near, was space, empty space, filled only by the voices of birds. Not a hut was to be seen. At last we came to a brook or rivulet, the bridge over which had broken down, and here we thought it expedient to sit down and wait for our driver, who took the coach bodily through the stream. Once before we had been asked to get down at a shaky bridge, 'lest I should turn some of you over into the river.' And so it came to pass that in the course of that morning's drive we had experiences of going on, through, and over the water, though we happily escaped going under.

Other gorges, one of which was really magnificent, and all of which were safer and in this way more enjoyable than the Manawatu; broken hilly ground, which displayed a wealth of verdure to the best possible advantage; minute towns, from which were handed out liliputian mail-bags the meagre contents of which would be likely to cause a groan at an English breakfast-table; and at about two o'clock we arrived at the nearest railway station to Napier, just in time to catch the train certainly, but too late to get anything in the way of food.

'You have no chance of refreshment now for three or four hours.'

A serious consideration for travellers who have had nothing to eat for five hours, and who are, two of them, scarcely yet off the invalid list. But we had reason that day, as how often before and since! to admire the loving kindness and tender mercy of our God for His children in little things. At the next station but one there was the unprecedented delay of half an hour on account of a sale of timber, and not only did we get food for our bodies there, but for our minds, for a newspaper which G. took up told us that the mail containing our ship letters and sketches and journals had been delivered in London.

There was not much worthy of note in that afternoon's journey. We passed a sheep-run thirty miles in extent, saw little Maori children standing shivering in the chill evening air to see the train go by, and were interested in a man who came into the carriage, the nephew of a clergyman who had found, on coming out to New Zealand, that trade

was bad, and had taken to going about with oranges to sell as a means of turning an honest penny. But something to see and hear, or nothing, was much the same to me that afternoon. I had given myself up to home-imaginings. I had followed my letters, and I was with the dear ones who, after four months and a half of waiting, were now hearing our news.

Having taken just five hours to accomplish our train journey of sixty-eight miles, we arrived at seven o'clock at Napier, where we found that a kind friend had already secured us a lodging.

CHAPTER XII.

NAPIER.

. . . Since those miraculous days
When marvellous wonders were rife,
When the deaf heard with joy, and the dumb sang with praise,
And the dead were restored to life,
I know not of one whom my heart would allow
More worthy the name of Apostle than thou.

September 3rd—September 17th.

NAPIER looks to a new-comer uncommonly like an English watering-place. It has a good open sea, a beach and promenade; cliffs, and walks over and round them; villas on the rising ground, and less pretentious-looking houses and shops lower down. The city is surrounded by water save for a lagoon of sand and swamp which unites it to the mainland; so that Napier is really a peninsula.

It was to the flagstaff station on the Bluff, a cliff washed by the sea, that I made my way during a long before-breakfast walk the morning after our arrival. Here the good but steep ascents, and the steps up and down, carried me in thought to Torquay; and as I gazed from high ground towards the flat part of the town which faces the open sea, where the Parade, or new Beach Road, runs, I felt

that only the sight of a double row of bathing machines and of a few spades and pails was needed to complete the delusion that one must really be somewhere in England.

The air of Napier is life-giving. It seems to me still that I have never elsewhere breathed anything like it. The city might well be used, as indeed to some extent it is, as a sanatorium for places far and near; but it must, I should think, be a dearer place than many for families to live in; meat there is sixpence a pound and milk is sixpence a quart. As to our own experiences, we paid more for our lodging accommodation here than elsewhere, and were not, even so, very comfortable.

But our landlady was getting aged, and somewhat past work, poor old thing. And, if she did not attend to our material requirements very satisfactorily, she at least poured out upon us without stint most interesting stories and treasures from the Chatham Islands, where she once lived. These islands, which are about three hundred miles from New Zealand, are a perfect storehouse of shells, ferns, mosses, and all sorts of natural curiosities. The social, as well as the natural life of the place, must be somewhat interesting—to the young girls of the community at all events. When Mrs. D. went out there with a daughter of fifteen the girl had four offers in one day, and that before the end of the first week. One of the four candidates was accepted, and very soon ‘there came a sound of marriage bells,’ and the husband and wife, in true story-book style, ‘lived happily together ever after.’ Mudie sends out boxes of books to these primitive

islands. The white inhabitants, two hundred in number when Mrs. D. was there, subscribe together for about £20 or £30 worth of 'surplus stock,' and get quite a quantity of literature for their money.

Before the end of our first week in Napier we had so far enjoyed Chatham Island experiences as to receive three invitations to the homes of new friends, and to have the prospect of another. One invitation was to Hukarere, or Flying Spray, a house close to the Maori school for girls, to visit the family of the late Bishop of Waiapu.

Mr., afterwards Bishop, Williams came out to New Zealand in 1826,¹ and lived at first in the Bay of Islands north of Auckland, the only place which was then considered safe for missionaries. In olden times missionary work meant something more than it does in these days, when civilisation is rapidly spreading right and left, and telegrams, cheap mails, and fast flying steamers bring the two ends of the earth together in a few hours or weeks. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Williams were three months in getting out of the English Channel, and four months more in accomplishing the rest of their journey. And the mission workers of those days were exposed on arrival to a hundred dangers, perplexities, and discomforts which are now removed. Thus the bishop knew what it was to build a house with his own hands and instruct native boys at the same time, resting the lesson book from which he was teaching on his pile of building material. He never knew what it was to have a

¹ The first missionaries to New Zealand were John Hall and William King, who reached the Bay of Islands in 1814.

study of his own till quite in his old age. All his writing, including his translation of the New Testament, was done in a corner of the dining-room or in his bedroom.

‘I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith,’ said a native on coming into the room where this devoted and beloved servant of God and father of the people committed to his charge lay dying. And never were the words more truly applicable than in this case.

I shall never forget the impression made on me by the sweet aged face that greeted us on our first call at Hukarere, which we were so soon to think of and ever to remember as ‘the home of our wanderings,’ ‘our New Zealand headquarters.’ Mrs. Williams’s face and all her surroundings, and the spirit they breathe, are well described in the well-known lines which I heard for the first time at this house, beginning,

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin.

Hers seemed to me a story-book home, perfect in its love and brightness and its intellectual, social, and mission sympathies. What must it have been when the father was there! There seem in New Zealand to be two opinions on almost every subject; but this one is an exception—the apostolic character of Bishop Williams.

The successor of this good man, Edward Stuart, called at our lodgings soon after our arrival, saying, I must introduce myself as the bishop.’

As time went on we saw a good deal of him and

of his daughter, for they live close to Hukarere. And deeply thankful did we feel that the missionary bishopric of Waiapu had fallen to him. He always reminded me of Cowper's lines in the description of the walk to Emmaus :

Christ and His character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope.

For his words and acts say, 'This one thing I do'
. . . . 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'

His appointment was a great joy to Bishop Williams, who had become, as health rapidly failed, most anxious to see his place worthily supplied before his death. The anxiety was a prolonged one, for Mr. Stuart, the candidate he desired to see appointed, was thrown out after his nomination, and another man was asked four times over to fill the post. At last the day of final decision came, and what was the joy of returning from the Synod to tell the dear old bishop that the longing of his soul was fulfilled ! He stood at the dining-room door, waiting to know the news, and when he had heard it the language of his heart was,

'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'

One more thing only he waited for—to see and welcome his successor ; and on February 9th, 1878, two months exactly from the coming of Mr. Stuart, he died.

The day Bishop Stuart called on us a Mr. Samuel Williams came in. He is son of the late Arch-deacon Henry Williams, who reached New Zealand, as already stated, two years before his brother

William. His home is at Te Aute, thirty miles from Napier, where he has the superintendence of a native boys' school. He takes the greatest possible interest in the natives, and does much missionary work in all directions round about this district. He is fairly running over with Maori talk, and told us a good story during his visit.

The bishop (which bishop it is I have forgotten), an inspector of schools, and a Maori were all together at an examination.

'What is the reason,' asked the examiner of the children, 'that the English are so much more civilised than the Maoris, and so superior to them in every way?'¹

The native gentleman heard, and was offended, as well he might be, and he took an opportunity presently of giving his views on the subject.

'I was in town one Saturday lately, at the time when the workmen draw their wages; and I looked into the public-house, and certainly what I saw and heard there did not make me feel that the English were so very much superior to the Maoris, as you say. But I read my Bible, and there is one story there which I remember well. There was a Pakeha (white man) who stood by himself, and said, "Thank God that I am not as these *mis-er-able* Maoris!"'

As one sees and hears of the breaches of tact and taste, of good faith and feeling towards the natives of which settlers are too often guilty, and

¹ Opinions differ. A little English boy at Napier said to me one day,

'Are not Maori girls clever? What is the reason that Maoris are so much more clever than white people—can you tell me?'

contrasts their conduct with that of the Maoris themselves, one feels sometimes that there is too much truth in the forcible antithesis of one who remarked, 'The English are savage gentlemen, and the Maoris are gentlemanly savages.' There are, of course, Englishmen and Englishmen; and the natives are like children in their quickness in discerning differences and in their ingenuousness in acknowledging them—unlike ourselves, who too often make sweeping generalisations. 'Are these of some other tribe?' they inquired, when a set of worthless fellows came lately to a new township amongst the old settlers whom they had already learned to love and respect.

Mr. Samuel Williams warmly invited us to come over to stay with him and see the Te Aute school; and we were only too glad to promise to do so. Ere he left one of his sisters called, bringing with her a lady whose husband has three parishes, fourteen miles apart from one another.

'Come and stay with me too,' the latter pleaded; 'I want to have a whiff of England.'

Truly God 'had prepared the people' to be kind to us.

How often, specially when passing through new and interesting experiences, through lovely natural scenes, one longs anew for the companionship of those sympathetic souls amongst one's former fellow-pilgrims who have already reached the land

Where fairer fields than Eden bloom,
And never-withering flowers;

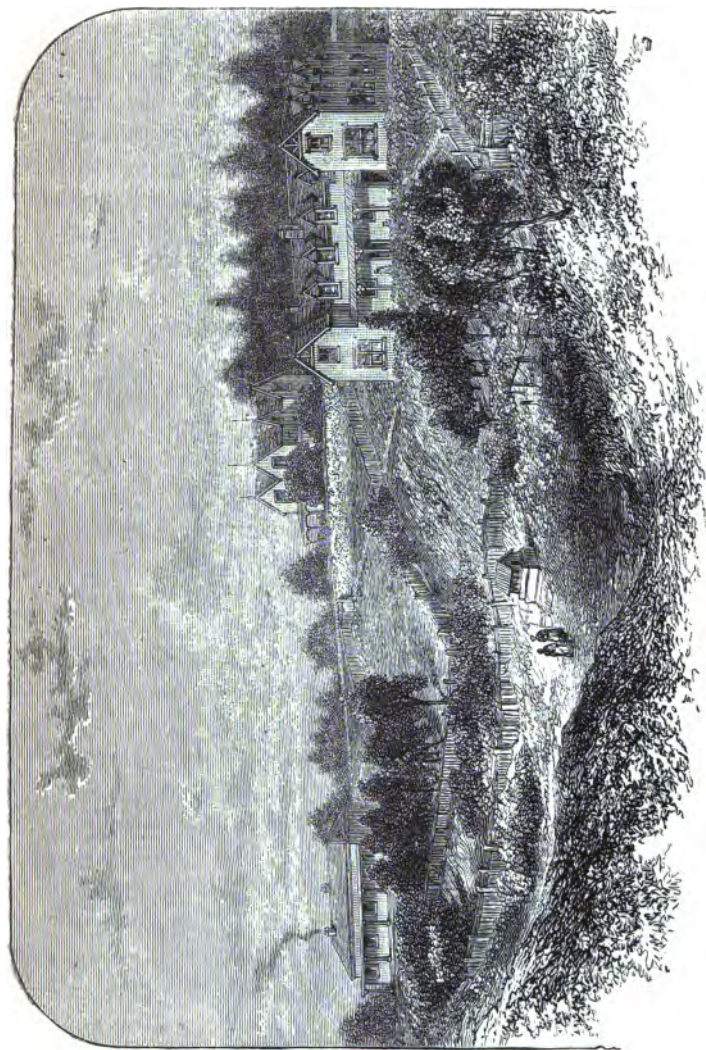
but one has to learn to rejoice in their joy and to

live without the tangible comfort of them. And how good our God is, then, in providing for our loneliness, in supplying some friend or other all the way along—a Hopeful when a Faithful has been taken away!

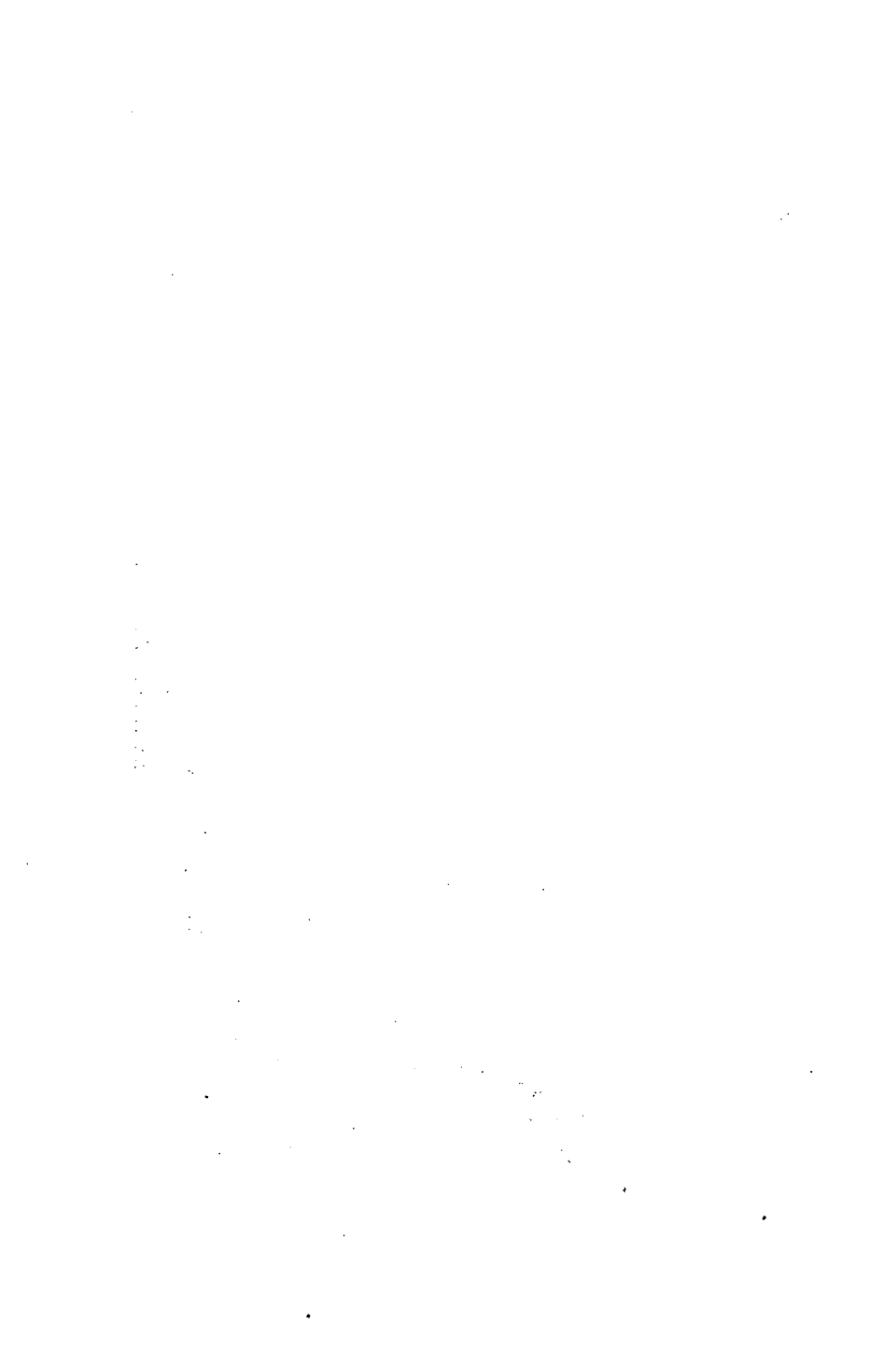
I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round ;
That in the darkest spot on earth
Some love is found.

During the week we spent in lodgings we made acquaintance with a few more members of the Napier community, and amongst others with the Scotch minister, who seemed both able and original, and with a retired army surgeon of the name of Menzies, who had charge of the new hospital recently opened in the town. The building is a capital one; it holds twenty-five beds, and is arranged with a view to complete comfort and convenience.

On September 9th we went to Hukarere, and started thence almost immediately for the Spit, a part of Napier at which a social tea was to be given that evening, to welcome the lay helper under whose Home Mission care the district was now to be placed. The Spit is certainly a most picturesque parish with its houses by the sea and on its hilly slopes, with the girdle of water which only just fails to close around it, and the very long bridge which at one point connects it with the town. This bridge is built most irregularly, with many turns and angles to break the force of the current.



NATIVE GIRLS' SCHOOL.



On our arrival at the mission room we were greeted by the bishop and Dr. Menzies, and I soon found myself by the side of a clergyman's wife, who told me in the course of conversation that her husband's parish extends for sixty miles in one direction alone. No wonder that overwork lately induced illness, and that illness drove him to Sydney for the winter. The bishop takes his full share of work, officiating in as many as three parts of his diocese on a Sunday.

Tea was just over, though not yet cleared away, and the floral decorations were 'a sight for sair een.' One would scarcely look for camellias and arum lilies as the accompaniments of a social tea party in England in early spring. Singing and speeches followed tea, and about a hundred and thirty persons were present by the time that my brother-in-law at the bishop's request gave an address about mission work in Birmingham.

'Speak about missions which others are carrying on, for that perhaps may help to stir up a little life,' is the constant request in the colonies to friends who come from England. There are notable exceptions in every case, but as a rule settlers seem spiritually cold and indifferent, absorbed only in the material interests of their own busy lives, and careless as a matter of course of the spiritual interests of others; and this throws a heavy burden on the mission workers, who often toil on almost single-handed. The Native Girls' School at Napier is an institution which needs and deserves more help than it gets from outsiders. The year before we came the children had a treat; they were taken

to Te Aute to play games and enjoy a feast of cakes, buns, melons, and strawberries. But this year they could not go. There was no money. And though they had worked well and deserved prizes, no prizes could be given, and that for the same reason.

We went next day to see this school, and spent a most interesting morning there. It numbers about fifty girls (forty-nine was, I think, the exact number), whose ages ranged from four to eighteen. Five were English girls who were occupying vacancies, but all the others were Maoris or half-castes. All were dressed in English style, save for a few bare feet and legs.

The children excel in writing and map-drawing, and the variety and beauty of their needlework would be the pride of many a school. They thoroughly enjoy using a needle, and will work out of hours to make things to give away to the matron or to some one or other of their kind mission friends. The Misses Williams, of Hukarere, have the superintendence of this school; and their house is quite a dispensary for such of the pupils as are suffering from any childish ache or pain or ailment, as also a convalescent home for any girl who is happy enough to need a little rest and change of scene to ensure her speedy restoration to health.

We heard the children sing, recite, and answer questions. They said 'The Chameleon' capitally, putting the right emphasis in the right place, and repeating exactly together as with one voice, for the Maoris are capital timeists. They sang one or two rounds, and one or two character songs. It was very pretty in one of the latter to see them all

taking up their pinafores and pretending to sew, with a look of intense enjoyment on their brown faces.

We went into the bedrooms, and were told how impossible it is at first for the girls to understand the use and nature of a bed. Sometimes they throw themselves on the top of it, and they have been found lying under it, and they otherwise vary the ordinary mode of procedure.

But they soon learn better. The matron told us, 'The Maoris give far less trouble than the English; I would fifty times rather have them to teach and manage. They are more refined, than the English of the same class, who are often low and coarse in their thoughts and ways.'

'But,' said she or one of the Misses Williams, thereby confirming Mrs. Taylor of Wanganui's testimony, 'it is very difficult at first to teach a Maori girl what obedience means. She has never been taught at home to obey, or been expected to do so. The mothers have absolutely no control over their children.'

The girls seem to have plenty of liberty, and they look very bright and happy, but they take fits of being very shy with strangers. A very big girl of fifteen popped behind the kitchen door when she saw us coming, and stood there half-laughing, half-frightened. But shyness may produce tears as well as laughter, and whether these flow from terror or pleasure at one's notice it will be difficult to say, for a Maori's tears are ever ready to fall.

One room we were not allowed to go into. It is entirely sacred to the children; there they can keep

their treasures, and do just what they like; and there no teacher ever comes save when, once a week, the matron puts her head inside to see that all is tidy and straight. Little gardens too they have of their own, and these we were taken out to see, for the children are very fond of them. We saw too the very large shed which Mr. Samuel Williams has given to the school, so that when it is too wet to go in the playground the girls may still be able to amuse themselves in the fresh air, quite independent of weather,—though, indeed, Napier weather is almost always fine, and the climate of the whole of Hawkes Bay seems to be exceptionally good. Spite of shyness, groups of children surrounded us in the playground, and were delighted to hear about girls in Birmingham and London; and we were not allowed to leave without a promise that we would come back again.

The influence of a school like this on the lives of the pupils is sometimes shown in most encouraging ways. One of the girls, on her return to her home in the Wairoa district for the two months' annual vacation, was distressed by the dirty state of the *whare*, and managed on her part greatly to distress her mother. The poor woman came to one of the missionaries, entreating,

‘Do stop my girl; she kill herself, she work so hard; she all cleaning, do nothing but scrub.’

Needless to say, she had come to the wrong quarter for sympathy. One of the girls whom we saw, a monitress, had lately been in for an open scholarship examination.

‘We must look after this No. 6; he will be useful

to us by-and-by,' said one of the Government examiners, struck by the excellence of the papers. What was his disgust to find that the prize had been carried off, the first place gained, by a girl! and, insult added to injury, a girl with Maori blood in her veins! Another of the children whom we saw at the school was, we were told, so intelligent over all her studies, and knew her Bible so well, that her father, himself a native preacher, only wished that she were a boy, that she too might be a minister.

A little before our visit, word had come from the Church Missionary Society that the annual grant of £200 for this school, which just covered the salaries of matron and teacher, would henceforth be withdrawn; and this resolution, added to the local want of interest, was just now causing our friends some anxiety. But 'the silver and gold are the Lord's,' and He will never let so good a work fall through for lack of funds.

In the afternoon I went to the cemetery, and was struck by the number of graves of those who have been drowned, or who have been massacred in disturbances amongst the Maoris. The Church of England clergyman showed me his school too, of which he is deservedly proud. I like the look of the polished wood in every good building here; and as to the cardboard appearance of the less pretentious of the wood houses, one is reconciled to them when one remembers that no earthquake is ever able to shake these buildings down. Every brick chimney in a town might fall, but not one of these white, flimsy-looking, planked erections.

The weekly Bible-reading held by the bishop at Mrs. Williams's house finished the day, and about twenty-two persons were present. The comfort of such little meetings in the colonies held by such a man can only be realised by those who know something of the dryness and deadness of many of the churches, and the comparative isolation of many of the more earnest Christians. Almost wherever we went, Elijah's sad cry seemed to haunt us, 'I, even I only, am left.' Of course we know that Elijah was making a great mistake when he uttered this lament ; but, mistake or no, he did feel very lonely, and he was no doubt deeply grateful to God for the material and social refreshment which was provided in the wilderness to meet his need.

CHAPTER XIII.

NAPIER (*continued*).

Thus they discoursed together till late at night ; and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest. The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the Sunrising. The name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang,

Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus for the men that Pilgrims are?

THE hills of New Zealand are often very singular in shape, and no more resemble our Scotch ranges than semi-detached villas resemble the long lines of Oxford Street. They may be seen rising up straight from the ground, square-sided and probably peaked, in broken bulgy masses. Situated as we now were in the hilly part of Napier, we saw that it was composed, not of one, but of five or six hills, from one side or other of which new beauties, new phases of scenery, were constantly revealing themselves to us.

Everywhere the light green foliage of the graceful willow might be seen, contrasting with the dark bluish hue of the eucalyptus under whose protecting shade pretty villas nestled, or with the rich deep colouring of the stiff handsome Norfolk pine.

Heliotrope ten feet in height perfumed the air with sweetness, while peach-trees and tall bright geranium hedges gave colour to the scene, and the prickly pear defiantly dared approach from man or beast.

The streets of Napier are called after eminent men, and especially after authors. Thus, at any turn one may come upon the names of Byron, Carlyle, Chaucer, Emerson, Milton, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Thomson, etc. Speaking of names, we were amused to find that a family of Lions lived at the foot of one of the hills, and a family of Lambs at the foot of another; whilst amongst the Post Office employés a Mr. Hen, a Mr. Chicken, and a Mr. Grubb were lately to be found. The general plan at Napier with regard to one's letters is to have a private box at the Post Office, into which correspondence is put on arrival, and from which one fetches it at will. Public-houses have not flourished in the town since a raid which was once made upon them, I do not know exactly when, by Good Templars; and certainly, notwithstanding all one hears about the drinking in New Zealand, the passing stranger sees very little of this evil either in Napier or elsewhere in the North Island.

Situated as we were now, not only in the heart of the hills, but once more in the midst of mission work, associations, and information, we had constant food wherewith to satisfy our ever-growing interest in the Maori race.

A day or two after our arrival we were greatly amused and interested by a letter which had just arrived from the Bay of Islands, giving an account

of the consecration of a church and of a native wedding which afterwards took place. There were far too many people to get into the church, and the overflow had to remain outside. But when the collection was taken up the plate was brought out by a Maori and the farthest straggler was pursued, while the congregation within had to wait patiently until the collector had convinced himself that he had got all he was likely to get.

When the wedding was over the bridegroom put his arm into the bride's, as is the correct fashion, and off they went to the breakfast. Any one who had looked in soon afterwards might have seen the happy pair sitting before their cake, with their bridesmaids all in a row on the same side of the table. Presently eight or ten waiters came in (young men highly esteem the honour of being allowed to wait at feasts), and each began his duties by kissing the whole of the wedding party, beginning at the bridegroom. Four hundred and sixty-three cakes had been prepared in Maori ovens for this double festivity, and a hundred plum puddings; besides which, provision had been made of beef, pork, and English home-made buns in abundance.

Hospitality is practised on a large scale in New Zealand, not only by the native, but, as we had proved, by the European community; and in olden times this was still more the case. The missionary's house was then the natural hotel of the stranger, and great was the interest of some of the passing acquaintanceships and friendships thus formed. One day in 1835, when Mrs. Williams

was sitting at tea at Waimate, in the Bay of Islands, surrounded by her own and Mrs. Henry Williams's children, thirteen little ones in all, two gentlemen appeared, who proved to be Darwin and Mr. (afterwards Admiral) Fitzroy. They had lately landed from the *Beagle*, and had come to Waimate to claim the shelter and welcome which had been promised and was heartily accorded them. In Darwin's account of his voyage he tells of this incident¹ and speaks admiringly of the large band of little cousins he found assembled. As to the children, the only tradition preserved amongst them of this their first and last introduction to the man who was afterwards to make so great a noise in the world, is the fact that he went out next

¹ At length we reached Waimate. After having passed over so many miles of an uninhabited useless country, the sudden appearance of an English farmhouse, and its well-dressed fields, placed there as if by an enchanter's wand, was exceedingly pleasant. . . . Native workmanship, taught by the missionaries, has effected this change; the lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand. The house had been built, the fields ploughed, and even the trees grafted, by the New Zealander. At the mill a New Zealander was seen powdered white with flour, like his brother in England. When I looked at this whole scene, I thought it admirable. . . .

Late in the evening I went to Mr. Williams's house, where I passed the night. I found there a large party of children, collected together for Christmas Day, and all sitting round a table at tea. I never saw a nicer or more merry group; and to think that this was in the centre of the land of cannibalism, murder, and all atrocious crimes! The cordiality and happiness so plainly pictured in the faces of the little circle appeared equally felt by the older persons of the mission. . . . I took leave of the missionaries (Williams, Davies, and Clarke) with thankfulness for their kind welcome and with feelings of high respect for their gentlemanlike, useful, and upright characters. I think it would be difficult to find a body of men better adapted for the high office which they fulfil.—*Naturalist's Voyage Round the World*.

morning into the garden to gather sage to eat with his bread-and-butter. This, for some reason unexplained, made a deep impression on their minds.

The evening of September 11th we spent at Bishop Stuart's. Those who talk discontentedly of the large incomes and the extravagant living of bishops would do well to visit this wee house—this cottage, one might almost call it—with its modest establishment of two servants, its simple, social life, world-wide mission interests, and self-denying whole-hearted mission labours.

Once a week the native lay-readers, who conduct services in the surrounding *pas* when not relieved by the European mission staff, come into Napier on horseback or by train, and meet at the bishop's house. Here they first have a singing lesson from Miss Stuart, and then the bishop has a homiletic class, giving his students hints on preaching, and a verbal and chromographed outline of a sermon for their future use.

It is thought better in many cases that these readers should remain unordained. Giving their services freely, as they do, in some cases if not in all, they are, in their present position, thoroughly respected by their countrymen; but, were they ordained, more would at once be expected of them, and did they fail to come up to the native idea of what a minister ought to be, they would be despised. When a man, however, is found of undoubted efficiency, combined with a trust-inspiring weight of character, it is another thing. Such men, and such alone, it is important to secure to the native ordained ecclesiastical body,

more especially at the present juncture, when our older missionaries are dying off, and there is a check to the supply of new men from home to fill their places.

The Church of England polity seems suited to the Maori mind, especially in the present constitution of the New Zealand Church, which provides for a general synodical representation of clergy and laity, the lay members being chosen by the people.

Mr. Samuel Williams, who came in while we were at the bishop's, amused us by a story he told of his father, to whom a certain old chief used to be most perseveringly threatening, arrogant, and troublesome. One day the archdeacon, partly in fun, partly in the hope of effecting a diversion in the mind of his visitor which should cause him to take himself off, placed an extended telescope against his chest, and then quickly closed it. Seeing the instrument collapse, the chief was in great terror, imagining that the vanished part had run through his body, and so great was his relief on finding that he was not injured, that he became all submission, and went quietly away with the determination no more to persecute a Pakeha so superior, so supernaturally gifted as was the archdeacon.

Some such strong (?) measures have been useful on more than one occasion in dealing with the natives. Mr. Baker, father of our Wellington friend, was pestered by one of them, who demanded to be bled. There was no need for surgical interference, but, the man persisting, the missionary caught up a carving knife and ran at him, saying,

‘Now then, I’ll bleed you!’

Now, however, the patient declined his services; which was, all things considered, fortunate.

The intense love that the Maoris have for being doctored is gratified by one missionary we heard of by doses of bread pills, and directions that the patient is to wash well before taking them. The washing is certainly likely to be useful, and as to the bread pills—perhaps, as a London physician said to me about his own nervous cases,

‘They would be ill if they did *not* have them.’

So universal is the medical reputation, and constant the practice of the missionary, that when the Bishop of Waiapu’s daughters were little, one of their favourite games was to bring extemporised dolls (they had no real ones) on their backs, Maori fashion, to their father, with plaintive appeals for medicine. The natives were always coming for physic and advice; why should not they? When he had time he would make them up little sugar powders, and send them off jubilant, to offer the medicine to their babes and to take it themselves.

Our Sunday at Hukarere was an interesting one. In the morning we went to the English Church, horse, carriage, and rugs remaining quietly waiting for us outside. The people of New Zealand are so singularly honest that there is small need to protect one’s property. I have seen valises or handbags left on the platform of a train, while natives and others passed and repassed it continually. The owner might sit within the carriage without thought for his luggage. He was sure to find it where it had been left.

In the afternoon the girls of the Maori School were divided into two classes, which my sister and I took. Those who knew English well—sixteen in all—fell to my share; and the younger, or more ignorant, to L.'s. I took the story of Bartimæus, letting the girls read it all together to give them



UNCIVILISED MAORI GIRL.

courage, and told them, with illustrations by the way, how none are beyond the grace of God, it they will only come when they are called and cast aside all that hinders. At the end of nearly an hour I thought they must be tired. 'No, go on,' said they, under their breath; and I went on for a quarter of an hour longer, telling them about the

English and Scotch children, who are as interesting to them as Maoris are to a young Scotch or English audience.

Meantime L., by dint of pictures and simple words slowly spoken, had contrived to tell her children the story of the Prodigal Son. It was truly characteristic of the hospitable and courteous Maori nature that the part of the story which touched them most was this—that when the poor boy had spent all his money ‘no man gave unto him.’ Several of the girls cried, and there were deep sighs and notes of disapprobation. After the story came singing, and this was so much enjoyed that the teacher for long found it quite impossible to dismiss her class. The deep attention and the earnest loving faces of these dear Maori children do one’s heart good. The Bible stories are of the greatest possible interest to them. They burst out laughing one day over the story of Eutychus, as they pictured to themselves the poor young man’s vain efforts to keep awake, while the Apostle went quietly on and on preaching. They saw the whole scene, and it thoroughly amused them. ‘What! is Jerusalem in the world?’ Miss Kate Williams was asked when she spoke of an aunt of hers having been there. To one of the girls, a European without any previous religious training, ‘the story of Joseph had all the charm of a three-volume novel.’ The broken English of these children, mixed as it is sometimes with the native idiom, is very pretty. ‘I am very sorry for you,’ writes one (the exact translation of the Maori words, ‘great is my love for you’). And another, ‘I hope you will write a

very kind letter to your dear girls.' They are very loving, and it is probably the extreme affectionateness of their disposition that makes them so easy to manage.

My brother-in-law's day was yet more full of interest than ours, for he went with Mr. Samuel Williams to preach in two outlying districts, one seven, one ten miles away. Arrived at the farthest, Omahu, they were received by the chief, Renata, who lives in a very English-looking house. This chief is called after the present Archdeacon of Waiapu, Rev. Leonard Williams, our L and D being replaced in the Maori tongue by R and T. Renata is not a man of the highest stamp of Christian character, but he does to a certain extent use his authority for good; for instance, he will fine for drunkenness those who come under his jurisdiction, and lay out the proceeds on the improvement of roads or the building of churches; and his European sympathies have an evident influence in his *pa* in matters of building and attire.

The church, which holds about a hundred, was fairly filled, and G., by the aid of his interpreter, Mr. Williams, preached on the words, 'That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.' He had a motley crowd before him.

'Of course one ought not,' was his after-account, 'to look at people's dress in church; but one could not help noticing what these men and women wore or did not wear as one stood face to face with them. Some might have taken as their motto, "All of the Maori and none of the Pakeha," and some "All of the Pakeha and none of the Maori," and the inter-

mediate links of departure from the old and approximation to the new style could be distinctly traced. I could not help feeling that it might just illustrate what the Bible says about "putting off" the old and "putting on" the new man.'

One article of clothing he especially remarked—a patchwork counterpane! The service was followed by a Bible class, for which a fair proportion of the congregation remained.

On the return from church Renata regaled his mission friends with a nicely cooked shoulder of mutton and pancakes.

'Do you think,' G. asked him, when he came in after dinner for a little talk, 'that I shot over the heads of the people in preaching to-day?'

'Oh, there are some people who always have the way of letting themselves be shot over.'

The Maoris are quick in repartee and illustration. An old woman criticising the length of a sermon complained:

'My calabash is full. Why give me any more water? it can only run over.'

Mr. Williams and G. now drove back to Waiohiki, a village which they had passed through on the way to Omahu. This is a very good specimen of a Christian *pa* with its small but prominent church and thatched and enclosed *whares*.

'We have had an accident with the buggy,' they told the people there (the rough jolting over bad roads had broken a spring).

'You deserved it for not staying to have morning service with us.'

They did their best to make up for their inability to be in two places at one time by staying now at Waiohiki for afternoon service, and in the little church, which holds about eighty persons, G. told of the unsatisfying water of earth, and of the soul-refreshing water which comes from heaven. A Confirmation class followed the service; and then the mission workers were free to turn homewards; and soon found themselves at the Hukarere tea-table.

Oh that tea-table! Its influences were inspiring, and I often contemplated writing an essay to describe some of its ideal charms. Cowper's description fails to reproduce the vision of the long table filled with children's children and other little ones of whom the house was always full; the ever-welcome guests; the band of daughters of the house, with their one mind, but varying good works; the beloved mother with her fourscore years—the heart and soul of all; and the peace and brightness and quiet merriment that reigned around as we 'welcomed peaceful evening in.'

Bedtime was the hardest part of the day at Hukarere. There was so much always to say and to hear in that house, and especially at that hour, that, comforting our consciences with the fallacious idea, 'while one is standing one is going,' we used to indulge in an hour or so of 'stand-up' with candle in hand before separating. But the last evening came, and we did virtuously resist the suggestion of one of the party that we had better follow the example of St. Paul at Troas, and stay up all night to have our talk out, seeing that we, like him, should have to depart at break of day.

At six a.m. came the summons to breakfast (at which we found nearly the entire household assembled); and a little later we found ourselves on board a tiny thirty-four-ton vessel, steaming away from Napier, which from the sea looked like a small Gibraltar, and on our way to the mission district of the Wairoa, where two Church of England missionaries, Mr. Hill and Mr. Goodyear, were at that time labouring.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAIROA DISTRICT.

Small souls enquire, Belongs this man
To our own race, or class, or clan?
But larger-hearted men embrace
As brothers all the human race.

Now I saw in my dream, that Christian went not forth alone, for there was one whose name was Hopeful . . . who joined himself unto him, and entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion.

September 17th—September 23rd.

LESS than six hours brought us to the bar of the Wairoa river, which can be passed only at certain tides, even by such cockle-shells as the Clyde. Here there is a peculiarly picturesque headland with cave, natural bridge, chimney-like projections, and level lines of dark red-brown stratification. About a mile up the river the Clyde dropped anchor, and we found ourselves in the midst of brown faces, there being only two hundred white inhabitants here within twelve or fifteen miles. We soon found our way to Mr. Hill's house, and within a few minutes it was completely settled that there we were to remain, my brother-in-law sleeping at

Mr. Goodyear's, and my sister and I taking Mr. and Mrs. Hill's room, while Mr. Goodyear turned into his parlour, Mr. Hill into his study, and Mrs. Hill into her sister's quarters. The making of these arrangements seemed to the mission party the most natural thing in the world, and we could not help feeling that we were welcome when we heard Mr. Hill begging his wife to make the breakfast half an hour earlier next morning,

‘Because the day will seem too short.’

He was all the more thankful for a little sympathy and interest in his work here, because his former experiences were amongst the large and flourishing congregations of Lagos, in West Africa, and the equally cheering home-mission labours of the Rev. Evan Hopkins, of Richmond, to whom he was for a time curate, and all here was looking to him by comparison somewhat dead and discouraging.

The Wairoa mission district extends over 140 miles, but at its further extremities lay readers are employed, and Mr. Hill and Mr. Goodyear were taking the more immediate charge, both spiritual and medical, of twelve of the nearest-lying villages.

‘This is more medical missionary work than anything else,’ was almost the first speech with which we were greeted by Mr. H.; and later on he showed me his great medicine chest (a ship surgeon's).

‘How do you get your medicines?’

‘The Church Missionary Society gave me some when I came out, but not many.’

‘And as you use those up what do you do?’

‘I buy some more.’

‘Out of your own money?’

‘Yes.’

He had three years of partial medical training in England, and used to spend about nine hours weekly at King’s and University College Hospitals; and he fairly delights in such work. Language is Mr. G.’s *forte*, and he seemed to have the power, too, of looking on the brightest side of every subject under consideration. So the gifts and qualities of the two friends were right well divided. They were a second Christian and Hopeful.

The district is a land of hills and vales, through which the blue winding Wairoa runs; and the day after our arrival being Saturday, half a dozen horses were mustered, and we rode off along the precipitous banks of the river towards a place called Hatepe, to make arrangements for the next day’s services. We reached Hatepe from the opposite shore, Turiroa, by means of a native canoe (*waka*)—a bit of hollowed wood, pointed at each end, with no seats, but with plenty of mud and water at the bottom. ‘*Haere mai! Haere mai!*’ (Come here! Come away!) shouted the chief on our approach, the cry of welcome being at once taken up by his followers. The said chief’s ragged trowsers and bare feet did not accord with his extremely aristocratic cast of countenance, or his name, George Grey.¹ His child, a dear little fellow two or three years old, was ill with fever; so Mr. Hill’s advice was called in, and we all went

¹ Sir George Grey was formerly Governor of New Zealand.

to see the church, which was built and paid for by the natives. It is of wood, and is matted all over. We also saw here the process of grinding the Indian maize, which the villagers seem to prepare and use in common.

All necessary preliminaries for next day's services having been settled, we re-crossed the river, got refreshments at the house of a hospitable settler, and having with infinite trouble caught and re-saddled the horses which had been left in his paddock, rode homewards.

Life without horses here would be *nil*. Distances are too great and roads too bad for one to think of dispensing with them. Every morning Mr. H.'s baby had her regular constitutional and sleep in her aunt's arms on horseback. And, indeed, 'Bobby' went with us almost everywhere. And it was the prettiest thing to see her sweet little face beaming with delight as she rode before one or other of her nurses, and to hear her shouts of ecstasy, 'Oh, Goodyear! Oh, Goodyear! Oh, Goodyear!' as we rode through some part which pleased her particularly.

On the Sunday we divided our forces, Mr. Goodyear, G., and L. going to Hatepe early and by boat to spend a long day in the *pa*, I remaining for Mr. Hill's English morning service, and riding over with him to join the others in the afternoon. It was a picturesque sight that met our eyes when we got to the village. George Grey had sent invitations to the people of surrounding *pas* to dine and attend church at Hatepe; and dinner being now over, about eighty persons — men,

women, and children—were sitting or standing about the grounds, waiting for the second service. Red and yellow dresses were conspicuous, and the women had handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

Our coming was the signal for the bell to begin, and immediately groups began to move towards the church. Many dogs belonging to this or other *pas* were scattered about amongst the people, and I now saw them eye one another somewhat shyly and doubtfully, and, taking heart of grace, form in close phalanx and march up gravely—eleven in all—to the door of the little building. I was quite sorry for them when Mr. Hill put their procession to flight; though, indeed, the church was scarcely large enough for the indulgence of both canine and human devotional (?) instincts.

Men sat on one side, women on the other, and the children in the front. Evening prayers were read in Maori (and I was quite proud to be able to find the place for the chief's wife once in the middle of a chant), and then Mr. Hill preached and Mr. Goodyear interpreted. The people listened with very fair attention, the men especially; the women and children have rather a way of walking in and out during the sermon. In the midst of interpreting Mr. Goodyear suddenly found that the thoughts of the people were completely distracted, and on looking round the corner he discovered the cause of the diversion. I had taken a Maori baby into my arms, and where I sat it could just see out of a window, and the waving green leaves excited as energetic cries of 'Dad-dad-dad-*dad*-da!' and 'Ah-a-a-a!' as any English child would have uttered under

similar circumstances. The little ones—and, indeed, almost every one in the church—had beautiful dark eyes. The New Zealand men and boys seem to me as a whole decidedly superior to those in England in the matter of looks.

L. and G. had had a pleasant but somewhat curious day. They had taken their own *kai* (food) with them, but Mr. Goodyear had begged them not to wound the feelings of the hospitable natives by letting it be seen. So they dined off the whitebait, potatoes, pumpkins, and tea which had been provided for them, and L. ate an egg with sincere content that no Maori 'could get inside that, at all events.' As for the rest, she tried not to think, but she could not help seeing a dog licking out one of the cooking saucepans, and wondering whether that had been done before the feast as well as after it. As to the natives, they ate with their hands, rubbing them afterwards clean (?) on the grass, while pigs and dogs clustered round for their share of the feast.

One is expected here, as in Oriental countries, to give as well as to take. A woman on the way to Hatepe entreated my brother-in-law to give her a pair of spectacles, telling him that if he did so he would be

'Good, good; very good!'

hugging herself to show how charming he would be under the circumstances, and assuring him that if he refused the gift he would be

'No good. Bah! no good minister at all.'

And the chief was just as urgent that my sister should give him a precious cabinet likeness of her

youngest boy, with frame, as a memorial of the day, and would scarcely take 'No' for an answer. Happily a less valuable photograph was at hand, which was accepted as substitute.

'Cup cocoa, Goodyear; good fellow, Goodyear; cup cocoa,' they are fond of asking, and if cocoa is not to be had they will laughingly say,

'Goodyear, you no good!'

Mr. G., with every desire to be sociable, had after a while to draw in his hospitalities a little, for he found that one Maori would take a sardine tin and finish up the contents of that, another the preserved salmon tin and polish that well out, and so on until he was left to recommence his bachelor housekeeping with an exhausted store-cupboard and a row of empty tins. On one occasion, when Bishop Stuart was coming to stay for a while in the Wairoa district, Mr. and Mrs. Hill invited nine chiefs to come and dine with him at their house. The hour fixed was half-past one, but at half-past seven a.m. on the day arranged the guests began to arrive! Mr. and Mrs. Hill said, of course, that it was far too early, and they went off and sat contentedly all the morning on the banks of the river. But lo! at dinner-time *twenty-one* guests instead of the nine who had been invited appeared. Mrs. H. had ordered in and cooked twenty-eight pounds of meat, and had prepared indefinite quantities of pudding and vegetables even for the nine; so, as may well be imagined, the twenty-one made short work of the meal. Even the bones were picked, and not an ounce of anything was left.

The Sunday missionary journey was not our last

in the Wairoa, but for fear of being wearisome I will hasten over the remainder of our stay in the district. Up to the last our friends hoped that a southerly wind might spring up and delay our return to Napier; but no, at the appointed time the Clyde left the little pier and recrossed the bar; and in due course we were once more back for a little season, a sort of postscript visit, at Hukarere.

One thing during our return journey interested me deeply—a long talk which I had with a priest, an earnest intelligent Roman Catholic missionary. He was, I found, going through some of the trying experiences of our pioneers in the mission field of New Zealand. Not understanding English, and unable therefore to make use of our Maori dictionary or grammar, he was, he told me, making the language out word by word by himself, or with such aid as he could get by the way from another French-speaking worker somewhat more advanced than himself.

We talked together over some French verses of F. R. Havergal's, which I happened to have with me, and about the difficulties of translators; and thence we passed on to the consideration of Christ's mode of preaching, of missionary toils and loneliness, of Christ's nearness to the desolate heart, and of the relation which prayer and work bear to each other. In speaking of the sorrows, changes, and disappointments of earth, he said,

'The joy of Heaven will be to feel that we can never lose it.'

And then followed a deeply interesting conversation on the subject of assurance. But '*Je l'espère*'

was the only answer to my 'Au revoir' as we left the boat, though he knew what I meant; and to the last he looked sad. I longed for him to be able to apply with more comfort to himself the figures of the Brazen Serpent and of the Paschal Lamb of which he had spoken in the course of conversation as most perfect types of Christ.

'The Old Testament figures are parables in action'

Well! God can teach him all that he yet needs to know, and 'who teacheth like Him'? Full many a one who cannot yet with Hopeful say, 'I feel the bottom and it is good,' shall, like Christian, 'presently' find ground to stand upon, and so get over, and behold His face with joy whose countenance they 'have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun.'

CHAPTER XV.

THE TE AUTE BOYS' SCHOOL.

September 23rd—September 26th.

NEXT day the long-talked-of visit to the Te Aute Boys' School took place. But poor L., alas! could not go. She was quite overdone with the excitement and fatigues of the Wairoa, and had to remain quietly at Hukarere.

Semi-civilisations have their own peculiar advantages. My brother-in-law and I were set down after an early train journey of two hours and a half—not at a station, but at a crossing near our destination. Such an arrangement would scarcely be found feasible in England—near Clapham Junction, for instance.

After a second breakfast at Mr. Samuel Williams's we went straight off to the school-house, where forty-two particularly nice bright-looking boys from about fourteen to eighteen years of age were ranged at desks all down the long side of a large school-room. The full number of scholars is forty-four, but one was just now away on leave, and another was ill and at the Napier Hospital, where we had seen him on the occasion of our visit there. Here,

as at the girls' school, we saw a good many bare feet ; and here, as there, a few white faces gleamed out amidst the brown—a destitute English lad being occasionally received to fill up a vacancy.

The boys are educated up to the matriculation standard of the New Zealand University ; they read English fluently and intelligently, do advanced arithmetic, algebra, parsing, and analysis, draw maps and write essays. G. asked some of them a number of questions, and they answered admirably.

‘Tell me some of the chief towns of England?’ ‘On what river is Liverpool?’ ‘For what are Sheffield, Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham famous?’ ‘Why do not we fall off at the Antipodes?’ ‘What would you call the force which causes the attraction of the earth?’ And so on, and so on, through English and New Zealand geography, and the history of the Old and New Testaments, etc.

It seemed next to impossible to puzzle them, though G. was told to question them anywhere. A gentleman who was visiting the school did one day do all in his power to puzzle them, and failed. One of the answers given to G.’s questions amused us.

‘What is Canterbury famous for?’

‘It is the preaching headquarters.’

At mental arithmetic the boys are very quick, coming out with the answer almost before the interrogator himself knows what it is. They are right well taught by the head master, who thoroughly loves the Maori race, and wins the hearts of all of his boys.

While G. was examining I took the likeness of one of the class whose face struck me particularly, and I was told afterwards of this lad :

‘He is the head of the school and looked up to by all his companions, is an extremely nice fellow, and has expressed a desire to enter the ministry.’

In the same class was a son of one of the Wairoa lay readers. The lads who go to Te Aute are not expected to work afterwards as preachers ; but, though it is not felt wise in any way to trammel them as to their future, a hope is always felt that from this school may go forth a band of God-fearing men who shall, whether as laymen or ministers, bear the Word of Life to their fellow-countrymen. Aaron, the native teacher at Putiki, near Wanganui, was a Te Aute scholar.

The boys sang ‘The Crystal Spring,’ ‘Tramp, tramp’ (which they greatly enjoyed), and something else which I forget ; and then we went over the school dwelling-house, which stands between the school proper and the master’s house. This dwelling-house is under the charge of a man and his wife, but the boys themselves do a good deal of the necessary domestic work—washing up, sweeping rooms, carrying in meals, and going errands.

There are three dormitories, one containing twenty, another nineteen, and the other five beds. Maoris much prefer carpet bags to anything else for travelling purposes, and it was amusing to see the number of these bags hanging up in the bedrooms, and to see the feathers in some of the boys’ Sunday hats. Feathers are the Maori’s idea of what looks nice. Whether man or woman it

makes no difference, feathers are the right thing to wear.

From bedrooms, kitchens, etc., we came to the dining-room, where the boys were waiting to begin their dinner of roast beef, bread, and potatoes. G. said grace, and straightway all set to work, while we went back to Mr. Williams's house and followed their example.

I must not forget to speak of a visit to the room of the second master. It was a complete museum. Chemistry, geology, electricity, every natural science seemed to have found a place there, and there was scarcely a foot of space on walls or tables which remained uncovered. Mr. W. was delighted to find some one who cared to see his treasures, and finding that I was looking at them with the eyes of one of my absent brothers, he promised to bring me up a selection from them that evening to take home with me. And he kept his word, saying,

‘I would have given you moa bones, and a whole case of things, but I had no time to put them up, and it might have added too much to your luggage.’

In the afternoon I went back to the school, and wandered over the grounds with the head master's wife, under the escort of a bright, clever half-caste, who, like his sister at the Napier Girls' School, has gained one of the open Government Scholarships. The boys were very anxious for Mrs. Thornton to decide which of their little gardens was the best ; but that was a difficult business, and we did instead what Adelaide Procter would have considered very improper ;—set

the sacred crown of praise,
Smiling, on the head of all

the young gardeners. The boys grow quantities of strawberries.

‘How do you manage to plant them out in such straight rows?’

‘With flax.’

Flax makes capital impromptu string. Tear one of the leaves, ten feet long perhaps, into four or six pieces, and knot these together, and one has a famous substitute for strong cord.

The boys were some of them away spearing eels. They have favourite amusements for various parts of the year, such as this eel-spearing, and cricketing, and walking on stilts, and they begin them almost to the day. Soon a large number of the absentees returned, and vaulting and jumping began. Athletic sports are a great delight to these boys. We saw them jump four feet nine inches without a pole, and a great deal higher with one. One of the best jumpers and another big fellow ran away and eyed us from a distance.

‘Why don’t you come and jump?’

‘We are ashamed,’ *i.e.*, shy.

It was amusing to see the boys when I produced Lemuel’s likeness. They looked at the original and laughed, but were all for long too ‘ashamed’ to say his name. These schoolboys are singularly fearless, however, in one most important respect, that of speaking the truth.

‘If there is a thing that ought to be known and that can be known, I am sure to know it,’ said Mr. Thornton; ‘the boy concerned will tell me himself. All are as open and honest as possible, with no thought of concealing anything from me. There is

never any need for talebearing or anything unpleasant of that sort.'

At last the tea-bell rang, and we left the boys looking beamingly happy over their bread-and-treacle. However much 'ashamed' they may feel, they are evidently interested and amused by the coming of visitors.

Mr. Samuel Williams paid them yet another visit that day, at the evening Bible-reading hour. At this time he always speaks to them in their own language. As a rule the boys learn, and are expected to speak, entirely in English; and thus it is that they attain the proficiency which has enabled them to take scholarships against English boys. One of the qualifications of the second master for his post was this,—an utter ignorance of the Maori tongue.

Such schools as this and the one at Napier are the hope of any country and of any people amongst which they may be found. Some may call the work slow, and some secular; but the foundations—the roots which lie deep remain; and to a Christian no work is 'secular.' The objects which he has in view—the advancement of Christ's kingdom, the bringing of others into closer relations with the mind of God—glorify his most ordinary work, and make it sacred both in his own eyes and in the eyes of Him who seeth not as man seeth, and who needeth not to 'make haste.'

We saw at Te Aute many more of that colony which is known as the G. W. F. (the great Williams family), which numbered at that time a hundred and thirteen living children, grandchildren, and great-

grandchildren, descendants of the two brothers who left England for this country in the third decade of the century. In 1823, when Mr. Henry Williams first came out, our Te Aute host was a little fellow of about two years of age, and just as the ship came to land his mother was putting him into a bath. All at once the door opened, and a little brown unclothed baby boy of the same age was popped inside the cabin by Mr. Samuel Marsden. Both babies were quite frightened, and they screamed lustily at each other.

It was deeply interesting as we went back next morning to Napier to hear from one so intimately connected for nearly sixty years with the mission field of New Zealand details as to the past and present attitude of its missions and missionaries, in relation especially to their connection with the Church Missionary Society.

Mr. Williams had to leave us half way, but the evening found him once more at Hukarere, holding an extremely long Confirmation class with the native schoolgirls. *They* would not call it long. Like the old Scotchwoman (in Harris, I think) whose minister had preached for four hours before and three hours after the fencing of the tables, they would only say, if they said anything,

‘Didn’t he keep it up *grond*?’

The next day the Confirmation was held at a place some miles away. It was very tantalising not to be able to go to see it, but the boat for Gisborne leaves Napier only once a week, and our sole chance of seeing the Archdeacon of Waiapu—who lives there, and who had invited us—was to

start by this day's steamer, as he was on the eve of a five weeks' missionary tour. After the Confirmation party had started I went into the study to see a sick schoolgirl, who was being nursed by her dear Hukarere friends. She was to have been confirmed to-day, and felt the disappointment of her illness very much, but said, with tears in her eyes,

'God knows best.'

She heard me read from the Maori Bible, laughed merrily over my mistakes, and said, 'You are getting clever' when I translated one of the verses. Then she turned to Rev. xx., which she said she had been reading when I came in, but had failed to understand. Georgina was, we then felt, a most sincere Christian, and every account of her since has been very satisfactory and cheering, though the home from which she comes is anything but what one would desire. Her voice is one of the most musical I ever heard, and her face a living testimonial to her worth which may be known and read of all men.

At midday dinner our ship came in sight, and about eight p.m. she had weighed anchor, our last 'Good-bye' had been said, and Napier lay looking her loveliest—slowly fading from our eyes in the soft light of the sunset.

CHAPTER XVI.

GISBORNE.

At home, in the closet, one may read history, but one can realise it, as if it were something personally experienced, only on the spot where it was lived. This seems to me the prime use of travel ; and to create the reader a partner in the enterprise and a sharer in its realisation seems the sole excuse for books of travel, now when modern facilities have abolished hardship and danger and adventure, and nothing is more likely to happen to one in Florence than in Fitzburg.

W. D. HOWELLS.

September 27th—October 10th.

ABOUT five a.m. we anchored off Gisborne. Having been told that the (life)boat would not take us off till seven we rested quietly for an hour longer, and then were suddenly told that we must leave at once. It was a tremendous scrimmage to get away, but we managed it somehow. There is no proper harbour at Gisborne, only an open roadway ; so we had a long row to shore and a not very enjoyable one, for we were packed like herrings in a barrel—the large boat being completely crammed with passengers and luggage.

On the pier a gentleman was awaiting us whose appearance and bearing attracted us in a moment, the more so perhaps from a secret sense of the contrast afforded by our own hurried toilettes and

flurried minds. He was tall, straight, and spare, of middle age, with quite black suit and long grey beard, with a calmness and dignity of manner which would grace any 'Very Reverend' in any land, a kindliness of expression and manner which would bring sunlight into any social circle, and, as we had previously heard and afterwards proved by personal experience, a variety of information on every subject, which has well earned him the name of 'The Walking Encyclopædia.' This was the Rev. Leonard Williams, Archdeacon of Waiapu, and son of the old bishop. We speedily found ourselves very much at home in the midst of his houseful of sons, daughters, and nephews, and he spent the whole of the first evening in helping me to sort and name my collection of ferns.

Soon after breakfast next morning horses were saddled, and the archdeacon, G., and I started off for a sixteen or eighteen mile ride to see a remarkable Maori church at Whakato.

Gisborne, or Poverty Bay—a misnomer given by Cook, who did not happen to get what *he* required there—is situated on a plain which, excepting on the side open to the sea, is quite encircled by hills. In this plain little bush is left, but homesteads are dotted here and there, and fields, sheep-runs, and waste-looking ground are variegated by poplars or by the light and dark green of the willow and eucalyptus. The roads which we had seen and despised in other places seemed to us now, in comparison with those of this neighbourhood, to have been kings and queens! Here, four or even eight yoke of oxen are needed to drag timber carts along.

Imported larks have taken kindly to this place and are very abundant, singing many a song of the earthly and of the heavenly home from the depths of the blue sky to him who has eyes and ears to spare from the toil and moil of a settler's life.

The streets of Gisborne carry one into the arena of politics even as those of Napier took one into the realms of literature. Palmerston, Gladstone, and Aberdeen Roads, and Childers, Cobden, Peel, and Bright Streets are all to be found here.

Through the main street of the town on the morning of which I am speaking we emerged upon the broad road which leads towards Whakato. We crossed the Waipawa river by a substantial wooden bridge, the parapet of which is ninety feet above the lowest part of the piles, which are sunk forty feet below the bed of the river. A smaller bridge spans a little tributary of the Waipawa at a short distance from the church which was the object of our ride. About half way between Gisborne and Whakato we passed through Matawhero, the site of one of the terrible massacres of the time of the Hau Hau and Te Kooti risings (between 1865-8), and were shown where the different victims fell. The first house attacked was that of Colonel Biggs, one of the armed constabulary. On going to the door to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, he was shot down by a volley of musketry. A young man escaping from this house gave warning to a friend, who with his family was able to make good his flight to the coast, and a woman with a family of seven children also managed to get safely away ;

but, amongst other tragedies of those fearful moments, the brother of our kind friend Mr. W., near Bull's Town, and the whole of his family save one little boy, lost their lives. The mother was only wounded, not killed, and after a considerable time the little fellow contrived to procure help for her from Gisborne. But the aid came too late to save her, though the next few weeks were soothed by everything that Christian love and kindness could do. And surely it was better as it was.

We found the church in an enclosure, which is surrounded by wire fence, and adorned (?) at each corner by one of the tall, ugly figures carved in wood which are characteristic of Maori art. Outside, the building has no pretensions to beauty. It is a plain wooden edifice, 90 feet long by 38 wide, with walls 12 feet high; while, from the floor to the ridge-pole, the roof rises to a height of 25 feet. Within, it is interesting, but is in very bad repair. It was begun in 1850, and was scarcely finished before troublous times dawned upon the country round, and upset everything. And so it is that one now sees here broken roof, windows boarded up (only one being glazed), and iron framework for the glass panes lying rusting on the ground. The floor is unfortunately made of white pine, and is so rotten that it gave way in one part under my feet. The cost of repairing the place would be about £1,150, and the archdeacon seemed desirous that the Maoris should set aside the rent of a certain piece of land which belongs to them as a sort of restoration fund. As a specimen of native ecclesiastical architecture the church would be well

worth preserving, and—though the large *pa* which used to be here is now broken up, and its inmates are scattered far away—it might still be used on occasion for such congregations as can be got together; and might answer as a sort of cathedral, for native ordinations, etc.

A row of totara poles, each with two terminal arms or supports, divides the large open area of the church into aisles. The branch pieces and roof are painted with a curious pattern on a white background, and the walls are most elaborately ornamented with slabs of totara wood twelve feet in length, which are placed at regular intervals, stained with red ochre, richly carved with a great variety of designs, and lightened up in Maori fashion with the brilliant pawa shell, so that glaring eyes stare at one from every direction.

Two native ministers breakfasted with us before we started for Whakato, one of them a very fine old man. Neither of them could speak English. They say they would like to go to England on condition that Archdeacon Williams would take them, and interpret for them.

‘For in speaking English we are but two wooden images.’

Ignorant as they were of his language, and little as he knew of theirs, these good men were delighted to see G., whom they touchingly spoke of as ‘My other brother.’ Union in Christ and in work for Christ is stronger than the barriers of language and race.

‘Has he come to take up missionary work here?’ they anxiously inquired.

Now my sister, in answer to all queries of this kind, and entreaties to remain (which were not infrequent), was wont to tell of her 'four piccannies in England'; but my brother-in-law now urged another claim, which ought, one would think, to have gone straight home to the hearts of ministers.



MAORI CHIEF WEARING THE HUIA FEATHERS.

'I have thirteen thousand in my parish in England, who are waiting my return.'

Not a bit were they moved.

'Your lambs are tame ones, and they get on very well without you.'

The next day Kerehona, a man we had admired on a former occasion, came with his wife, and dined with us; for he was to accompany the archdeacon on his missionary tour, and it was time for the two to set off. The archdeacon's



UNCIVILISED MAORI WOMAN, WITH PIPE READY FOR USE IN
ONE EAR AND A SHARK'S TOOTH IN THE OTHER.

luggage on these occasions would be the admiration of any military man. His horse has to carry his baggage as well as himself, and as all additional weight and bulk make a difference, both ecclesiastical and personal effects have to be weeded

over and condensed into the smallest possible 'pocket' compass.

Kerehona's wife looked quite Europeanised but for the shark's teeth tied into her ears with black ribbon, the arrangement of her shawl, and the two huia feathers sticking upright in her hat. The huia is now very difficult to find, so we duly appreciated the kindly feeling of Mrs. Kerehona when, on going away, she took out her feathery adornments and stuck them up straight in my sister's hair.

'It is a love-token ; my heart goes out to you.'

Gisborne was a famous place for seeing the natives ; and the archdeacon's house was a famous place for making acquaintance with them, for they used to come up there for medicines, and were only too delighted if we would sit down by them under the verandah and talk Maori (?) to them. If our dozen or two of words were exhausted after being twisted into sentences of every possible form, we could still get the dictionary and manage word by word, with the help of a little patience on both sides, to pick out something new to say. Our pronunciation was not perfect, certainly, but that only made all the more amusement ! And the Gospel is so simple, and can be put in so few words, that no one can excuse himself for long in any country for withholding it from others. He may at least preach as L. soon began to do. 'English bad, Maori bad ; God good, God loves us.'

'The worst of it is,' said a dear little boy at Gisborne, 'that though I can speak to the Maoris

myself, if I think about it beforehand and look out the words in a dictionary, I cannot understand them at all when they answer me!’

This little fellow and his brothers had a possession which would charm any English boy—a pony with a little foal; the pony having been bought with the savings from their weekly twopences, which had in time amounted to the requisite sum—thirty shillings. Our English children would be amused and interested too by one of our Gisborne articles of diet—kaka-pie. The kaka is a red-breasted parrot which the natives teach to talk. We heard of one kaka which could say the Lord’s Prayer through in Maori, and perhaps it repeated the words with quite as much sense of their meaning as many a one of us has often done. A gentleman from Dunedin told us once what a pest the pretty parrakeets prove there.

‘It is years since I have had an atom of fruit from my garden. You can’t daunt these birds by any means. You may shoot a number and string them in a long row and hang them up, and the others will only go and sit upon them and go on as they did before. I wouldn’t grudge them a little fruit if they would really eat it, but one may gather up handfuls of gooseberries in a morning with just one peck out of each. They never take a second.’

Te Rau Kakikatea, or White Pine Leaf, was, we found, like Hukarere, a convalescent home for those who needed change, as well as a dispensary for those who were sick; while to drive with Mrs. Leonard Williams was just like accompanying a doctor on his rounds. She had a word of inquiry

and a piece of advice or practical aid for all whom she met—Maoris or Europeans; and since our visit to Poverty Bay one verse in the Bible has been inseparably connected with her in my mind:—‘He called her name Eve, because she was the mother of all living.’

‘It is not really kind of me to look after people,’ she used to say, ‘I enjoy it so much.’

One day G. and I rode to Waiohika and stayed the night at the house of a gentleman, a nephew of Bishop Gray, of Cape Town, who has a sheep-run there. Cousins of Sir Bartle Frere were living with Mr. Gray, so we were quite in the midst of South African associations. Waiohika is within sight of Bishop Williams’s old mission station of Waerengahika, whence he and his son and their families had to fly at the time of the Hau Hau rising. When the insurgents destroyed other property in the neighbourhood they would have burned the bishop’s house as well, but for a faithful old man-servant, who sat down in the midst of it with all his family, saying,

‘If you burn it you shall also burn us.’

He had been left in charge, and kept his trust nobly. This house was afterwards occupied by the colonial troops, and is now removed and sold. It was at this season that the bishop’s permanent home was transferred to Napier. His son, however, remained at Gisborne in a little moveable six-roomed cottage, which was placed on the cliffs at a good post of observation and close to the shore. Here he received refugees (at one time there were as many as twenty-six in the cottage), and wrote a

diary of passing events. This journal, with notes and comments from Mrs. Williams, was our evening reading whilst we remained at Poverty Bay; and it, together with our visits to the various sites of the massacres and to the last resting-place of thirty-two of the victims of those days, brought the whole story of the rebellions most vividly before our minds.

The little cottage has been brought across the river, and is now used for native deacons and their wives when they come in the winter months to reside in Napier for instruction. In the morning the women do the work of the house, which is duly portioned out; and it is done beautifully, without disputing, and in English style. At meals a tablecloth and knives and forks are used. Four or five days a week in the afternoon the archdeacon teaches the men, and his wife the women; and in the evening smoking and knitting go on (for Mrs. Williams has taught her pupils to knit), and I am afraid that the smoking is not always confined to the men. When they are all alone they squat, and I suppose this must be very delightful when one is used to it, for the Maori Members of Parliament have been found enjoying themselves thus in their own private room in the House of Representatives. To the uninitiated the attitude looks and feels uncomfortable, for the Maori does not sit down on the ground like a Turk; he looks more as if he were playing the old-fashioned children's game of 'honey-pots.'

Our ride to Mr. Gray's at Waiohika was the roughest we had all the time we were away.

The country all around Gisborne has a wild, desolate look, and especially in the direction we were going. The land is, I understand, called alluvial, but I should have been inclined to call it bog or swamp; and the boy sent to fetch us took us, I think, as nearly as possible, 'as the crow flies.' We trampled straight through pretty white-flowering manuka, which was all out in bloom. It was as high as the horses' and even as our own heads, and had no visible track through it for part of the way. Then there would be a piece of land covered with rush, or an occasional and very bright green bit of pasture dotted with sheep. Sweetbriar was to be seen as a matter of course. The character of the ground for great part of the way made me think of Yorkshire pudding, for it was cut across and across into squares; and every one of these divisions was full of muddy hollows, and intersected by creeks, which my mare suddenly took to jumping, instead of walking quietly through them as the more staid Minna and Brenda were doing. Our way lay along the foot of hills, and as we climbed up one of these the view was beautiful, with the bay in the distance, the ranges of enclosing hills which we were skirting, and the intervening plain.

We came home next day under Mr. Gray's own escort and by a better route. Settlers learn to be extremely unselfish, and the best of it is that they seem to be quite unconscious that they are so. How many Englishmen are there who would cheerfully ride six miles with new acquaintances,

and then return in the dusk and alone, with three horses to take charge of and gates to open, and this over broken country and after pouring rains ?

The New Zealand St. Patrick, if he has kept his country from serpents, has forgotten the mosquitoes—of which I had my first experiences at Waiohika—and the sand-flies too, which seemed to me at Gisborne to be as venomous as a mild edition of snakes might have been.

Another of the 'unselfish' settlers took a great deal of trouble one day about fetching us over to dine at his sheep-run. The time there was all too short. The house was singularly characteristic of New Zealand. It consisted of one storey, and the verandah opened into the one large airy sitting-room, which served as hall, business office, drawing-room, and parlour. A gun stood in the corner, and against the wall were hat-pegs made of the picturesque curved boars' tusks. There are two thousand sheep on this run, all cared for by one man, who acts not only as shepherd, but as gardener, groom, and general assistant. As we neared the house we came upon one of the prettiest sights possible—a paddock containing five hundred ewes, with five or six hundred lambs by their sides. Thirteen motherless lambs had, a short time previously, been left on Mr. B.'s hands, and he would have had them killed to save the trouble of rearing them but for the entreaties of the servant and the shepherd's wife, who persuaded him to let them have charge of the little creatures. So day by day they came up to the house, and were fed like babies with india-rubber tubing from

a pail of milk. They bit the india-rubber tubings down, and it cost Mr. B. 'a little fortune for new ones,' but the rag which they ought to have had given them to suck at the first they quite refused now! One of these foster-children attached himself strongly to his new friends, and, not content with visiting them at regulation hours, he haunted the house, asking, as the servant said, 'for luncheon, afternoon tea, or some meal or other at every hour of the day.' By the time of our visit Toby had thoroughly established his position as a household pet, and he came into the parlour to be noticed and nursed by us.

The road over the plain between Gisborne and Whakawhitira is very rough, and leads one through a creek which is as wide as a river and so deep that often its waters rush through Mr. B.'s high carriage. On the day he drove us through it, however, the water was only about half over the wheels. Our drive home by the seashore was a beautiful one,—everything edged by the golden light of the setting sun.

We had meant to stay only one week at Gisborne, but circumstances had decided us to remain there a fortnight. At the end of that time, however, we were most anxious to get on to Auckland; but such a gale arose the day before the weekly ship was expected that many doubts were felt as to whether she would be able to put in near enough to shore to take off the Gisborne passengers and the 'Frisco' (San Francisco) mails or no. At night, after a temporary lull, the storm rose with increased violence.

‘ You say the ship has occasionally passed without calling, but in what kind of weather has that occurred ? ’

‘ I am sorry to have to tell you,’ was the reply, ‘ that it was much the same weather as now.’

But the thought came to my mind of One who walked on the waves in the fourth watch of the night, and I thought He might do the same now, and I went peacefully to sleep, waking at half-past five to find that it was even as we had hoped. Mrs. Williams had already been downstairs for some time getting all in readiness for us, for she would not disturb the rest of her servants before the usual time. (She is far from strong herself, but that never enters into her consideration.) And thus it was that this most motherly and hospitable of Eves sped us, her parting guests, on their way.

CHAPTER XVII.

GISBORNE TO AUCKLAND.

October 10th and 11th.

WE were even more thankful than before that we and the mails had been able to get off when we found on coming on board the ship that the captain had had thoughts of passing us. Those who can, as in the heart of London, post letters eighteen times in one day, can hardly perhaps realise the disappointment of missing the occasional means of communication between the Antipodes and England. The coming in and going out of the English letters is of the greatest possible interest in New Zealand; and an artist might make a capital picture (could he but witness the scene) of 'The Evening before the Departure of the Frisco Mail.'

It was Sunday; but in leaving a port by a weekly ship one has no choice of times or seasons. One must go when the steamer calls or not go at all. Nor had we between Gisborne and Auckland the alternative of any land route. One cannot do more in such a case, however much one may dislike Sunday work and travelling, than send one's

luggage down to the jetty overnight and follow it as quietly as possible the next day.

My brother-in-law tried to get a service on board the steamer, and failed ; but the steerage passengers and sailors were pleased, as they always are, to have something given them to read, and we had interesting conversations with one and another. With one of the sailors I had a long talk. He told me of Henry Varley's visit to Melbourne. He was delighted with him.

' Every week he used to come and break bread with the Evangelists—the body I belong to.'

He urged me to go when in Melbourne to hear a remarkable lady-preacher, a Mrs. Hampson, who was originally a Jewess, but who now preaches the faith which once she despised ; and many a time since I stood that Sunday leaning over the bulwarks talking with my new sailor-acquaintance have I ' heard of the lady, and good went with her name.'

When nearing the ship in the lifeboat we saw a head framed in one of the port-holes which looked exactly like one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's cherubs. The cherub proved to be such in character as well as appearance. It was a darling little girl of two, who with a sister of five was kept in her berth all day for fear she might be ill. The children, instead of being a torment to every one who came into the ladies' cabin, as they might have been, were every one's delight and admiration. We took them in a musical box and a tract illustrated with several pictures. The booklet was seized with a laugh of delight, and how many times the tune was played is not recorded.

Towards the close of the day we came in sight of White Island, or rather of the pillar of smoke which represents it. For the island is ill-named; it is a volcano set in the midst of the sea, which is always pouring forth a mass of black smoke.

I heard 'miew! miew!' and thought—

'There is a cat somewhere about, I don't see her. Where is she?'

The next time the cry came I began to look about for pussy. But I might have looked long enough. It was the voice of the seagulls that I had heard.

Next day I was on deck before half-past six, and found that we were passing the islands near Auckland. Two singular-looking rocks came in sight side by side, one large and the other small; then we saw the Great and the Little Barrier and got into the Hauraki Gulf; and in about two and a half hours the city of Auckland was in view. We passed many extinct volcanoes on our way, one of which especially (called Rangitoto, or blood of heaven, from its colour) is a distinguishing feature of the Auckland scenery. Earthquakes are so little known now in this part of the island that a law has been made that all the houses shall henceforth be built of brick.

Coming nearer to Auckland we passed North Shore, a place where people go to eat strawberries. Strawberries here usually cost from fourpence to eightpence a quart, according to the season, but five thousand persons having made their way over one Christmas Day, the price went up at once to three shillings. The hills here were clothed with a

spring robe of vivid verdure, dotted over with dark pines, bright green oaks, and white houses.

Meantime we had been down to breakfast. When the meal was nearly over we saw a little figure standing half-way between the ladies' cabin and the breakfast-table. It was little two-year-old Lily, evidently uncertain as to how far she might venture.

'What are you doing there?' said the captain, in a rough dictatorial tone. 'Where's your mother? Come here!'

The little one, with true child instinct, detected good intentions beneath the unpromising tones, and came and stood quietly at his elbow.

'I've got nothing here fit for you to eat,' said he, meditatively.

'Marmalade,' suggested a passenger.

'Yes, there's marmalade. I suppose I must put butter on first.'

So a slice of bread duly prepared was handed over to the little innocent, who stood and ate it up in the most demure and businesslike fashion, quite unconscious of the many pairs of admiring eyes which were watching her.

- At last we were in the splendid Auckland harbour, and found ourselves side by side with a ship which had stood next to the *Epore* when I first made her acquaintance in the East India Docks. The *Southern Cross* was here too, unloading bananas (2,000 bunches, I think there were) from the Fijis. One can get to the Fiji Islands from here in four or five days, and we felt we should much like to visit them. But our travelling time was limited, and the ship communication with the Fijis is only monthly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AUCKLAND.

O God, O good beyond compare,
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy glories gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must those mansions be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

O Lord, that I might spend myself for others,
With no ends of my own ;
That I might pour myself into my brothers,
And live for them alone. FABER.

October 11th—October 26th.

WE went first to the Post Office (where we found letters from England and invitations to Tasmania and Ballarat awaiting us), and telegraphed to Gisborne of our safe arrival. Telegraphing is carried on to a great extent in New Zealand, in consequence of the uncertain and unsatisfactory nature of the steamer communication. Delayed telegrams are delivered as letters, and cost only sixpence. The Post Office buildings of Auckland are worthy of a central position in any city—in London itself, so large are they, so well-arranged and business-looking.

We felt it was well we had come to Auckland

last, so decidedly superior was it to any of the other towns we had been in. With a population of about 20,000,¹ amongst whom one sees very few natives, it has fine public buildings, six churches, many substantial houses, and a good harbour. It is built over green hills with gentle easy ascents, and the views on every side of the town are exceedingly pretty and very varied. The streets are fairly wide and good, and have plenty of tolerably inexpensive shops, amongst which I wandered with a young girl of whom we had charge, whilst L. and G. went off in search of lodgings.

Anything more lovely than the situation of those which they discovered could scarcely be imagined. The pretty little house with double verandah was quite out of the town, a mile and a half from the wharf, and was built on the side of a hill. On the right, high up, stood a large and beautiful Hospital. Stretching before us lay The Domain, a sort of cultivated wood or park run wild, full of bush and pretty walks, and with Acclimatisation Gardens in the middle. Away to the left lay the harbour, the sea—the Hauraki Gulf, ‘in which all the navies of the world might play’—and the town, the town being inextricably mixed up with country—a tree and a house, a house and a tree—in a way that makes it indescribably pretty. Rangitoto and North Shore add to the beauty of the scene. The garden round our cottage was terraced and full of flowers, some of which were perfectly new to me. The English language seems to be poor in such

¹ Statistics of population, etc., may have slightly altered since our visit.

places, and during the next few days we exhausted all the changes which we could ring on the words,

‘Oh, isn’t it lovely!’

We felt it ‘was good to be alive’ here, where Nature, with the singing of birds, the stir of the wind in the branches, the soft bloom of the fruit-trees, the profusion of wild arum lilies, and many another ever-new delight, drew away our thoughts from the hum of men and the works of men to Nature’s God and ours, and to the thought of that Home where

Everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.

The specialty of the vegetable kingdom of the Auckland province is its *kauri* gum-trees. One of these, we were told, had been found which was sixty-six feet in circumference, while it was sixty feet high from the ground to the lowest branch. Of the gum which exudes from this tree various ornaments are fashioned. The aloe, which does not flower for fifty years in England, flowers here, we heard, at the end of ten.

The drawback to residence in Auckland seemed to us to be the excessive rainfall of the place. The hilly scoriaceous roads soon dry up, but the damp warmth which follows is enervating. The red scoria makes the soil fertile, gives warmth to the landscape, and—work to the shoemakers!

We arrived at Auckland in rather a worn-out condition, and for a time took life rather easily. We reclaimed four packages which had been sent on from Wellington, and had cost us, at a penny a day for sixty days, exactly a pound for storage;

and looked out various things for the Hospital. We went over the Australia (Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company's line), the saloon of which is just like the dining-room of some great hotel; and visited The Domain and the Acclimatisation Gardens. In the latter there were a few animals, besides many plants. We saw a kangaroo, and a big rat-like creature; queer lizards with serrate teeth all down their backs and tails (which we looked on with respect as the Last of the Mohicans, for we were told, though I don't know how true this may be, that a Saurian genus dies out with them); and a lemur, which reminded us by turns of a cat, a monkey, and a fox. It had a sandy face, grey body, a very long thick tail, flat on one side, and sprang about in the air from one hiding-place to another, for it is very shy. It comes from Madagascar, and cannot live in England. These four species, with a monkey, supported the dignity of the 'beast and reptile' part of the collection. As L. said, 'It is well not to be overdone.' The birds were rather more numerous. There was a magnificent peacock, with a brilliantly blue breast, which had to sit up very high to prevent his tail from dragging in the dust; a peahen, which was screeching in the tone of a plaything trumpet; and a very funny bird, the weka, a native of New Zealand, which trots about in a most hurried fussy fashion, as if it had more business than it could possibly get through, and looks as though it had tucked up its skirts out of the way until all the work was finished.

I will not stop to tell of the wonderful tropical

plants in the greenhouse of these gardens, but will try, like the poor little weka, to hurry along.

We had not been long at Auckland before we found our way up to the Hospital; and very much we enjoyed our visit. It is well worth seeing; is, like the Post Office, quite worthy of a place in London. And what would a London hospital committee give for the view which it commands? It is reckoned to hold a hundred beds, of which ninety-nine had been full the week before; but I think myself that it would hold many more than that if necessary. One of the hospital arrangements struck us as particularly good. There is a double shaft running from top to bottom of the building, in one of which is put dust, in the other dirty clothes; and these are shot straight down to the basement storey.

The library here is a capital one.

‘The last librarian,’ said the matron, ‘wrote a poem or something, and spent the money he got for it, about £50, on books for the Hospital.’

This matron was evidently the right woman in the right place; cheerful, practical, and kind. She had, we heard, only one woman nurse to help her, and she must get sadly overworn at times, but of weariness we saw no signs. She was quite willing to stand about as long as ever we chose while we talked to the patients, quite glad apparently of the advent of any visitor who would take a real interest in her charges. She once had the care of the jail, and said that the prisoners gave her no trouble. She was very particular in keeping them up to their work, but very kind; and she found them

most sensitive to either kindness or discourtesy. Nothing offended them more than for a visitor to slide back their cell-windows and take a look at them, as if they were the wild beasts or monstrosities of a penny peep-show.

Amongst the many cases in the Hospital that of one poor sailor touched our hearts particularly. He had fallen ill, and had been left behind by his ship, a stranger in a strange land—the ‘mates’ who used to come up to see him gone. We registered a private vow that, as long at least as we remained in the neighbourhood, he should cease to feel alone in the world.

We went at an early part of our stay in Auckland to visit the Rev. B. Y. Ashwell, who has been called home since our stay in New Zealand. He was then living a little way out of the town, at Remuera. To reach his home we went through The Domain, and the Khyber Pass, as the highroad is called, where pink and scarlet geraniums, one twenty feet high, and hedges of roses and banks of periwinkle, with scarlet gladiolas, made a bright and fair picture which gladdened our eyes. Then we passed a hill called Mount Eden, and through dusty roads on which a hot sun was beating down, and we felt somewhat inclined, like Bunyan’s pilgrims, to turn aside into green By-path Meadows; but still on we went, and we were rewarded at the end of our walk by a hearty welcome from good loving-hearted old Mr. Ashwell and his charming wife.

Mr. Ashwell was now over seventy, and had been working forty-five years in New Zealand. He told us much about his old station on the Waikato,

seventy miles from Auckland, and begged us to go and visit it, as he himself was still in the habit of doing occasionally. Infirm as he now was, he still had a thorough passion for work, conducting a service weekly in his dining-room, taking a Bible class at the native boys' school (St. Stephen's), visiting the Prison and Refuge for the Aged, and going three times a week to the Hospital.

What English housekeeper with a spring-cleaning about and scarcely any dinner in the house would have had the grace to give us the kind reception we met with at Remuera? Colonials always have an idea that new-comers from home will think them uncivilised and rough. Nothing is further from being the case. They have the true refinement and ease which springs from kind hearts, and as they never feel that a real friend can come in at the wrong time, one is sure to be happy with them. Colonials like, too, not only to make their homes comfortable, but to surround them as far as possible with all that is pretty, tasteful, and interesting. Mr. Ashwell's house was a perfect museum of Melanesian curiosities from Norfolk Island.

While in Auckland we had to give up many an invitation and proposed plan. One of the greatest sacrifices was to resign the chance of going with a number of the missionaries of the country to Norfolk Island. How we should have enjoyed the sight of the groves of limes and oranges there, of the new phases of work, of old familiar faces, and of the memorial church to Bishop Patteson, which was just about to be opened! Another trial was having to give up the hot lakes of New Zealand.

It was quite a struggle, as the lakes are amongst the chief 'lions' of the island, and one is scarcely likely, unless in Iceland or in the Yosemite Valley of America, to see anything like them. Indeed, the pink and white terraces of Rotomahana seem to be quite unrivalled. But in a journey which had health as its main object, it seemed scarcely right to undertake extra and great fatigues unless with more time at command than we felt that we had.

One dear old missionary lady we called upon soon after our visit to Ashwell, a Mrs. Burrows, whose house, now that she was between seventy and eighty, was still what it always had been, a sort of private convalescent home, hospital, orphanage, and refuge for the destitute. She is told she ought to have a direction-board at the head of the lane in which she lives, marked, 'The way to the Hospital.' I believe she quite regrets the good old days when every travelling waif and stray was thrown up by land and sea at the missionary's door. On one occasion she received fifteen officers and a hundred men from the Osprey, which was wrecked off the coast in the Bay of Islands, where she was then living. The fifteen officers were taken into the family (for the mission-houses were in those days built like great barns), and the men were sent to the schoolhouse, which was happily just then empty. Visitors who came in such numbers needed to bring their own blankets; and the hosts learned to understand the parable in Luke xi. 5-8. How the salaries held out in those days Mrs. Burrows can hardly now understand, but they did.

Another time a party of, I think, eleven officers came in, and one of them sat down and played and sang tunes written by Mr. Havergal. Amongst the haversacks which had been thrown on one side Mrs. Burrows found one marked 'Havergal,' and she was delighted on inquiry to find that she was entertaining a grandson of the holy old musician and minister of that name.

Mr. Burrows was away at the time of our visit, having gone to India for a much-needed change and holiday with a Peninsular and Oriental captain who, as a boy, received kindness at his hands, and was only too delighted now to receive him as a much-honoured guest on board his ship.

We met in Auckland a Mrs. Kissling, widow of a missionary who died fifteen years previously, and Mrs. Kempthorne, daughter of good old Josiah Pratt, of Church Missionary Society and Bible Society renown, and mother of a Mr. Arthur Kempthorne, who escaped the November 10th, 1868, Poverty Bay massacre, and saved twenty-six other lives as well as his own. These two dear old ladies are quite a picture, 'a sight for sair een,' with their pretty white caps, soft white curls, and kind faces.

'Now don't leave Auckland without seeing dear Mrs. White,' said one friend after another.

'What is she like?'

'She is nicer than any one else. She can only hear with a trumpet; but whenever any one wants cheering or refreshment they go to her, and an hour with her sets them up again.'

Now a little cheering and refreshment never came

amiss to us, so we went one day to see Mrs. White as directed, and found she was all that had been described. She went out fifty years ago to New Zealand in connection with the Wesleyan Society, but for many years before we met her she had just lived as a settler in the land, doing missionary work on her own account—or rather on her Lord's account.

It was beautiful to see how one and another of these dear old people had kept 'first love' warm and fresh in the midst of surrounding deadness and coldness. 'Thou hast the dew of thy youth' just described Mrs. White. She was humility itself.

'I am a poor blunderer; but it is the stumbling ones get the Father's hand. . . . Come into the room where I have my Sunday afternoon class. Is it not strange for a deaf woman to have a class? But I tell the members I will give it up at any time directly they wish it.'

We found that a nice second breakfast had been got ready for us in this class-room, 'by my Christian servant,' said Mrs. White, characteristically, for she takes nothing—not even her hospitality—to herself. Our bodily refreshment having been thus looked after, our hostess asked me,

'Do you think Mr. T. would think it a liberty if I asked him to pray? I should like it to be in this room, as I think it would leave a savour.'

So he prayed and read the Bible, and the dear old lady cried for joy, and threw her arms around L. in the gladness of her heart. Like Mr. Standfast, she could say,

'I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of. . . .

His name has been to me as a civet-box ; yea, sweeter than all perfumes.'

And now she has gone where she shall ever live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company she delighted herself ; where the ear of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

Beulah would not be an inapt name for Auckland. Here, because they are weary, many veteran Christians, including old missionaries of different sects, have betaken themselves awhile to rest, their ears being filled with heavenly noises, and their eyes delighted with celestial visions. How vividly the scene on the borders of the river was brought home to us one day when we were there ! We had gone to see Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, of the Wesleyan Mission, who came out in 1827.

Mr. Hobbs was now eighty years of age, unable, except on the rarest occasions, to leave his house, and as completely deaf as Mrs. White, but he was beautiful and saintly. He reminded us of the grand old German missionaries of whom one has read (and it is not to ourselves alone that this resemblance has occurred). The son of a wheelwright, he learned as a boy to labour with his hands, and often as a missionary has he had cause to rejoice in his knowledge how to use them. He came to us now straight from his garden.

'The weeds grow too fast for me, I have to leave weeds alone now.'

But while leaving weeds, moral and material, alone, his spirit, we found, still went out to the good work going on all over the world.

'I have been interested *to my very heart*,' were almost his first words, 'in accounts of the missionary work in Africa.'

When the time came, too soon, for us to go, his leave-takings were as those of Bunyan's pilgrims, while we saw, as it were, across the river, the shining of the gates of the Celestial City. To L. he said, 'The Lord go with you;' to G., 'Pray that my sun may set without a cloud;' and to me, 'The Lord bless you, the Lord bless you. I'm not a bishop, but I can still pray, The Lord bless you.' And so we left this dear and holy old man, whose face we are never likely to look upon again until we see it in heaven, transfigured into yet more perfect beauty and yet greater likeness to Christ.

In olden days the Church of England and the Wesleyan workers had all things in common; they stayed at one another's houses, the ministers shared one another's converts, they had open prayer meetings on Saturdays, and they loved as brethren. In process of time things were changed, free intercommunion was restricted and forbidden as irregular by ecclesiastical authority, and chief friends were separated. It was an error, and an error which was apparently repented afterwards; but it was then too late. The mischief was done. Maoris would now say,

'There are three ways: the Wesleyan, the English, and the Roman, and we know not which is right. We will sit down and wait.'

And they would sit down contentedly to do their own will. I could not but feel while in New

Zealand that possibly much of the deadness which had settled down upon the Church of England there as a whole (I do not speak of individual cases) might be traceable to this date; for it is only where 'brethren dwell together in unity' that the 'dew of Hermon,' the blessing of the Lord in abundant measure, can with any certainty be expected. Of the Wesleyans, as of the children of Israel, as I have said before, the invariable testimony we heard was this:

'They have light in their dwellings.'

Amongst the New Zealand names in the list of Mildmay Association Members we found that of a Miss Laura Smith; so my sister and I, who both belonged to the Association, determined [to call upon her, and made our way one day to her Young Women's Institute. In an office half-way up the stairs sat a fair, young-looking lady, writing a letter. What was she saying?

'I am getting very homesick, and long much for a sight—'

'Of Mildmay,' she was about to add, [when she caught sight of us, and we introduced ourselves as 'in the Mildmay Bluebook.' It was quite enough; her face brightened all over; she showed us her letter, and said, triumphantly,

'Now I shall go on, Mildmay has come to me.'

She showed us over the Institute, which was admirably adapted for its purposes. It consisted of a corridor running over seven shops, with rooms opening off on either side—reading-room with library, refreshment and dining-rooms, sleeping and sitting-rooms. We found Miss S. a perfect

enthusiast about her work; having no special family ties, she feels she 'can be every one's sister,' and she has an intense love for young girls, who of course return the feeling warmly.

'It's *splendid*,' said a young girl we met one day in an omnibus, speaking of the Institute. 'The first day I went Miss Smith made such a fuss over me, and it makes one feel at home when one is taken to directly like that.'

But such efforts meet with little sympathy or appreciation in the ordinary colonial mind. 'I should think,' said one good woman to us, 'that Miss Smith makes a good thing by what she is doing.' Her surprise when we assured her that the work was a labour of love only was great indeed.

When Miss Smith first came to Auckland she found that nothing was done amongst the girls there. She spoke to many on the subject, she wrote to the papers. No response. So she quietly collected £13, and put it in the bank and waited for God to speak. The 'Go forward' came through a gentleman who offered her a room for a year on condition it should be opened as a reading-room. The offer was eagerly accepted, the furniture and two Bibles were bought with the £13, and the following Monday the place was opened.

In the first five weeks forty girls used the room, coming there between twelve and two to eat their luncheon and while away their midday hour, instead of wandering up and down the streets, as they had been wont to do. By the end of that time another room was available and was utilised for refreshments. By-and-by two others were added.

At the end of the year for which room No. 1 was lent, Miss Smith heard of the premises in which we found her, which had just then been arranged as a boarding-house for men, and finding it would exactly suit her purposes, she took it. Her sense of the needs of the young girls of the town—the milliners, the dressmakers, the governesses out of place, the young ladies with time on their hands and insufficient practical interests—was ever growing; and with this Institution as a centre, she was doing all that one weak body and heart burning with love to God and man could do to meet the wants, physical and spiritual, of each one of the young sisterhood: food and lodging, books and music, classes and meetings, loving words and rest, and Christian work for those needing it, were all to be found there. As a rule, the society of Auckland cares more for dancing and such-like entertainments than for reading and rational amusements, and certainly more than for mission work. Hence Miss S.'s desire to draw the young into helping her.

We saw much of this Institution and of its ministering spirit while we were in Auckland. Scarcely a day passed without a glimpse of Miss S., who thoroughly rejoiced in her 'Mildmay' friends till the unwelcome hour came which saw us move away westwards; while we, on our part, gave her such small material help as lay in our power, in the way of taking some of the classes held at the Institute for the girls of high and low degree. One night from thirty to forty shop employées listened to our stories about medical

missions ; another time the young ladies of the town laughed consciously, looked at Miss Smith, or openly confessed that the cap fitted, as my sister spoke to them of 'Hindrances to Work;' and my brother-in-law, though not yet strong, was equal to giving evangelistic addresses to such audiences as he found here.

We made proof of the 'refreshment' department too. I went there one day with a young girl whom we had met on the steamer coming to Auckland, and whom I wished to introduce to the Institute, and we had a good dinner of mutton, potato, and Yorkshire pudding (4*d.*), and coffee (2*d.*).

This young girl was the daughter of the captain of a Fiji vessel. We had looked after and nursed her during our late journey, and had never dreamed of seeing her again ; but one day we met her in the town, and found her full of gratitude. She found we were collecting what colonials call 'curios,' and offered us shells and corals from the stores her father had brought from the Fijis. So I went to her home and came away laden.

'I don't like to *empty* the case,' said she, half apologetically, 'because my married sister gathered the curios together, and they are really hers, though she said you might have *any* of them.'

And this sister we had never seen at all!

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning ;
Alas ! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning.

'I would not give it to *every one*,' said the girl, as she offered me one large piece of coral.

In Auckland, as elsewhere, we found traces of the Rev. Alexander Somerville's visit. A Ladies' Christian Association which he was the means of calling into existence was at work in many ways, its members visiting the poor at their houses and immigrants at the dépôt, singing at the Lunatic Asylum and at the Refuge for the Old, holding meetings, and giving practical help as well as counsel and sympathy to those in need of it.

The only native work we saw in Auckland was at St. Stephen's School, where there are just about as many boys as at Te Aute—between forty and fifty. The dormitory here runs all along one or two sides of the square courtyard, but, instead of being one large ward-like room, it is a succession of cabins, each with door and separating walls. Two boys are in each of these little rooms. The pupils do all the work of St. Stephen's, excepting that a woman comes to wash the smaller boys' clothes and to mend for them all. One nice-looking lad of sixteen, 'Thomas,' was, we found, considered the best maker of puddings, and reigned supreme over that department.

We went to the St. Stephen's Sunday School, of which a Mr. Kensington takes the superintendence. His wife, another lady, and a half-caste young man, once a boy in the school, were also teaching there. Mr. K. had, we heard, for nine years past taken a service in alternate wards of the Hospital, about sixty patients from the Lunatic Asylum attending regularly, and behaving perfectly. No disturbance has ever occurred.

We found the friends of the St. Stephen's boys in

rather a depressed state of mind. The Church Missionary Society had just given up its connection with this school, as with those at TeAute and Napier; and Government had passed a law that the boys should leave at fifteen—the very age when they begin to see the importance of their studies—unless they were willing to pay for the privilege of remaining. Many of those whom we saw were decidedly over the Government regulation age, and were nice, bright, intelligent-looking lads.

The Museum at Auckland is not remarkable. One thing interested us much—a Maori war-trumpet, now very rare. It is six or eight feet long, bound with supple-jack, and with a little bit of wood across the inner part, made to imitate the human throat. It can be heard, they say, for miles. We saw, too, a sweetmeat, *pua*, made out of raupo pollen, about which there is a Maori proverb, to the effect that the only allowable excuse for awaking a man is to give him some *pua*. Raupo is a rush which is used in making the *whares*. Its leaves are broader than those of the *toi* grass, and are green and long.

There are oil-springs about thirty miles from Gisborne, and in the Museum we saw specimens of the petroleum found there, and also of the chief industries of the island; a good number of geological specimens too, and stuffed birds, including the dull New Zealand robin, a *black-breast*, quite unlike our bright little Christmas pet. But one large room and its surrounding gallery hold the whole of the collection, and, as at the Acclimatisation Gardens, we were not 'overdone.'

We made one day an excursion to Mount Eden, one of the many extinct volcanoes of the Auckland province, and enjoyed from its summit the beautiful views of the Waitemati harbour, at which we entered, of the Manakau harbour, six miles off, and of Rangitoto, the town and North Shore. And one day we determined to visit North Shore, the verdant loveliness of which had been a constant refreshment to our eyes.

Oh, the wharf at Auckland! Here one may study the subject of exports and imports to one's heart's content. First, perhaps, one sees a steamer from the South Sea Islands, with bananas, oranges, pineapples, or cocoanuts, which last one fails to recognise in the smooth great-coats which cover their ordinary brown rough ones. Then a vessel from China unloads its 40-lb. or 80-lb. canisters of tea, each neatly packed up in matting. Next a 'very ancient and fish-like smell' assails one's senses, and one turns round to see skeletons of huge whales, which almost excite wonder as to how their owners were ever taken at all, and impress on one's mind the truth of the saying of the wise man :

Wisdom (skill) is better than strength.

On the day of which I am speaking, after a visit to one of the passenger ships then in dock, we looked about for a steamer for North Shore, but the captain of a little vessel bound for Stokes Point, an amusing character, assured us that we had a great deal better come with him, and as he promised to leave us at North Shore on the return journey we agreed to go.

Stokes Point is famous for its rock oysters and for its acres upon acres of strawberries. It was tantalising exactly to miss the fruit season in New Zealand. We were told it would begin directly and would last till March. But one cannot have everything. In the steamer was a lady, daughter of the late Speaker of the House of Representatives.

‘You have lately come from England, have you not?’ she asked.

‘Yes, but how do you know?’

‘Oh, I have lived here ten years, and have learned a little to know the difference between colonials and English people.’

She invited us to come with her to her brother’s (Sir Edward Stafford’s) place, and, finding we had to return by the same steamer, told us to come any day, and, whether she happened to be at home or not, to walk about the grounds and gather the flowers there.

North Shore is not only pretty in itself, but the views one gets thence over the town of Auckland and of the estuaries of the Thames are well worth seeing. There are myriads of shells there, but they do not seem remarkable for anything but their number.

L. had a long talk with a nice old bushman as we were coming home. The poor man had both legs and an arm broken once by a sudden fall from a tree. Then, before he was well, he was crushed by a bullock, his arm dislocated, and a bone seriously fractured. Finally his log-hut and all his possessions, including a ton of bacon and half a ton of sugar, were burnt up.

‘But since the troubles came I have learned to know God and to want to please Him, and to give up my nasty unruly temper; for I never can get over God having spared my life, and having given me just so much trouble as I could bear, and not a bit more.’

We were not meantime forgetting our solitary sailor up in the beautiful hospital in The Domain. My visits to John Jones were almost my chief interest in Auckland. I first went up one wet afternoon with flowers, texts, and book, and he seemed quietly glad to see me. I told him of our voyage, and of how kind the sailors always were, and he brightened up very much.

‘They *are* kind! and to any female particular so. They’d do anything for a female sooner than for any one else. They’re particular fond of a female. . . . Do you know Mrs. Brown in London? She comes to Shadwell and places round the docks, and comes to the houses where the sailors are, and asks them to come to her meetings. I’ve been to her church once or twice in the Highway. She has more than one. And a missionary preached whose name I don’t know. And she comes to the offices before the sailors go off, and gives them books to take with them. The sailors are very fond of Mrs. Brown.’

An encouragement every way for the ‘female’ kind to do what they can for sailors.

As my new friend told me he had ‘no objection at all to my coming again,’ I went more than once.

On one occasion a man outside ‘gave me the time of day,’ so I began to talk with him, and

found he was from Stepney, and that he knew China, Japan, and the Mediterranean.

‘If I got well I should like to go and live in Naples. There is no place like it.’

‘Well, heaven will be a better country still for all who have found the Saviour while on earth.’

‘Yes ; I often feel that if I had the choice I would hardly choose to recover. I had rather go and see Him. Have you read the “Life of Jesus” ?¹ I never read any book of religion to come *near* it. I am no scholar, but a young man here read it to us evening after evening to pass away the time, and it is beautiful !’

Then he spoke of the cleansing blood of Christ (I had given him a red and a white flower and a text).

‘I don’t think we shall get really *cleansed* till we die.’

I told him of Christ’s words to Peter, ‘He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet.’

‘Yes, and that man whom Jesus washed, saying, “I have washed you, go and sin no more ;” and those two men whom no one could come near because of the smell on ’em, and Jesus told ’em to go to some place, I forget where, and to come back to Him, and only one came. Oh, I think that *was* hard !’

The man spoke earnestly and with glistening eyes. He thinks people were worse in those days than now. ‘If Jesus were to come amongst men now and do the things He did then, and be so good and kind, they couldn’t *help* but believe on Him.

¹ Farrar’s ‘Life of Christ.’

. . . I have always been interested in seeing how different kinds of religion were carried on in different places, but it has never come near me as it has here. I have thought of it in a different way.'

Our kind landlady had given me quantities of flowers for John Jones, and to these I had added arums gathered on the hill until my hands quite refused to hold any more. And now I went up to see him and re-arrange the bouquet, while he looked over a wee sketch-book of mine, told me gravely that I was 'a great artist,' begged for my address in England, that he might come to see me, and showed me all the odds and ends we had given or sent him safe under his pillow. His evident delight in our visits was quite touching.

Great part of this time the weather was stormy and broken. Most unsuitable weather we felt it would have been for the lakes, and we congratulated ourselves that prudential considerations had induced us to give them up. The day we should have been returning, the evening paper told of the most terrific gale that Napier had known for years. And thus God directed our every step during the whole of our twelve months' wanderings.

CHAPTER XIX.

REMUERA.

October 26th—October 29th.

It had been settled that we should go to Remuera for a few days, and thence with Mr. Ashwell to visit his old mission station in the Waikato district. So on October 26th we left our pleasant lodgings in The Domain, our kind landlady—dear, good woman—hovering over me during my preparations for starting like an anxious hen over a brood of ducklings, doing twenty little things for me, and finishing up finally with a loving embrace.

I managed to catch a Remuera omnibus, in which I found my brother-in-law, who had been spending the morning in the town. On nearing our destination, whither my sister had gone some hours previously, our host came down the road to meet us, with cries of 'Haere mai! haere mai!' (equivalent to our 'Welcome! right welcome!').

What interesting stories we heard from this old missionary friend! One often wonders with such men why missionary periodicals should ever

be dull. If only some shorthand writer could be at hand at times to take down stories from the lips of workers, there would surely be less cause than now to complain of want of interest in the mission cause. Our missionaries sit down to write the reports of their labours when they are already tired out by those labours. They are often self-conscious too, and shy of being their true natural selves when they have the fear of the printer before them. 'The Englishman,' says an Italian newspaper, which is just now lying before me, 'is not expansive. From infancy he has been taught not to lose his self-control, not to betray his real feelings, for fear of being despised or laughed at by others.' And so it comes to pass that too often English missionary periodicals lack the touches of nature which make the whole world kin. The American workers seem less troubled by *mauvaise honte* than we; like Tennyson, printer or no printer, they 'say whatever comes,' and the result is that on laying down their reports one says of those of whom they have written 'Are not these people my fellow-men and my brothers?'

'Thrice' Mr. Ashwell had 'suffered shipwreck,' and a night he had 'been in the deep'—clinging for life, that is, with thirteen other persons, to the mast of the Southern Cross, a missionary ship which used to ply amongst the South Pacific Islands to fetch lads to be trained on Norfolk Island. Another vessel of the same name was built in its place, and this ship it was which was just about to start with the missionary party for

the opening of Bishop Patteson's Memorial Church. Mr. Ashwell had already been for forty voyages, and the very thought of two new journeys—to the Waikato and to Norfolk Island—was like life to him.

He, like the rest of his brethren here, has had to go about healing as well as preaching. 'A missionary,' said he, '*must* be a doctor, whether he will or no. Often I have not been able to sit down for a meal on account of the crowds who came to me for medicine. All day long I have stood measuring out doses. I used simple medicines as a rule, and consulted Graham. And God certainly blessed the means, in spite of the ignorance, and gave me some wonderful cures.' He told us some instances of his medical practice which were satisfactory, as proving what small knowledge, aided by strong common sense, may do. And constant work of this kind of course gives a certain amount of experience in time, even if one has none to start from.

Mr. Ashwell spoke regretfully of the lack of the brotherly communion of former days, when the missionary's house was the hotel, and when all—governor, bishop, every one—found their way to it. 'I wish civilisation at Jericho!' he exclaimed. In Auckland, with its thousands of inhabitants, he seemed to feel comparatively lonely when thinking of those days.

The Maoris, as well as the English, used all to be his dear friends, even those in the King district, on the borders of which his mission station lay. The King movement was not, he told us, a rebellion

against constituted authorities, as generally supposed, but was set on foot for the sake of securing more perfect peace and order. He was himself present at the first king-making. The man chosen did not *like* the title of *kinga* which he was offered, and said so aside, but when his would-be followers came up to him with deeds of lands, saying, 'Will you be our *matua* (parent or father), and care for us and our lands?' he said, 'I will, willingly.' The word *kinga* was simply borrowed from our language as a synonym for 'chief,' but that was all. The new king did not know how to receive the homage of his subjects, some of whom were dressed in black, and bowed, whilst others were attired in military costume, and saluted, as they had seen Europeans do. He turned to Mr. Ashwell, asking,

'Shall I do honour?'

'Yes, do honour.'

So he bowed with a stately dignity which might have befitted her Britannic Majesty.

This king, Potatau, died after a while, and his son succeeded him. We saw his cenotaph in the Waikato country, at Ngaruawhaia (Newcastle). Here his body lay until after the war, when it was removed to the King country, which lies on the east coast of the island, between Waikato and New Plymouth.

At the time we were in New Zealand this tract of land was very inaccessible. Many thought it would be death to a white man to enter it, but a few who knew, understood, and loved the Maoris said that this was a mistake, they them-

selves having proved it so by personal experience. It would seem that the present king is a man of some breadth of vision, and since his return from his late visit to England an effort has been made to introduce Christianity into his country.¹

While we were at Mr. Ashwell's my brother-in-law went to see the Bishop of Auckland, who had been very much engaged, during the earlier part

¹ The greater number of the [non-Christian] Maoris live in what is known as the King country, Waikato and Whanganui. These, after the war, isolated themselves, threw off the white man's religion, laws, and customs, and till very recently no white men were permitted to enter or pass through their territory. These Maoris, therefore, have not been open to receive the Gospel, not from apathy on the part of the Church Missionary Society, but simply because they refused to receive missionaries. They have not been neglected, but have turned a deaf ear to instruction.

Since Tawhiao's return things are brighter. The following extract from an account of an interview between Tawhiao, the natives assembled to welcome him on his return, and Archdeacon Clarke, will interest your readers. The archdeacon said: 'You, Tawhiao, have come back determined to abolish drinking habits; but the Blue Ribbon movement, without religion to back it, is like a motherless child—it will soon come to an end. The Ngapuhi members of the church are going to send a fighting party into Waikato, not to fight against you, but to help to destroy the great enemy of your bodies and souls. Two of our Maori clergy from the north are coming, and I want you to take them under your care, and to tell your people to receive them kindly.'

Tawhiao said: 'It is good, very good. Let your children come, let them come. As I told the bishop, it is not my fault that we are separated by a river, you on one side, I on the other. Let your sons come, and they shall have my protection and countenance. With their help and the help of God, we will work together and put down all that is evil.'

The archdeacon answered: 'Tawhiao, you have made my heart very glad to-day. It is the custom among Pakehas (white men), when two people are engaged to be married, that they should seal their covenant with a kiss. I take this as a promise that you will ally

of our stay in this part of the island, with meetings of Synod. Bishop Cowie had just earned the devoted gratitude of his people by refusing to leave them for an important post in England of double the money value; and as his bearing towards other denominations is thoroughly pleasant, it is no wonder that he is altogether most popular, and that all speak warmly of him. He had a Latin class for young ladies, we found, every Tuesday morning at seven o'clock. He is his own secretary, so he has altogether plenty to do. Mrs. Cowie and his children come in for their share of universal liking and admiration.

‘His is the only well-conducted family of children I have seen since I came to New Zealand,’ said one lady to us. (N.B.—We, however, had been fortunate enough to see several.)

We paid another interesting visit the same day—to St. John’s College, where Bishop Selwyn used to live. The place was, I believe, built by him, and so is comparatively modern; but it has much of the antiquated, venerable, ecclesiastical look about it that one sees in the buildings of a university or cathedral town. There are narrow church windows in all the blocks of buildings—

yourself to the Gospel cause as represented by me; if it is so, will you rub noses with me before all these people, who shall be witnesses of our compact?’ Tawhiao stood up at once, and amidst great applause gave the required pledge.

Tawhiao has told the natives to receive the missionaries and hear the Gospel. Archdeacon Clarke and the two Maori clergy start for the Waikato to-morrow.

EDWARD Y. COX.

Shaftesbury, Te Aroha, New Zealand,

Nov. 10, 1884.—The Christian, Jan. 1, 1885.

chapel, house, and college. The font and lights of the chapel were decorated with the feathery lycopodium, which grows in rich profusion in New Zealand, and the effect was very pretty. In this chapel there is a brass tablet in memory of a merchant who did a great deal of good, under which is the singular but appropriate inscription—‘A merchant man seeking goodly pearls.’

We did not see the college in its normal condition, for the principal had resigned, and the young men in training had scattered till a new head could be appointed. But the garden we saw at its best, for Dr. Kinder is a great gardener, and always leaves substantial tokens of his skill behind him wherever he goes. It must have been a trial to him to say farewell to the beautiful grounds of St. John's. The verandah with its bright ivy and clusters of passion-flowers leads one out amongst citron and lemon trees, and brilliant tropical flowers with vivid reds and blues which one need not look for in England. Winding on and on through the numberless paths, one finds oneself in a deep dell or glen, where garden merges gradually into bush and bush becomes garden. Tree-ferns and flowers grew together here in a most luxuriant no-how fashion, with pear, fig, apple, and peach trees in blossom, or with early fruit. One rose-tree we saw which really did deserve to be called a ‘tree;’ it must have been about twenty feet high, and was adorned with very large blush roses. Here, too, the pink *manuka* grows. It was almost impossible in this glen to say what was natural and what was artificial—what had been planted

and arranged by man, and what had come straight from the hand of God. Dear little green and yellow birds hop about fearlessly near one in these regions; blight-birds, which have been imported from Australia, and are very useful in destroying blight; and New Zealand yellow-hammers, which seem about as common as sparrows are with us.

On the 29th we once more put up our effects (which, like a snowball, were always receiving additions from our generous friends, until packing at last became a serious difficulty), and started for the Waikato with Mr. Ashwell.

CHAPTER XX.

WAIKATO.

Waikato soon will be in sight,
Its mountains dark, its river bright
Clothed in a robe of silver sheen.
Yet—even here has bloodshed been ;
Ah ! warfare scattered many a school
And church ; and early love grew cool . . .
But missions now revive again,
As fading flowerets after rain.

October 29th—November 1st.

WE were much amused at starting. There was no station-master at the station, but we ourselves signalled for the train to stop. G. waved a pocket-handkerchief, the guard waved his arm in answer and shut off the steam, and we were in and the train was off again with a celerity worthy of the 'Metropolitan' service.

The day was lovely, just such a one as we should have desired for our invalid old friend.

We passed near the Manakau harbour, and saw the scene of the wreck of the Orpheus, and ran through flat swampy ground, which was, however, pretty, with land and water alternating, and saw plenty of manuka scrub with its fair white blossoms. There are, I believe, no less than sixty extinct

volcanoes round about Auckland, and the scoria from these is used to form hedges as well as roads. These partition walls looked, as we passed rapidly by, just as if they had been made of granite.

At about two hours' distance from Auckland we crossed the Mangatawhari creek, and so entered the Waikato valley. Now Mr. Ashwell was all alive with interest, and eager to point out every feature of the place, for his mission district extended from Mercer, where we presently stopped for dinner, to the borders of the King country—a distance of perhaps a hundred miles. The scenery soon became very good indeed; it was just as if we were in Scotland. Long wooded hills ran all the way, and below them rolled the broad Waikato, two hundred miles in length. This is a coal district. Huntly, one of the coal places, was passed; then Ngaruawhaia (Newcastle), where we left Mr. Ashwell with some friends; and then Taupiri, a mountain which reminded us of Birnam Hill. It is somewhat peaked, is red with scoria just at the summit, and is thickly wooded almost to the top. Finally we stopped at Hamilton, a town which recalled Wanganui, but is smaller and wants the sea.

We went straight to a Mrs. Gwynne's hotel, of which we had been told, and were put up in a nice quiet little cottage belonging to the main building, and were treated with the utmost consideration. The Waikato runs past the garden of the hotel, and over the pretty bank hung an enormous willow. Future visitors may miss the sight of this tree, for, beautiful as it was, it was suffering from a disease which often attacks willows in this place.

There was not much to see in Hamilton, but that little we saw on the Friday evening and Saturday morning that we spent in wandering over the place. There is a good bridge over the winding river, and a pretty lake in the neighbourhood. The town is very flat, but we climbed the one or two little hills it can boast, and gazed at the view with a glass kind Mrs. Gwynne had lent us; and we admired the forethought of the inhabitants—as we had done at Palmerston—in that they had made their streets wide and straight in prospect of *future* greatness. The shops too are a good size, but we hunted amongst them in vain for ladies' paper collars. At last we thought we were right.

'Ladies' depôt. Hosiery, etc.'

'No, we have no paper collars left excepting such as are suitable for elderly gentlemen.'

There seems to be little provision made for ladies in the colonies in comparison with the thought bestowed upon men. 'I don't care to take ladies in,' 'We have only accommodation for gentlemen,' we were told again and again; and one rarely, as I said before, sees ladies travelling. One finds few indeed—scarcely any—travelling as we were doing, for health and pleasure. One is struck by the faces in a public conveyance—all bright, intelligent, and purpose-like, as if each person had an object in view which he was straining every nerve to accomplish, and felt that

Life is real, life is earnest,

even if forgetting, as is too often the case, that

This world is not its goal.

The superior stamp of the men's faces has another explanation besides that of the dignifying effect of manly, earnest, and successful labour for this life's material advantages.

'I have to arrange my sermons most carefully,' said Mr. Kensington, the gentleman whom we met at St. Stephen's School, 'for the listeners at the hospital are no common men. In several beds together sometimes I find men of education—men from Oxford and Cambridge.'

Before leaving Hamilton we went in search of the clergyman of the place, a man of the High Church school, of much earnestness apparently and with liberal sentiments. The tendency of foreign work is to lead one to sink minor differences, wherever main points are concerned; whereas too often at home these are exalted into undue prominence, and are fought for and quarrelled over until the 'weightier matters of the law' and Gospel are lost sight of altogether.

We found Mr. C. searching for us. He is a hard worker, has five or six places besides Hamilton to look after, and takes as many as four services on the Sunday, riding from one to the other. Only a colonial can realise, perhaps, the amount of labour that this involves; but Mr. C. makes light of his labours, has a perpetual fund of wit and humour wherewith to revive the spirit of the world at large, and is a welcome guest wherever he goes. He told us of the state of religion in the colonies generally, and in Hamilton and its surroundings in particular.

'The infidelity around is the worst evil, but it has arisen naturally. Professors of religion have set

up forms without exhibiting the power of holiness, and it won't do. The world won't have one without the other. . . . There are many conversions in the colonies from the dissenting ranks to the Church. The fact of there being no establishment is the cause of this. All are on equal grounds ; there are no jealousies as at home, and they come over naturally. . . . No one would welcome two or three Roman Catholic priests more than I. As it is, we have only one, and he does as he likes, and will give entertainments at the time of my service, drawing my congregation away. He could not go on as he does with others about to keep him in check.'

The programme was for us to return to Ngaruawhaia in time to go on with Mr. Ashwell to Huntly, ready for the morrow's promised service amongst the natives of Wahi. So after an early midday meal G. asked Mrs. Gwynne for our account, but she would not give him one.

'I *never* charge clergymen. Sometimes they insist upon paying, and then I can't help it, but it is not what I wish. This is the one thing I can do, and I like to do it.'

It was no good for us to represent that L. and I were not clergymen, and that G. was not a New Zealand minister ; and so we let the good woman have her way. We heard from some one that she had had an invalid clergyman with her once for three months, and would not take a farthing from him. It is no wonder that from the bishop downwards all the clergy of the north look upon her as a friend. She, her husband, and the hotel

are all of a superior stamp. She has 'lost hundreds of pounds by turning visitors away when they have had as much drink as is good for them.'

By coach and train we found our way back to Ngaruawhaia, and there, at the station, were met by Mr. Ashwell's host, who told us that our old friend was ill with bronchitis and quite unfit to travel; so we decided to remain where we were for the present and see how he was on the morrow. The R.s kindly kept us with them for the day, and took us to see the lions of the place—the bridge, the meeting of the Waipa and Waikato, and King Potatau's cenotaph; and at night we went to the common little inn, which bears the imposing name of the Royal Mail Hotel.

The scenery of Ngaruawhaia, with its view of the grand hill, Taupari, is much bolder than at Hamilton; the hills are higher and the river is wider here. And Mrs. R. seemed quite pleased we had been delayed in the place for a while, and cheered by the few hours of unexpected intercourse with the tribe who till that day had been utter strangers to her. Like Mr. Hill of the Wairoa, who wanted the breakfast hour to be earlier so as to lengthen out the day, she sighed,

'I wish the day would not go so fast.'

The following was one of the strangest Sundays I ever spent. It was our last in New Zealand, and we had rejoiced in the thought of spending it in the midst of the Maoris, and in company with one of the old missionaries who had so long lived and laboured lovingly among them. Mr. Ashwell's

illness had threatened to upset the proposed plan; but the morning happily found him much better, and as it does not do to disappoint a Maori without sufficient cause, any more than a child, he determined to keep his word with the Huntly natives.

In the hope that he might possibly be better, he had told a man to bring up a trap for us at eight a.m., or soon after, or rather the 'express,' a large flat-bottomed sort of cart which carries luggage. As, at half-past eight, it had not put in an appearance, we walked over the bridge and up to the man's house. It was a considerable distance, the morning was very hot, and our baggage felt heavy. As we drew near we saw a boy riding along, driving a strayed horse home before him. It seems that Mr. J. has no stable, so his horses, when the work of the day is over, are turned out upon the open, in the hope that hunger may bring them back at a suitable hour in the morning. As a rule they are good in returning; and indeed they rarely wander far from the place where they are fed; but occasionally, when their presence is especially desired, they are not to be found.

G. and I went on, leaving the others to overtake us, and greatly enjoyed our walk. Presently the conveyance—which was more like a clumsy fruiterer's cart than anything else I can think of—took us up, and we made the best of our way onwards, for the early morning was wearing away.

We were now in the midst of that 'Scotch' scenery which we had noticed from the train on Friday. It was lovely. The ranges of hills, the gullies of ferns, the meandering Waikato, made the

drive one long vista of beauty; to which Mr. Ashwell added the interest of his personal reminiscences.

Presently we came to Pepepe, which was one of his old stations. It lay on the left, and the acacia bush by which it was surrounded was in such full white blossom that it almost seemed as if a broad patch of light had fallen on the trees. On one occasion the natives came to Mr. Ashwell, saying,

‘We want four horses from you because of the four bad *pakehas* (white men) which you have introduced here.’

‘What *pakehas* do you mean?’

‘The acacia, the sorrel, the sweetbriar, and the dock.’

‘Well,’ said he, ‘I will give you four horses for the four bad *pakehas*, if you will give me a horse for each of the good *pakehas*—oats, potato, corn, etc.’

‘Oh!’ they said, turning away, ‘it is no good talking to *him*.’

One has to meet the Maoris’ unblushing requests, or insolent and threatening behaviour, in a thoroughly cool undaunted manner. Then you command their respect, but they have a contempt for any *pakeha* who loses his temper, saying,

‘He is only a child; he is angry.’

At Hopohopo, which we next reached, another of the old missionary stations, we got down, and went up to the mission house, which was still held by Mr. Ashwell on lease. It is on rising ground, and has a most lovely view. It is close to Taupiri (our Birnam), and lies itself amongst willows and poplars. Flowers grow over the verandah, and it

is altogether very picturesque. Close by is a little church.

Mr. Ashwell took us over the house, and we found that the present tenant, though himself absent, had left out refreshments ready for our expected visit.

'I should like to have a few words of prayer here. There has been much good seed sown here,' said the good old missionary; and uncovering his head in the garden outside, he stood and prayed aloud most earnestly that God would not suffer His own word to return to Him void.

Hurrying on now, we re-seated ourselves in the trap, and soon drove past yet another of the old mission stations (Taupiri), which once owned a school of 120 native children. The first piano which came to New Zealand was brought here by Mr. Ashwell, and his wife used it in training the schoolchildren, who sang beautifully. It was distressing to hear how war had scattered schools and churches and retarded the work of the Gospel of peace in this district (as doubtless in many another); but things were beginning even then to look up a little again.

Like as the flowerets which through frost of night
Were bowed and closed, yet, brightened by the sun,
Rise on their stems all opened and erect.¹

After a long and very heavy shower we reached Huntly, and went down to the river's edge. It was now half-past eleven.

A boat and a canoe were in readiness, and a

¹ Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' Inf. II. 127-129.

native teacher was delighted to get hold of his old friend again and paddle him away. The paddle was the shape of a long diamond, and this he used, after the manner of the Maoris, sitting with his face towards the bow. They cannot understand our turning the back to our destination, and say,

‘The *pakehas* have eyes in the back of their heads.’

The river just here was like one of our English lakes. Basket-willows and acacias bordered it all along, and in every little creek canoes were moored. G. and Mr. Ashwell’s Hopohopo tenant, whom we found at Huntly, pulled us two miles down the river, and over to the other side, where we stopped, walked over a field brown with uncurled fern fronds,¹ reached the village, Wahi, at which we were expected, and went straight to the *whare* at which the service was to be held. L. and I sat upon some boxes at the end, close to one of the two slits which were all the windows the place could boast; and soon, in answer to the summons of the bell—a metal cooking or milk pan, which a boy kept diligently beating outside—the congregation, to the number of about fifty, streamed in.

The group before us presented the usual motley appearance—a grey-haired patriarch, with thin, bare legs, and a white sheet, which covered a modicum of English clothing; a young girl, with two peacock feathers in her knot of hair; a woman in a counterpane and felt hat; another in a night-gown, Austrian blanket, and wideawake; and a man with a common blanket over an English shirt

¹ Fern is a principal food of these Maoris at this time of the year.

and waistcoat, etc. Most if not all of the women wore the ordinary short skirt and very short loose jacket, and some of these garments were made of brilliant, not to say violent, prints which quite enlivened the scene. Their heads were *wild*; no other word expresses their appearance.

'They used to be tidier in olden days,' said Mr. Ashwell, 'before war swept like a desolating flood over the country, carrying away everything good before it.'

Such an attentive congregation I think I had never before seen. The children—boys and girls as well as the grown-up people—sat with earnest gaze and rapt attention whilst G. preached, through Mr. Ashwell, on the words, 'Remember Lot's wife.' The service was the shortened Church of England form, and we had three hymns, one being a translation of 'When I survey the wondrous cross.' A dog walked in now and again to see what was going on.

Before the people were dismissed, a fine, tall, handsome fellow was called up to be set apart as a teacher. 'Wesley' his name was in English. Mr. Ashwell shook hands heartily with him, and asked him a few questions.

'I am no saint,' said the man, 'I cannot do these things in my own strength; but God will help me.'

Then Mr. Ashwell gave him a Bible and prayed, and the ceremony and the service were over, and we returned to the Coal Mines Hotel.

Such a rough place it was, more fit for miners, we thought, than for ladies, but the Bishop of

Waiapu is willing on occasion to share the food and accommodation which a Maori *whare* affords, so we might well endure an 'hotel' of any description for just one night.

We had an evening service for Europeans in a schoolroom in the evening. We took down a few candles in our hands to throw light upon the scene, a child rang a hand-bell outside the door, L. played the harmonium, G. preached, and about fifteen settlers accepted the invitation to be present which had been sent round the neighbourhood.

Mr. Ashwell told us many touching stories to-day, and amongst others the following, about the grandfather of Wesley, the new teacher.

He was one day going up the river in a canoe, when he saw a great chief, who had power to *tapu* anything he saw—that is, to pronounce it sacred, and prevent any one from touching it. This man called to Mr. Ashwell, who, knowing his begging propensities, 'made as though he were deaf.' The call was repeated, and a request, not for tobacco or a blanket, but for a Testament, followed. 'What?' said Mr. Ashwell; 'you, a sorcerer, the strength of Satan, need a Testament!' and for a time he would not give it, fearing the man would only burn it up. After a while, however, finding him apparently in earnest, he yielded.

The old chief now got his boy of eleven to teach him to read (as he did not know a letter), and at the end of two years he read well. Then he came to Mr. Ashwell, and asked for baptism. He was warned that as a Christian he would lose his

influence as a great chief, and would henceforth only be looked on in the tribe as a common man. He had considered this, and was quite prepared.

So he was baptized, and became now as strong for good as he had previously been for evil; and especially was he the most faithful ally of the missionary on any peace-making expedition. If a love of peace and reconciliation mark 'the children of God,' then truly he was one.

'All the ferns are on fire,' he would say; 'let us go and stamp out the flames.'

When there was a meeting held for the Bible Society, he collected forty-five pounds amongst his people for its objects; and he sent another time the sum of ten pounds to the Church Missionary Society.

For three Sundays once he was missed from church. What could be the reason? This question was soon answered. One day he was seen coming up Mr. Ashwell's garden, and seizing his friend's hand as he stood in the verandah, he said, 'I had nearly given up my faith! Oh, my boy! my dear boy who taught me to read! he is drowned, and the people say to me,

"Look, your God is angry with you; come back to heathenism!"'

'I too have lost my son,' said Mr. Ashwell, 'you have lost yours; we can sympathise. Let us come into the study and pray.'

The poor man accepted the invitation, and poured forth his heart in a perfect stream of words. His name amongst the natives was Kororo, or 'Bag of Talk,' on account of his flow of language.

When his last illness came upon him, the heathen tried again to persuade him to give up Christianity.

‘Get thee behind me, Satan. Take me to Father Ahiwera.’

This was all the answer they got. So they carried him to a *pa* just opposite his friend’s house, and Mr. Ashwell soon went over to visit him. What a reward met him for all his faithful toils! The aged chief, now quite blind, lifted up his Bible and exclaimed,

‘Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.’

Then, turning to the natives,

‘O my people, cling fast to Christ, cling fast to Christ, cling fast to Christ. If God be for us, who can be against us?’

After this he fainted, and those who stood by his side thought that he was dead. Reviving, he prayed,

‘God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and make His face to shine upon us; that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health unto all nations. . . . Pardon my sins, and take me, for . . .’

His head sank—there was silence.

They looked, he was dead,
His spirit had fled . . .
His soul undrest
From her mortal vest
Had stepped in her car of heavenly fire
And proved how bright
Are the realms of light
Bursting at once upon the sight.

Just after breakfast on Monday a summons came:

‘Can you be ready in ten minutes? A steamer is just going down the river, but the captain says he will wait a little while for us.’

So a few minutes found us on board a coal steamer with a barge in tow—*three* barges part of the time; and away we went sixty or seventy miles down the noble Waikato river to Mercer. The scenery here recalled Africa vividly to Mr. Ashwell, who was at one time a missionary in ‘the dark continent.’

‘It is just like a bit taken out of Sierra Leone.’

The pretty soft basket-willows abound, and there are *tī* (cabbage) trees without number all along the banks, with plenty of white pines and quantities of flax.

At a place called Churchill we stopped for a little while, and had just time to run and buy some Maori prints, and to visit a flax-mill. Flax-working is carried on here successfully. The mill is a simple shed like a great barn, with a dirty big black engine in the middle, and the operatives are natives. The long flax-leaf is put in at the back of the engine through holes like the one in a meat-grinding machine. All the fleshy part of the leaf is ground off, and the fibrous skeleton falls out below, and is seized by children, who are sitting by in readiness. When they have collected a good handful, they place it on a bar in front of them, and men take it and twist it into rough hanks. These are put on a raft and sent away to be bleached, and are, I believe, combed out before

being finally packed up in square bales for market.

Mr. Ashwell was in his glory to-day : in a steamer and on the Waikato ! What could he wish for more ? Every one of his own six or seven children died in years gone by,¹ but his fatherly heart went out to all around ; so, even with his loved ones full in his mind, he was never lonely. Turning to me now, he said,

‘ I shall call you my daughter. Look, my dear child, at this . . . and that.’

The captain was delighted that we did not moan over the coal-dust, and that we appreciated the efforts made for our accommodation. Passengers on these steamers are rare, so the efforts on our behalf were hearty, even if rough.

A tiring train journey brought us from Mercer to Auckland, where Archdeacon Maunsell met and welcomed us, and walked off with us and our luggage to his house. Here, later, we left G. for the night, while Mrs. Burrows’ elastic house and heart opened to let L. and myself in.

¹ He has now finished his earthly course, and rejoined all his dear ones in Heaven. .

CHAPTER XXI.

LAST HOURS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Goodness and mercy all my days
Have surely followed me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

SCOTCH VERSION.

Though bright and many are the spots
Where I have built a nest,
Yet in the brightest still I pine
For more abiding rest.

And thus a not unkindly world
Hath done its best for me,
Yet I have found, O God, no rest,
No harbour short of Thee.

FABER.

November 1st—November 3rd.

THE next day was our last in Auckland. G. and L. went to secure berths, visit Archdeacon and Mrs. Clarke, who had just come over from the Bay of Islands, whilst I went up to our old lodgings on The Domain to gather up belongings which we had left there, and to the Hospital to pay a last visit to our sailor friend.

And now down came the rain in torrents ; and

as I lost my way, I only managed to arrive in a drenched condition at Mrs. Burrows's at the very time I was expected at Bishop Cowie's to dinner. The others had gone on, and I hastened to join them; and was rewarded by a pleasant, restful hour of intercourse with the good bishop and his family.

We went after dinner to see the library attached to the house, to which the late well-loved Bishop of New Zealand, Bishop Selwyn, left a quantity of his books, and which is open to all Church members who have a recommendation, as well as to the clergy. We admired Bishops court itself heartily; it is not grand, but its style is well adapted to its purpose as an episcopal residence; and the view of the harbour from its windows is beautiful.

But, all too soon, we had to hurry off to the harbour, for our steamer was nearly ready to start. We found the rain coming down with tropical violence on our luggage, which had been left by the express (carrier) in the midst of the wharf; and what with rescuing our effects, settling ourselves on board, and trying to get the full good of the little crowd of friends who, in spite of stress of weather, had come to see us go, we were rather hard pressed for the next twenty minutes. Then all visitors left the ship—Mr. Ashwell with the words, 'This God is our God for ever and ever, He will be our Guide even unto death,'—and we weighed anchor and were off.

Next morning we awoke to find ourselves just anchoring in the Bay of Islands, the northernmost part of New Zealand, and the cradle of its missions.

Here it is that many, if not all of the older missionaries, began their work. Here it was that the Rev. S. Marsden, the father of these missions, preached his first sermon on Christmas Day, 1814.

How often we had longed to visit this bay! And now that we were here it was but for a few hours; and even those few hours were cut short, for, before we had time to quit the ship at Russell, where she had stopped, she steamed off again to a coaling station seven miles away.

A warm-hearted, sunny old lady, had meantime come on board, who was a great consolation. She had heard of us from her sister, Mrs. Burrows, and had risen between four and five a.m. in order to be in time to welcome us. After a while we got back to Russell, and stayed for an hour or two at this Mrs. Ford's house, which seems to be a sort of private orphanage, even as her sister's, Mrs. Burrows's, is like a 'hospital'!

On the opposite shore was Paihia, the chief station of the early mission work, where our Hukarere friends used to live. G. managed to rush hurriedly across; but though we could see the church, mission-house, and even the monument to Archdeacon Henry Williams, from Russell, neither L. nor I was able to go over to set foot upon the ground and to see friends there. It was a disappointment; but the day will come when we shall meet the spirits of these and other just men made perfect, and shall never have to say farewell.

Never was a place more fitly named than this fair bay; and as the sun sank that evening amongst the islands innumerable which lay around

us, and bathed them with a tender light and loveliness, there was fixed indelibly upon our minds a most sweet parting picture of the New Zealand panorama of beauty which had for the last fifteen weeks been passing before our eyes.

Strange as it may seem, we did not waste many regrets over leaving New Zealand. Our good-byes had already been said to all there whom we most cared about, and Sydney, where we were now going, was a great step nearer *Home*.

Will it not be thus with many of those who now grieve that

Earth from earth can scarce unloose its fingers,
when, life's farewells all spoken, its joys and toils
over, the gates of their true Heavenly Home stand
opened wide before them? Ah yes! it will not
then seem hard to go. Rather, like St. Paul will
they feel and say:

To depart and to be with Christ is far better.

For ah! the Master is so fair,
His smile so sweet to banished men,
That they who meet it unaware
Can never rest on earth again.

And they who see Him risen afar
At God's right hand to welcome them,
Forgetful stand of home and land,
Desiring New Jerusalem.

THE END.

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